MAJESTIC HYMNS

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Majestic Hymns

for

The Church
The Sunday School
and Young People's Meetings

Compiled and Edited by

ROBERT H. COLEMAN

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Foreword

LOVE for music is universal. The proclamation of "The Glad Tidings of Salvation" through Gospel Songs and the singing of "Praises unto His Name" through the "Grand Old Church Hymns," have demonstrated their effectiveness through the passing centuries.

This Editor, after long experience in the publication and distribution of millions of Gospel Song Books, is still primarily solicitous that only worthy and helpful songs be selected. His anxiety is not so much that large sales be enjoyed (he feels sure his books will sell, as all of his books have enjoyed good sale and several different compilations of his have each reached near the million mark in circulation); but he is very much concerned that such songs be chosen as will bless the people and honor the Master. Two requirements necessary for a good song are a GOOD MESSAGE and GOOD MUSIC; and these must match. With this conviction, the songs in MAJESTIC HYMNS have been selected out of thousands. We believe the new songs in this book will be appreciated, for they were written by the best Gospel Song writers on earth, and were chosen with great care from a wealth of manuscripts.

May Christ's message of Love, Loyalty and Life be proclaimed through the use of MAJESTIC HYMNS, is the prayer of

THE EDITOR.

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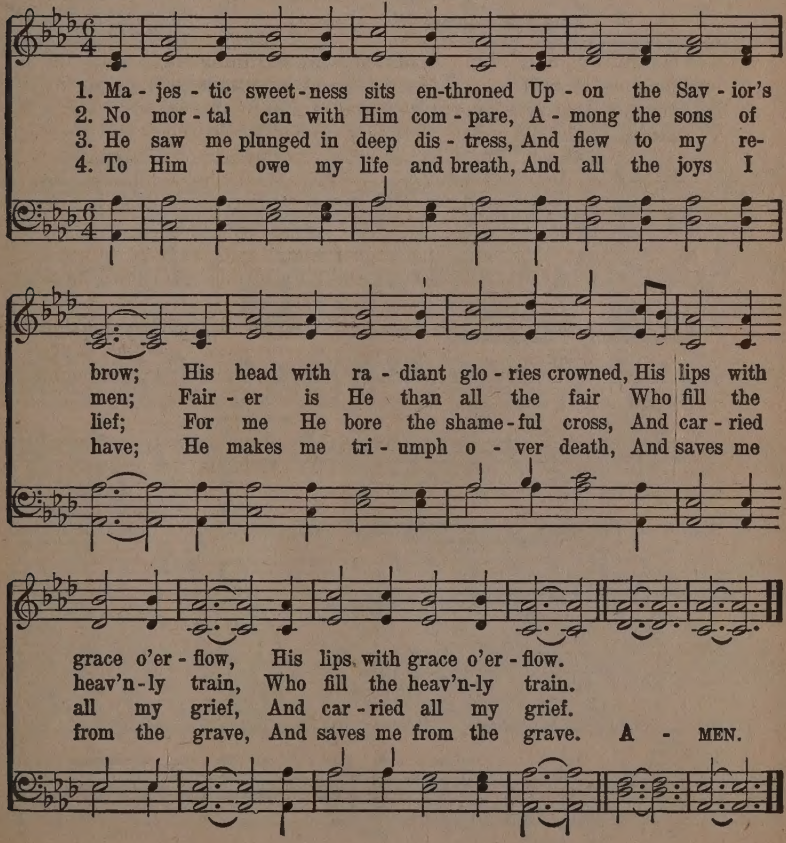
Majestic Hymns

1 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. *Ortonville. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.


1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'n - ly train, Who fill the heav'n - ly train.
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re- lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave. A - MEN.

2 I Shall Not Pass Again This Way.

Ellen H. Underwood. and B. B. McK.

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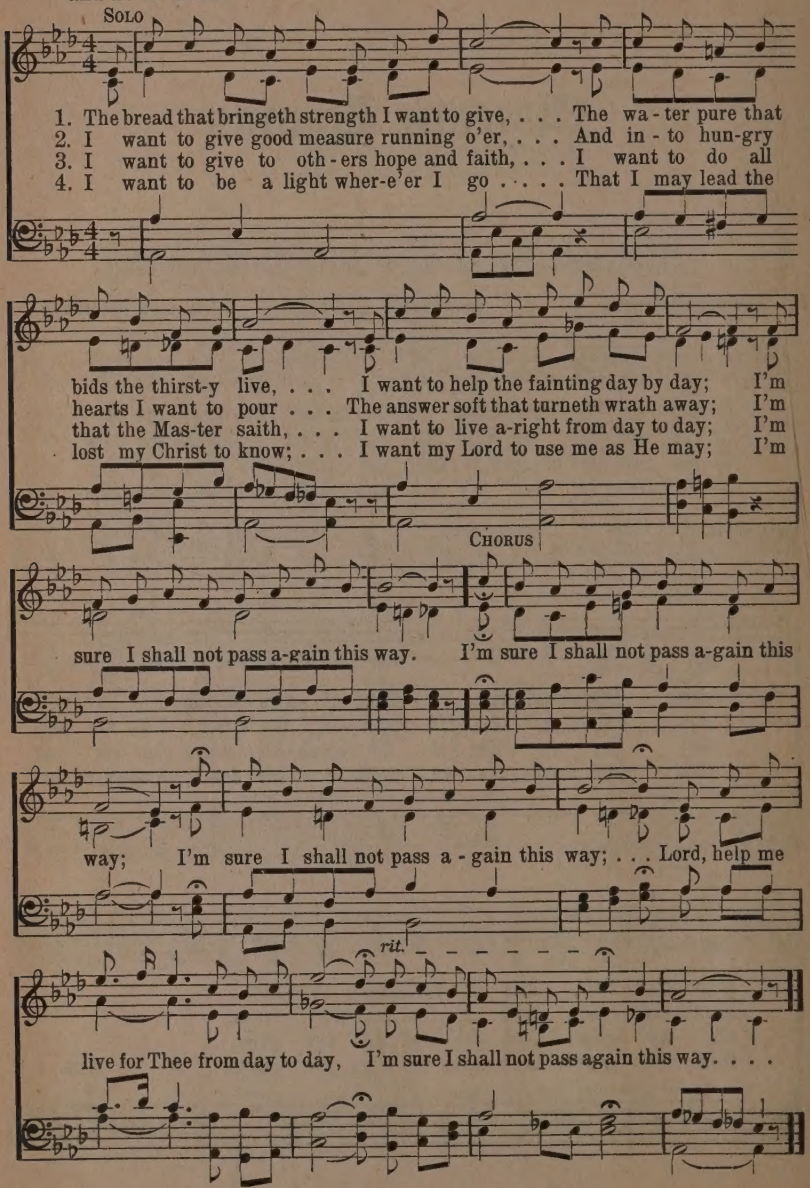
B. B. McKinney.


Solo
1. The bread that bringeth strength I want to give, . . . The wa - ter pure that
2. I want to give good measure running o'er, . . . And in - to hun-gry
3. I want to give to oth - ers hope and faith, . . . I want to do all
4. I want to be a light wher-e'er I go . . . . That I may lead the
bids the thirst-y live, . . . I want to help the fainting day by day; I'm
hearts I want to pour . . . The answer soft that turneth wrath away; I'm
that the Mas-ter saith, . . . I want to live a-right from day to day; I'm
lost my Christ to know; . . . I want my Lord to use me as He may; I'm
Chorus
sure I shall not pass a-gain this way. I'm sure I shall not pass a-gain this
way; I'm sure I shall not pass a - gain this way; . . . Lord, help me
rit.
live for Thee from day to day, I'm sure I shall not pass again this way. . . .

3 Deep Down In My Heart.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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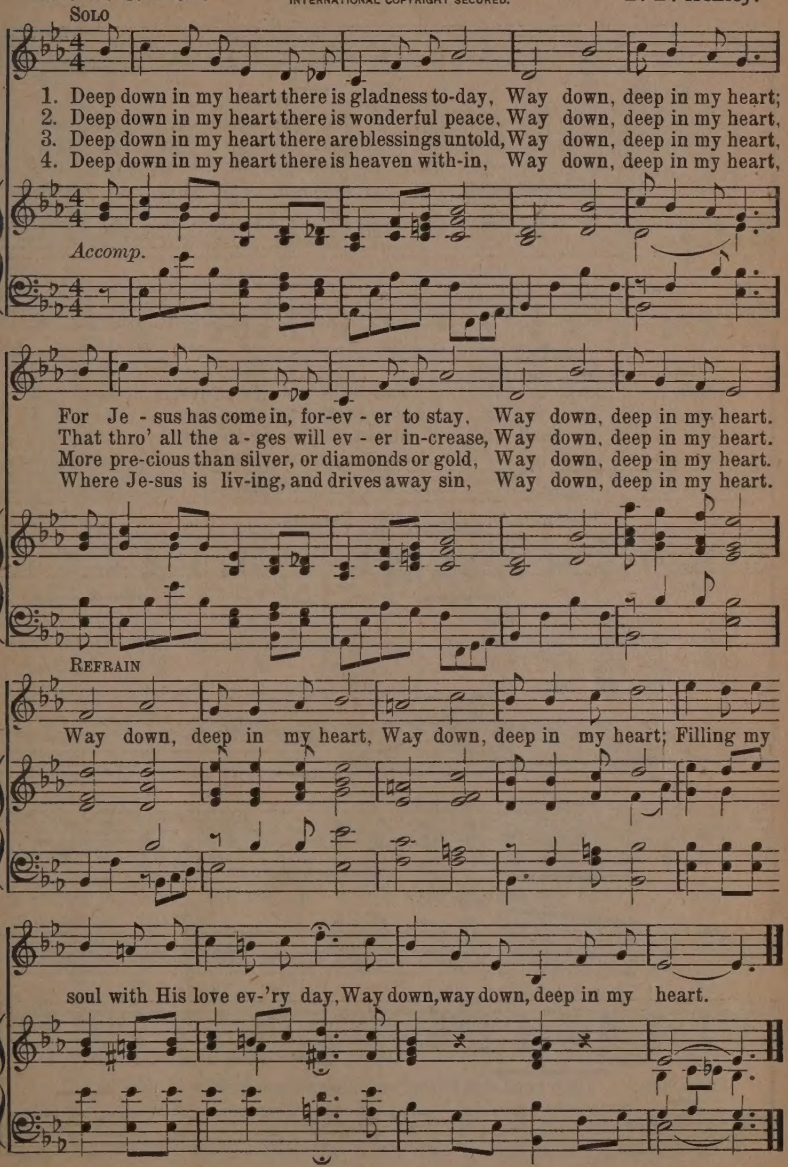
B. D. Ackley.


SOLO
1. Deep down in my heart there is gladness to-day, Way down, deep in my heart;
2. Deep down in my heart there is wonderful peace, Way down, deep in my heart,
3. Deep down in my heart there are blessings untold, Way down, deep in my heart,
4. Deep down in my heart there is heaven with-in, Way down, deep in my heart,
Accomp.
For Je - sus has come in, for-ev - er to stay, Way down, deep in my heart.
That thro' all the a - ges will ev - er in-crease, Way down, deep in my heart.
More pre-cious than silver, or diamonds or gold, Way down, deep in my heart.
Where Je-sus is liv-ing, and drives away sin, Way down, deep in my heart.
REFRAIN
Way down, deep in my heart, Way down, deep in my heart; Filling my
soul with His love ev-'ry day, Way down, way down, deep in my heart.

4 There's a Rainbow In the Sky.

A. H. A.

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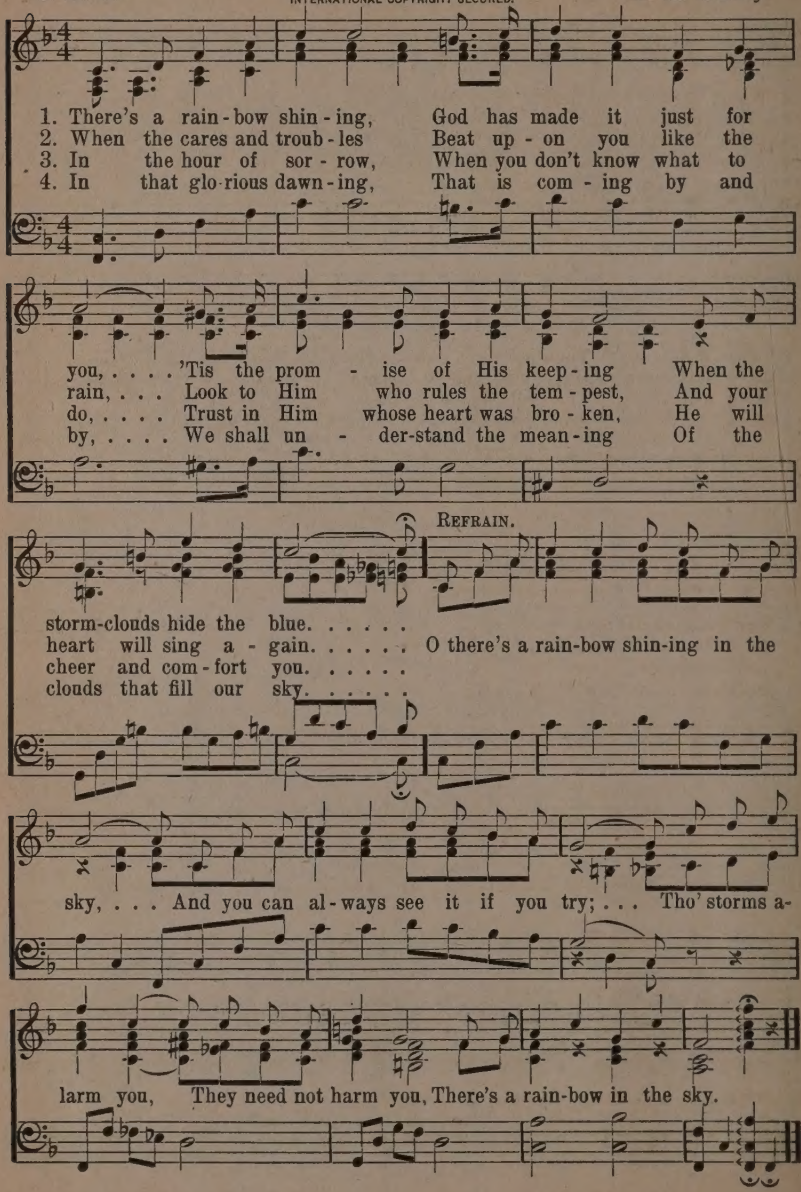
1. There's a rain-bow shin-ing, God has made it just for
2. When the cares and troub-les Beat up-on you like the
3. In the hour of sor-row, When you don't know what to
4. In that glo-rious dawn-ing, That is com-ing by and
you, ... 'Tis the prom-ise of His keep-ing When the
rain, . . . Look to Him who rules the tem-pest, And your
do, ... Trust in Him whose heart was bro-ken, He will
by, ... We shall un-der-stand the mean-ing Of the
REFRAIN.
storm-clouds hide the blue. . . . . .
heart will sing a-gain. . . . . O there's a rain-bow shin-ing in the
cheer and com-fort you. . . . . .
clouds that fill our sky. . . . . .
sky, . . . And you can al-ways see it if you try; . . . Tho' storms a-
larm you, They need not harm you, There's a rain-bow in the sky.

5 Give the World Your Best.

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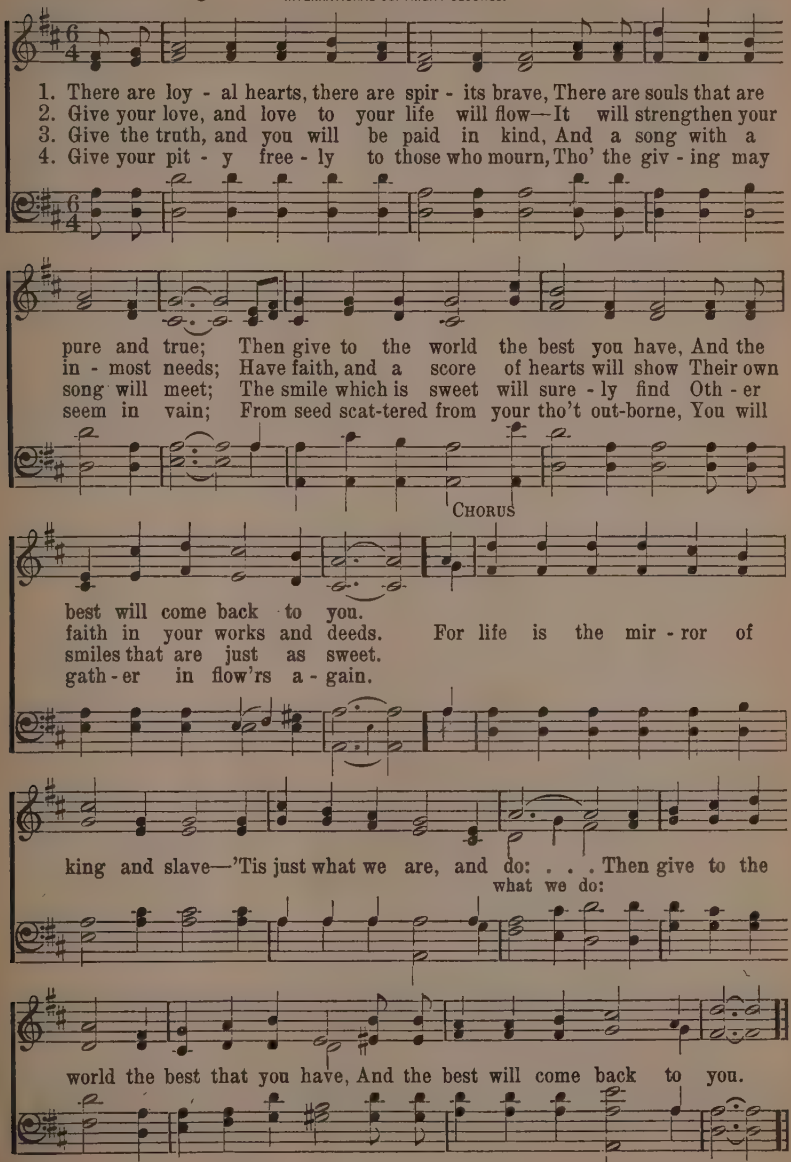
1. There are loy - al hearts, there are spir - its brave, There are souls that are
2. Give your love, and love to your life will flow—It will strengthen your
3. Give the truth, and you will be paid in kind, And a song with a
4. Give your pit - y free - ly to those who mourn, Tho' the giv - ing may
pure and true; Then give to the world the best you have, And the
in - most needs; Have faith, and a score of hearts will show Their own
song will meet; The smile which is sweet will sure - ly find Oth - er
seem in vain; From seed scat-tered from your tho't out-borne, You will
Chorus
best will come back to you.
faith in your works and deeds. For life is the mir - ror of
smiles that are just as sweet.
gath - er in flow'rs a - gain.
king and slave—'Tis just what we are, and do: . . . Then give to the
what we do:
world the best that you have, And the best will come back to you.

6 I Can Find Him Everywhere.

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A. H. A. A. H. Ackley.

1. In the win-ter's snow, so soft and white, And in the fragrant breath of
2. In the fields of grain and fruit - ful trees, And in the harvest store they
3. In the flow'rs of ma - ny forms and hues, And in each tin - y creep - ing
4. In the gift of Christ to us He gave, And in the cross to which we

spring; In the sun - ny morn and moon - light night, I
bring; In the gen - tle, cool - ing, sum - mer breeze, I
thing, In the dai - ly bless - ings that we use, I
cling: In the death He died the world to save, I

CHORUS

see God's wondrous pow'r and sing. I can find Him ev - 'ry - where,
see God's wondrous care and sing.
see God's wis-dom, too, and sing.
see God's wondrous love and sing. I can find Him, find Him ev - 'ry-where,

All the world re-veals God's care; God is great and glo - rious,
God's care;

King of love, vic - to - rious, I can find Him ev - 'ry-where,
I can find Him, find Him ev - 'ry - where.

The Shepherd of Love.

A. S. R.

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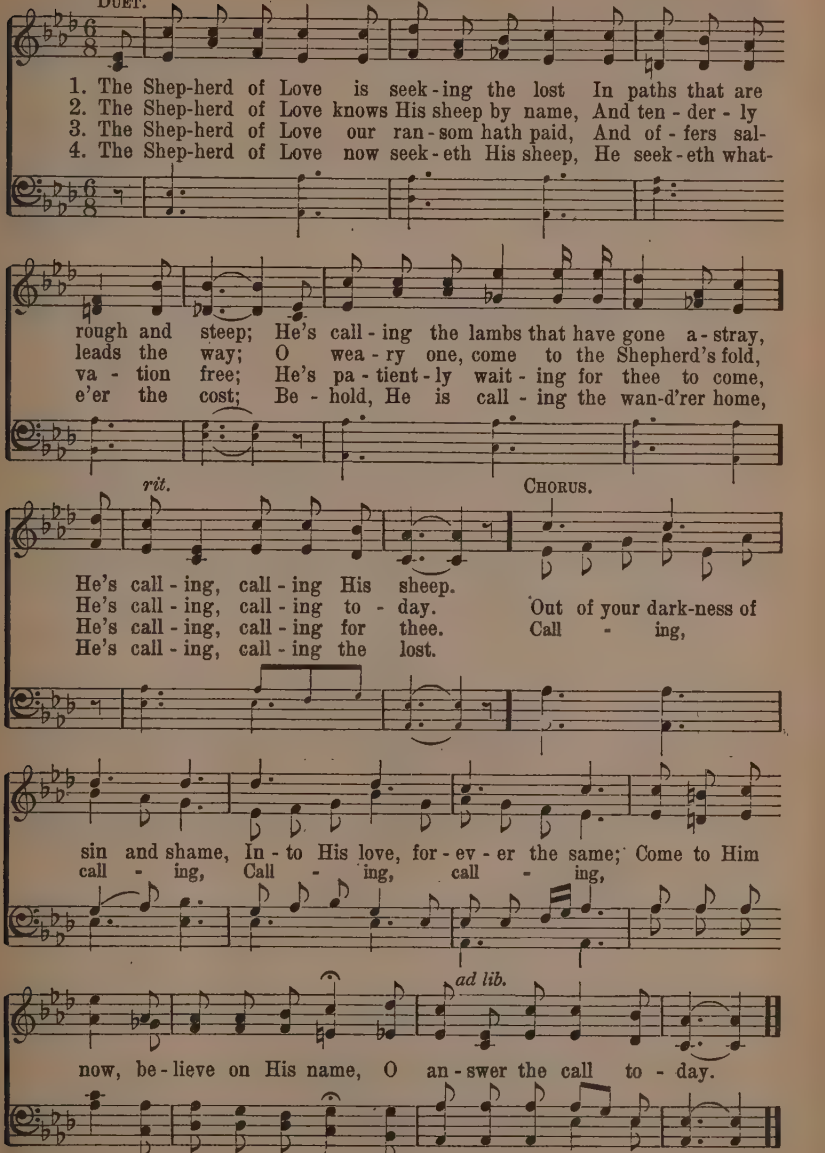
Albert Simpson Reitz.

DUET.

1. The Shep-herd of Love is seek-ing the lost In paths that are
2. The Shep-herd of Love knows His sheep by name, And ten-der-ly
3. The Shep-herd of Love our ran-som hath paid, And of-fers sal-
4. The Shep-herd of Love now seek-eth His sheep, He seek-eth what-
rough and steep; He's call-ing the lambs that have gone a-stray,
leads the way; O wea-ry one, come to the Shepherd's fold,
va-tion free; He's pa-tient-ly wait-ing for thee to come,
e'er the cost; Be-hold, He is call-ing the wan-d'rer home,
rit.
CHORUS.
He's call-ing, call-ing His sheep.
He's call-ing, call-ing to-day.
He's call-ing, call-ing for thee.
He's call-ing, call-ing the lost.
Out of your dark-ness of
Call - ing,
sin and shame, In-to His love, for-ev-er the same; Come to Him
call - ing, Call - ing, call - ing,
ad lib.
now, be-lieve on His name, O an-swer the call to-day.

The Old-Fashioned Way.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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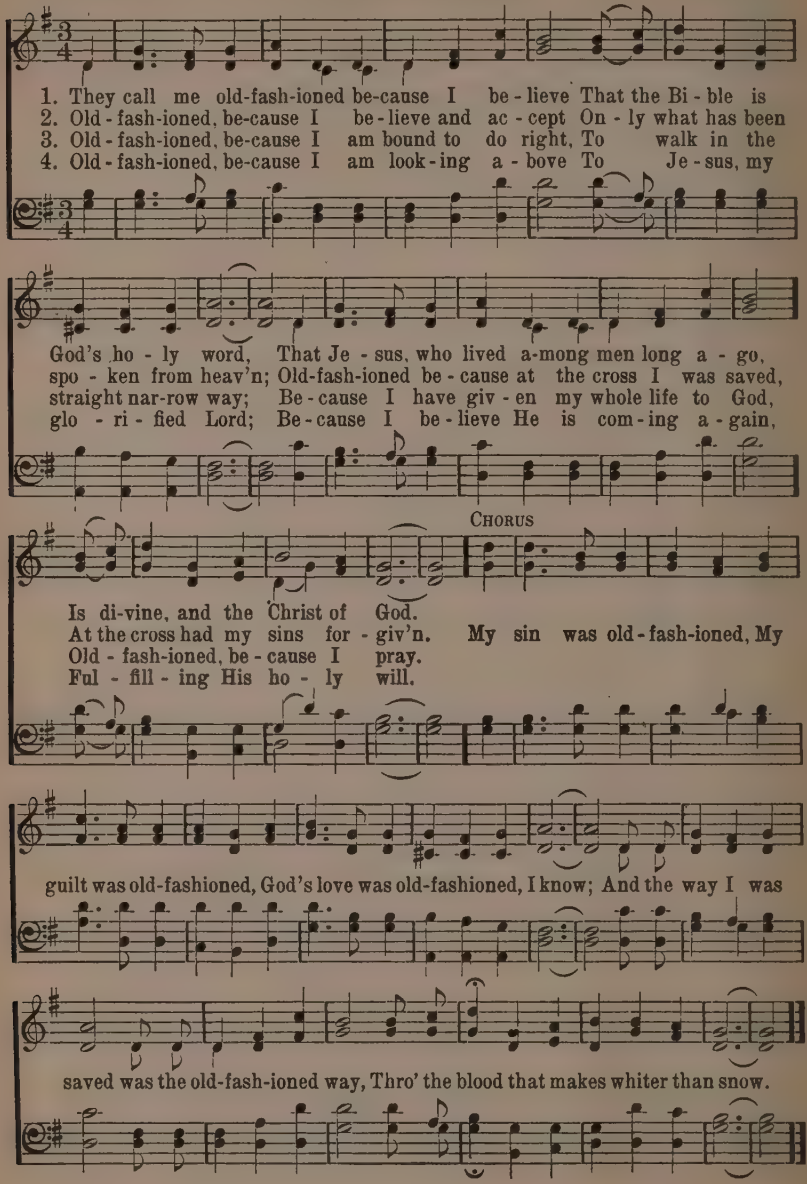
1. They call me old-fash-ioned be-cause I be-lieve That the Bi-ble is
2. Old-fash-ioned, be-cause I be-lieve and ac-cept On-ly what has been
3. Old-fash-ioned, be-cause I am bound to do right, To walk in the
4. Old-fash-ioned, be-cause I am look-ing a-bove To Je-sus, my
God's ho-ly word, That Je-sus, who lived a-mong men long a-go,
spo-ken from heav'n; Old-fash-ioned be-cause at the cross I was saved,
straight nar-row way; Be-cause I have giv-en my whole life to God,
glo-ri-fied Lord; Be-cause I be-lieve He is com-ing a-gain,
CHORUS
Is di-vine, and the Christ of God.
At the cross had my sins for-giv'n. My sin was old-fash-ioned, My
Old-fash-ioned, be-cause I pray.
Ful-fill-ing His ho-ly will.
guilt was old-fashioned, God's love was old-fashioned, I know; And the way I was
saved was the old-fash-ioned way, Thro' the blood that makes whiter than snow.

How Can I Be Lonely?

H. L.

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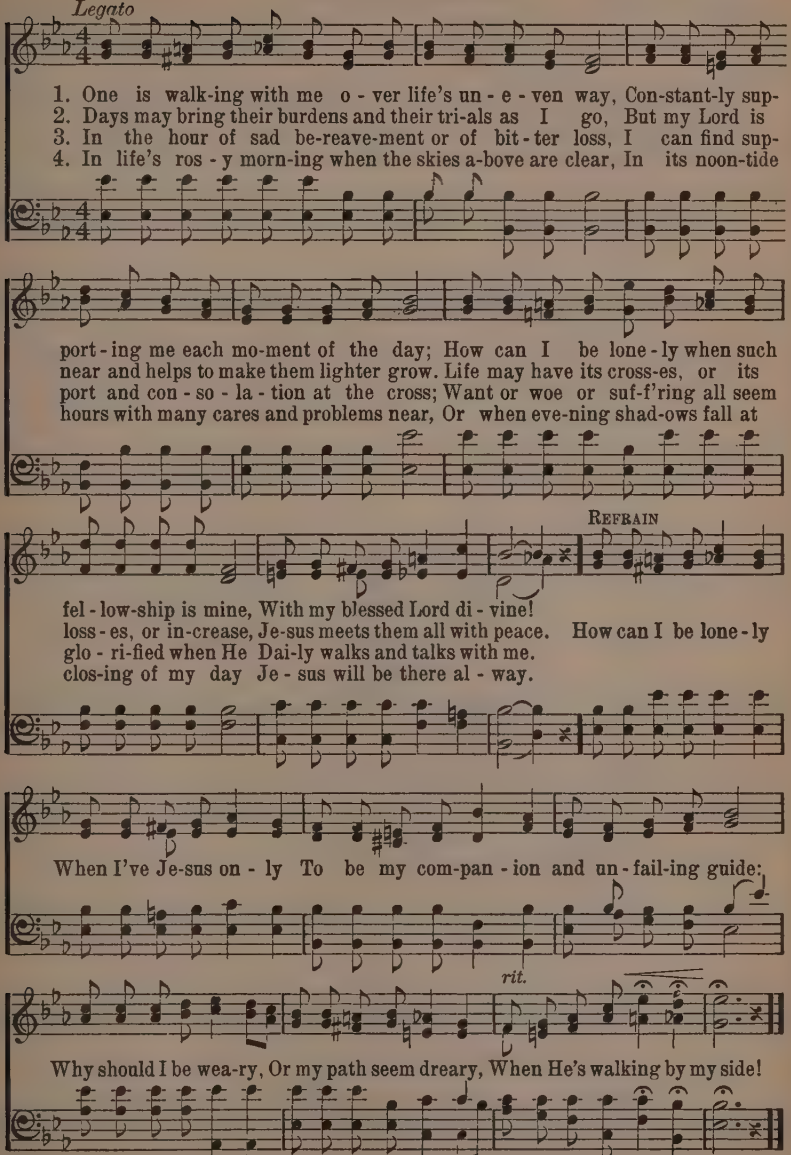
Haldor Lillenas.

Legato

1. One is walk-ing with me o - ver life's un - e - ven way, Con-stant-ly sup-
2. Days may bring their burdens and their tri-als as I go, But my Lord is
3. In the hour of sad be-reave-ment or of bit - ter loss, I can find sup-
4. In life's ros - y morn-ing when the skies a-bove are clear, In its noon-tide
port - ing me each mo-ment of the day; How can I be lone - ly when such
near and helps to make them lighter grow. Life may have its cross-es, or its
port and con - so - la - tion at the cross; Want or woe or suf-f'ring all seem
hours with many cares and problems near, Or when eve-ning shad-ows fall at
REFRAIN
fel - low-ship is mine, With my blessed Lord di - vine!
loss - es, or in-crease, Je-sus meets them all with peace. How can I be lone - ly
glo - ri-fied when He Dai-ly walks and talks with me.
clos-ing of my day Je - sus will be there al - way.
When I've Je-sus on - ly To be my com-pan - ion and un - fail-ing guide;
rit.
Why should I be wea-ry, Or my path seem dreary, When He's walking by my side!

Help Somebody To-day.

Rev. W. J. Henry.

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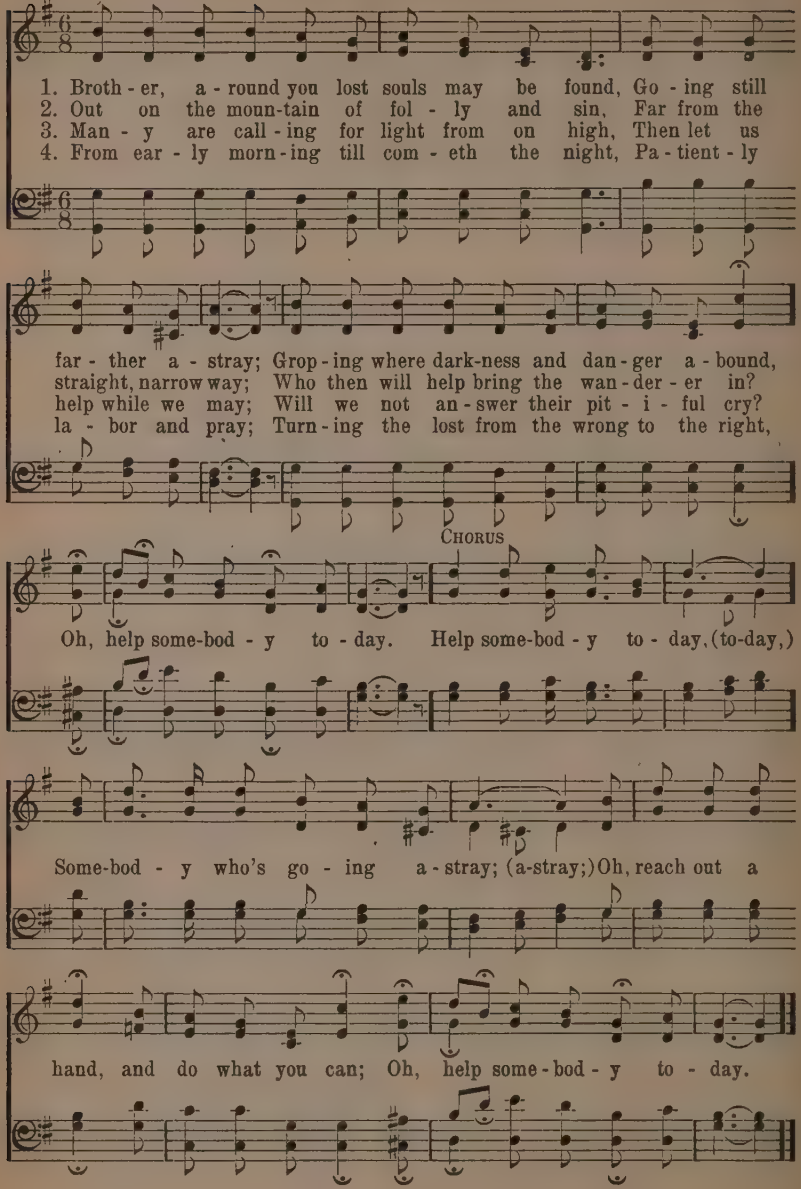
1. Broth - er, a - round you lost souls may be found, Go - ing still
2. Out on the moun-tain of fol - ly and sin, Far from the
3. Man - y are call - ing for light from on high, Then let us
4. From ear - ly morn - ing till com - eth the night, Pa - tient - ly
far - ther a - stray; Grop - ing where dark-ness and dan - ger a - bound,
straight, narrow way; Who then will help bring the wan - der - er in?
help while we may; Will we not an - swer their pit - i - ful cry?
la - bor and pray; Turn - ing the lost from the wrong to the right,
CHORUS
Oh, help some-bod - y to - day. Help some-bod - y to - day, (to-day,)
Some-bod - y who's go - ing a - stray; (a-stray;) Oh, reach out a
hand, and do what you can; Oh, help some - bod - y to - day.

11 Some Bright Morning.

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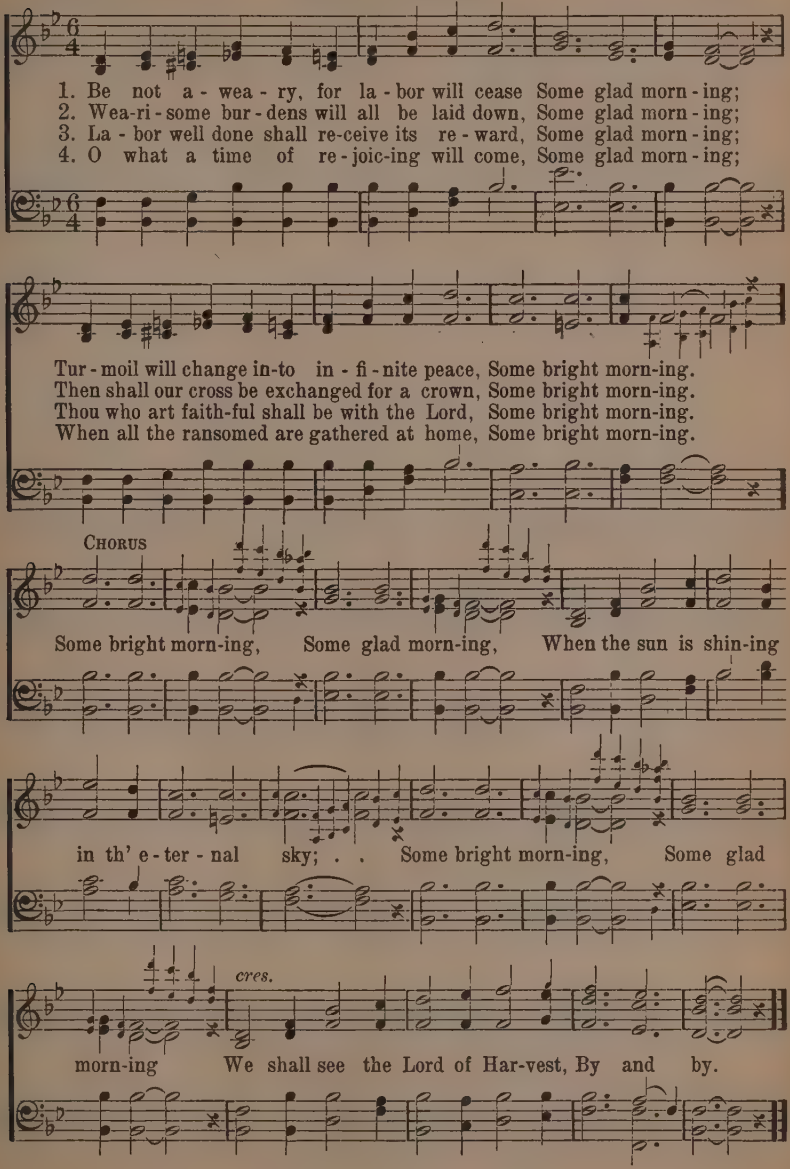
1. Be not a - wea - ry, for la - bor will cease Some glad morn - ing;
2. Wea-ri - some bur - dens will all be laid down, Some glad morn - ing;
3. La - bor well done shall re-ceive its re - ward, Some glad morn - ing;
4. O what a time of re - joic-ing will come, Some glad morn - ing;
Tur - moil will change in-to in - fi - nite peace, Some bright morn-ing.
Then shall our cross be exchanged for a crown, Some bright morn-ing.
Thou who art faith-ful shall be with the Lord, Some bright morn-ing.
When all the ransomed are gathered at home, Some bright morn-ing.
CHORUS
Some bright morn-ing, Some glad morn-ing, When the sun is shin-ing
in th' e - ter - nal sky; . . Some bright morn-ing, Some glad
cres.
morn-ing We shall see the Lord of Har-vest, By and by.

Just a Little Way.

A. H. A.

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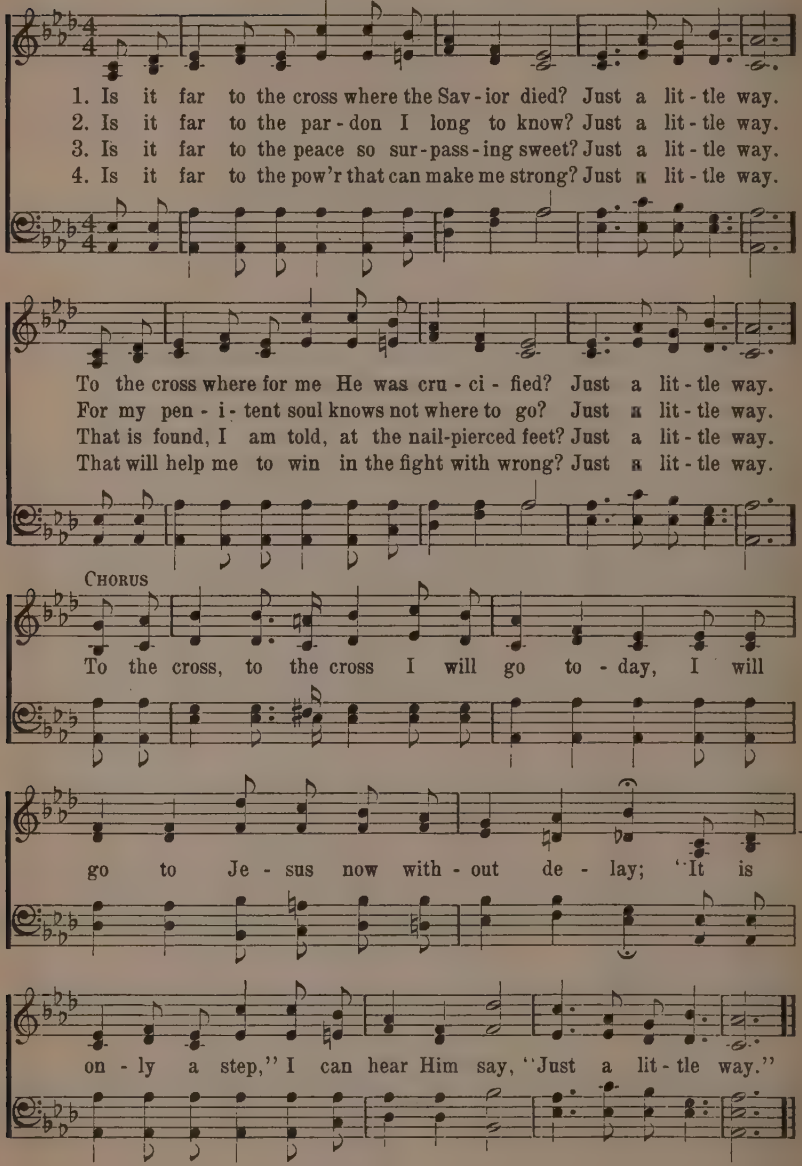
Rev. A. H. Ackley.


1. Is it far to the cross where the Sav - ior died? Just a lit - tle way.
2. Is it far to the par - don I long to know? Just a lit - tle way.
3. Is it far to the peace so sur - pass - ing sweet? Just a lit - tle way.
4. Is it far to the pow'r that can make me strong? Just a lit - tle way.
To the cross where for me He was cru - ci - fied? Just a lit - tle way.
For my pen - i - tent soul knows not where to go? Just a lit - tle way.
That is found, I am told, at the nail-pierced feet? Just a lit - tle way.
That will help me to win in the fight with wrong? Just a lit - tle way.
Chorus
To the cross, to the cross I will go to - day, I will
go to Je - sus now with - out de - lay; "It is
on - ly a step," I can hear Him say, "Just a lit - tle way."

13 Prayer Changes Things

B. B. McK.

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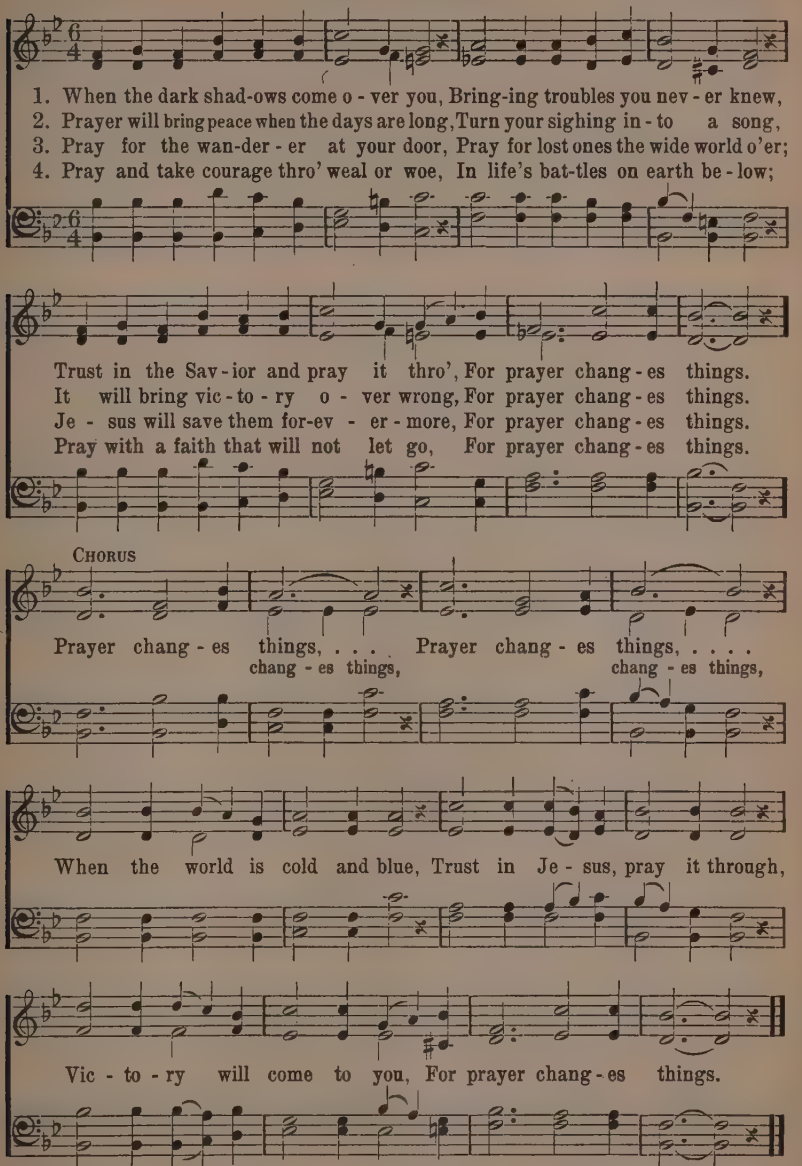
B. B. McKinney.


1. When the dark shad-ows come o - ver you, Bring-ing troubles you nev - er knew,
2. Prayer will bring peace when the days are long, Turn your sighing in - to a song,
3. Pray for the wan-der - er at your door, Pray for lost ones the wide world o'er;
4. Pray and take courage thro' weal or woe, In life's bat-tles on earth be - low;
Trust in the Sav - ior and pray it thro', For prayer chang - es things.
It will bring vic - to - ry o - ver wrong, For prayer chang - es things.
Je - sus will save them for-ev - er - more, For prayer chang - es things.
Pray with a faith that will not let go, For prayer chang - es things.
CHORUS
Prayer chang - es things, ... Prayer chang - es things, ...
chang - es things, chang - es things,
When the world is cold and blue, Trust in Je - sus, pray it through,
Vic - to - ry will come to you, For prayer chang - es things.

Be Still and Know.

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Mrs. Hal Buckner. B. B. McKinney.

DUET.

1. That He is God, be still and know, Tho' storm-swept be thy wea-ry soul,
2. Tho' shattered hopes surround thee still, Tho' dark and rug-ged be thy way,
3. Thy fears a lov-ing Lord doth know, Thy wounds were His ere they were thine;
4. No depth of storm nor strength of gale Can move thee from thy place se-cure;

Thy deep-est grief to Him is woe, And o-ver all He hath con-trol.
Know thou for thee a Fa-ther's will Doth or-der all things day by day.
In mer-cy doth the Lord be-stow E'en pain if 'twill thy heart en-twine.
His pow'r o'er these doth e'en pre-vail, His boundless love doth e'er en-dure.

CHORUS

Be still and know, be still and know, That He is God, be still and

know; He sees and feels thy deep-est woe, That He is

rit. – – – – – –

Coda after last stanza.

God, be still and know. That He is God, be still and know.

15 Believe On Jesus Christ the Lord.

A. H. A.

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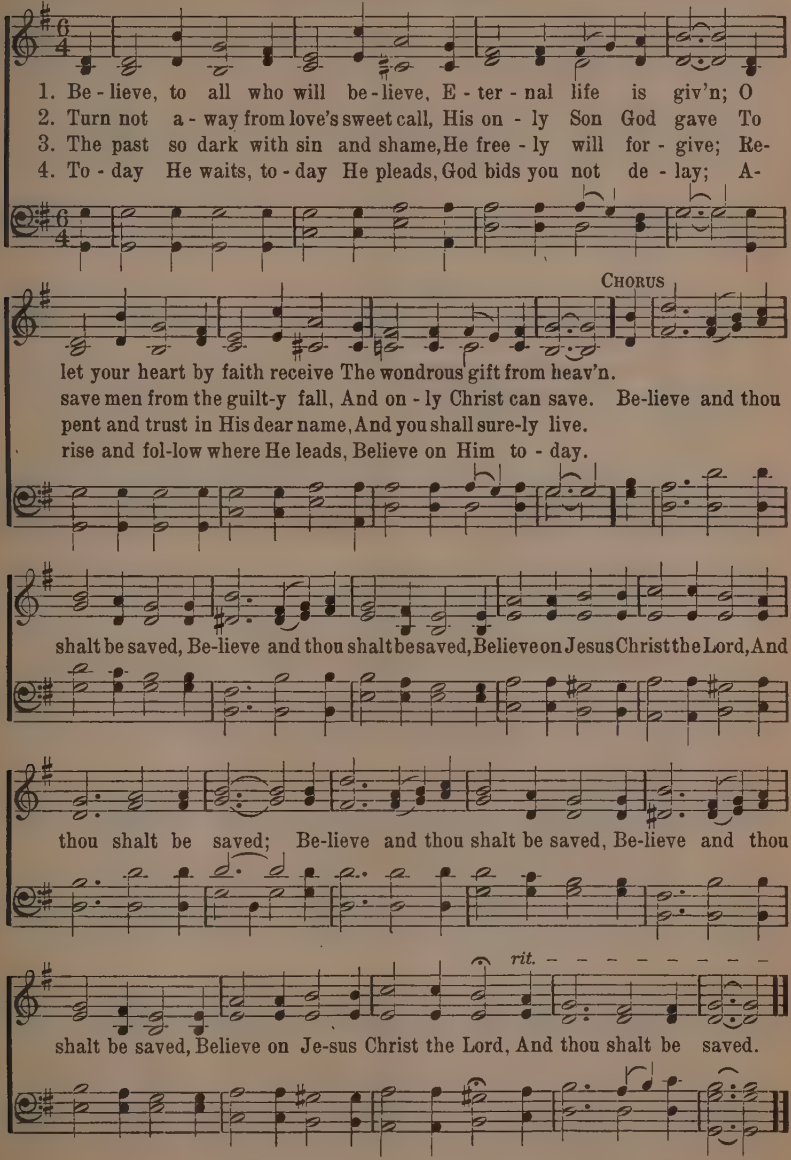
1. Be - lieve, to all who will be - lieve, E - ter - nal life is giv'n; O
2. Turn not a - way from love's sweet call, His on - ly Son God gave To
3. The past so dark with sin and shame, He free - ly will for - give; Re-
4. To - day He waits, to - day He pleads, God bids you not de - lay; A-
CHORUS
let your heart by faith receive The wondrous gift from heav'n.
save men from the guilt-y fall, And on - ly Christ can save. Be-lieve and thou
pent and trust in His dear name, And you shall sure-ly live.
rise and fol-low where He leads, Believe on Him to - day.
shalt be saved, Be-lieve and thou shalt be saved, Believe on Jesus Christ the Lord, And
thou shalt be saved; Be-lieve and thou shalt be saved, Be-lieve and thou
rit.
shalt be saved, Believe on Je-sus Christ the Lord, And thou shalt be saved.

God Leads Us Along.

G. A. Y.

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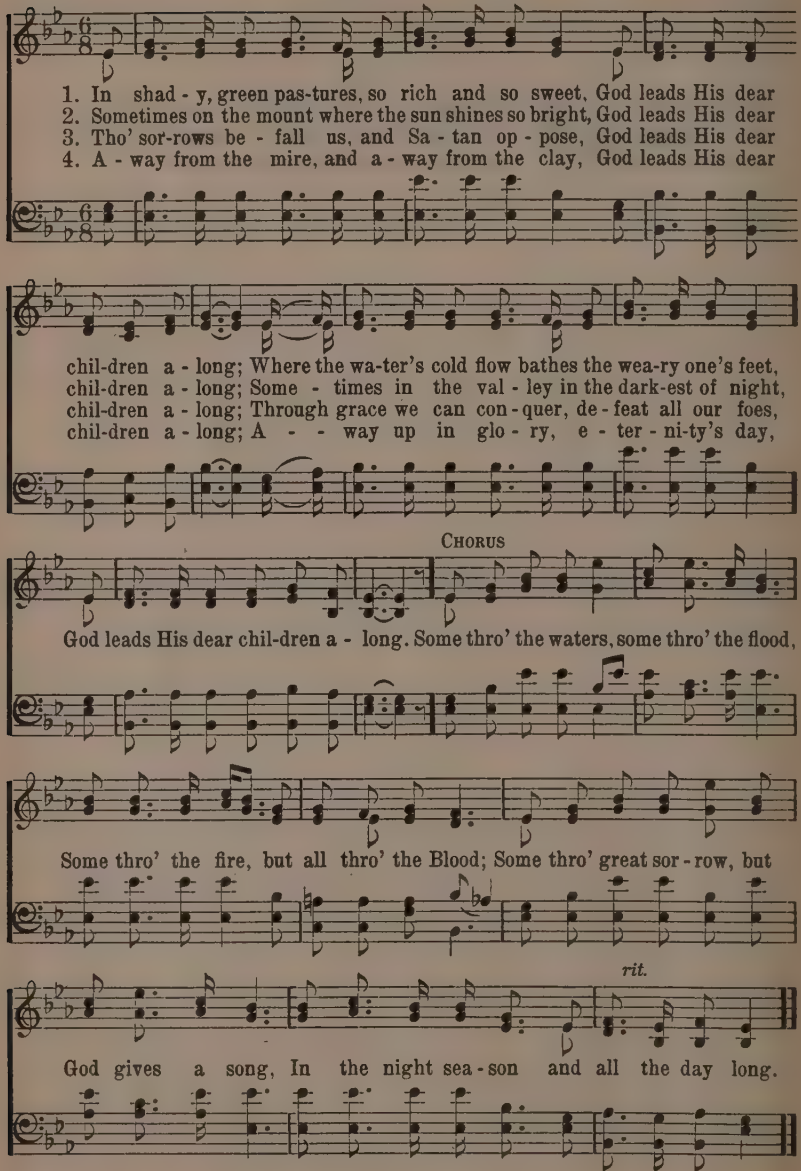
1. In shad - y, green pas-tures, so rich and so sweet, God leads His dear
2. Sometimes on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God leads His dear
3. Tho' sor-rows be - fall us, and Sa - tan op - pose, God leads His dear
4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God leads His dear
chil-dren a - long; Where the wa-ter's cold flow bathes the wea-ry one's feet,
chil-dren a - long; Some - times in the val - ley in the dark-est of night,
chil-dren a - long; Through grace we can con - quer, de - feat all our foes,
chil-dren a - long; A - - way up in glo - ry, e - ter - ni-ty's day,
CHORUS
God leads His dear chil-dren a - long. Some thro' the waters, some thro' the flood,
Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the Blood; Some thro' great sor - row, but
rit.
God gives a song, In the night sea - son and all the day long.

17 Praise Him Forevermore.

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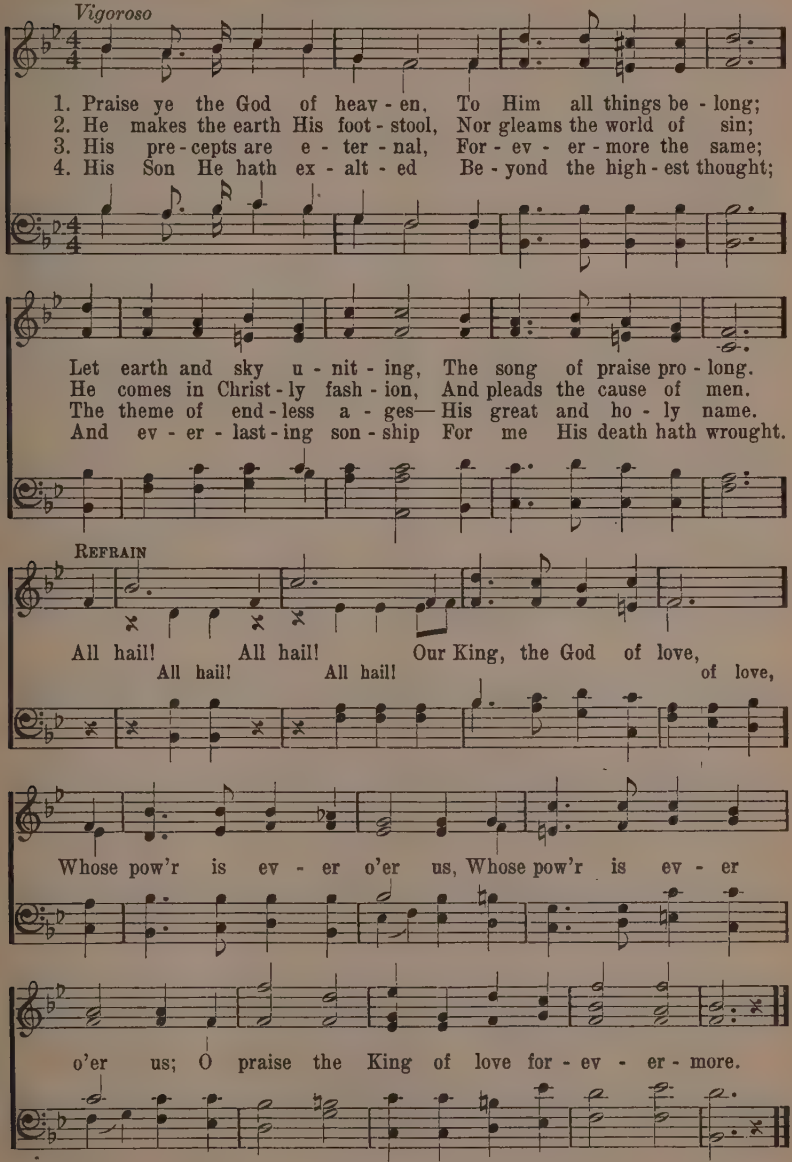
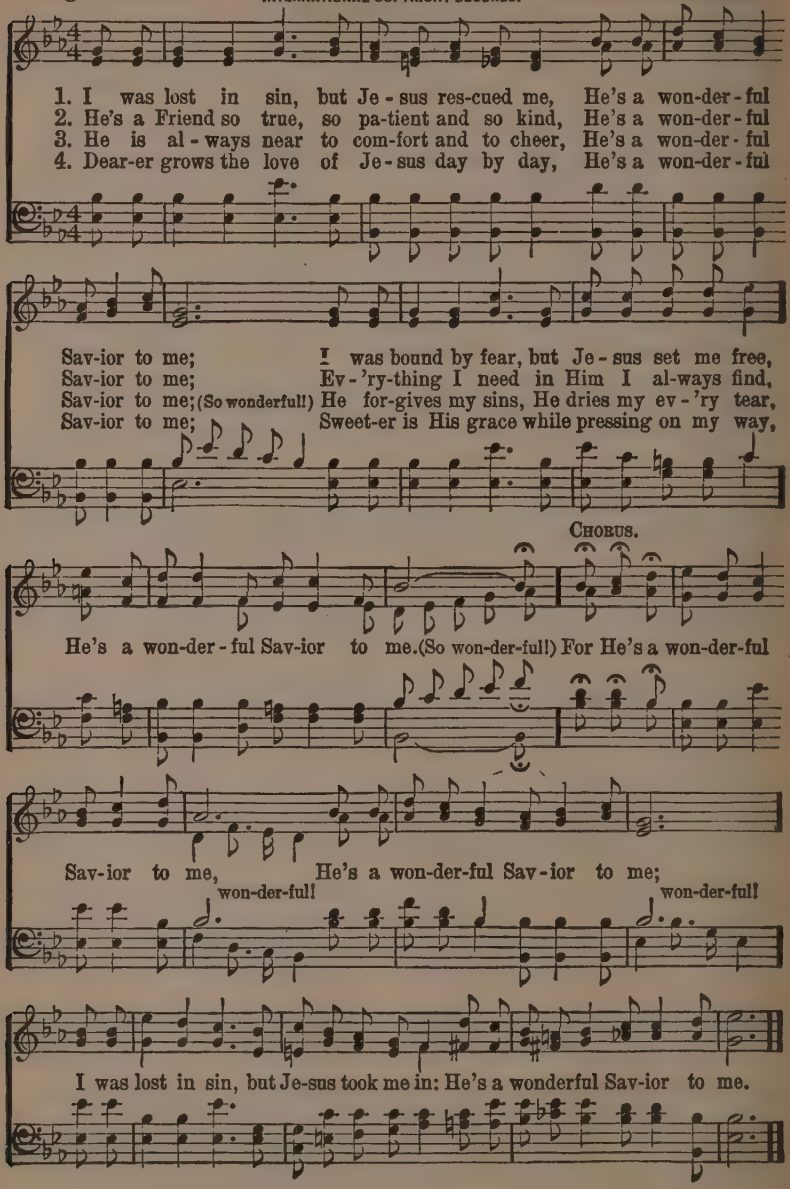
Vigoroso


1. Praise ye the God of heav - en, To Him all things be - long;
2. He makes the earth His foot - stool, Nor gleams the world of sin;
3. His pre - cepts are e - ter - nal, For - ev - er - more the same;
4. His Son He hath ex - alt - ed Be - yond the high - est thought;
Let earth and sky u - nit - ing, The song of praise pro - long.
He comes in Christ - ly fash - ion, And pleads the cause of men.
The theme of end - less a - ges— His great and ho - ly name.
And ev - er - last - ing son - ship For me His death hath wrought.
REFRAIN
All hail! All hail! Our King, the God of love,
All hail! All hail! of love,
Whose pow'r is ev - er o'er us, Whose pow'r is ev - er
o'er us; O praise the King of love for - ev - er - more.

18 He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

Virgil P. Brock. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Blanche Kerr Brock.


1. I was lost in sin, but Je - sus res-cued me, He's a won-der - ful
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der - ful
3. He is al - ways near to com-fort and to cheer, He's a won-der - ful
4. Dear-er grows the love of Je - sus day by day, He's a won-der - ful
Sav-ior to me; I was bound by fear, but Je - sus set me free,
Sav-ior to me; Ev - 'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find,
Sav-ior to me; (So wonderful!) He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev - 'ry tear,
Sav-ior to me; Sweet-er is His grace while pressing on my way,
Chorus.
He's a won-der - ful Sav-ior to me. (So won-der-ful!) For He's a won-der-ful
Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav - ior to me;
won-der-ful!
won-der-ful!
I was lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in: He's a wonderful Sav-ior to me.

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

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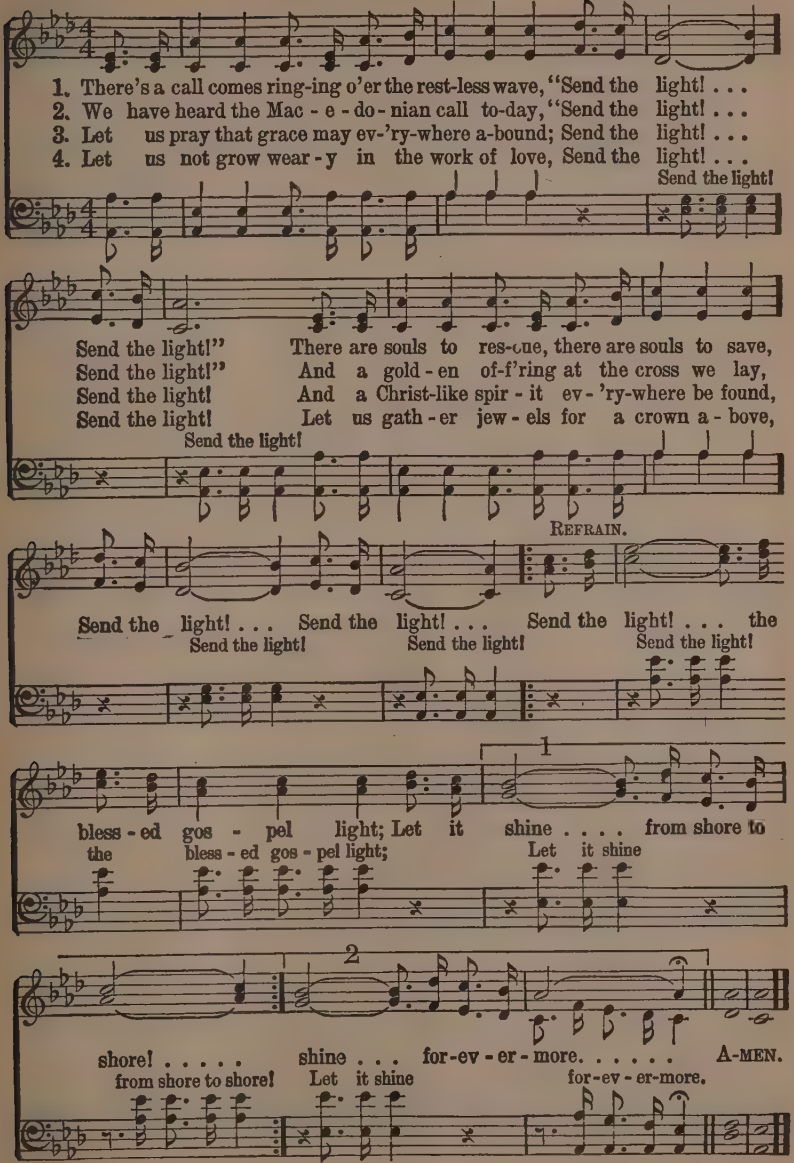
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! . . .
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to-day, "Send the light! . . .
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light! . . .
4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love, Send the light! . . .
Send the light!
Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold - en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,
Send the light!
REFRAIN.
Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!
1
bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine . . . . from shore to
the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine
2
shore! . . . . . shine . . . for-ev - er - more. . . . . A-MEN.
from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev - er-more.

20 Let the Tide Come In.

Rev. David Ross.

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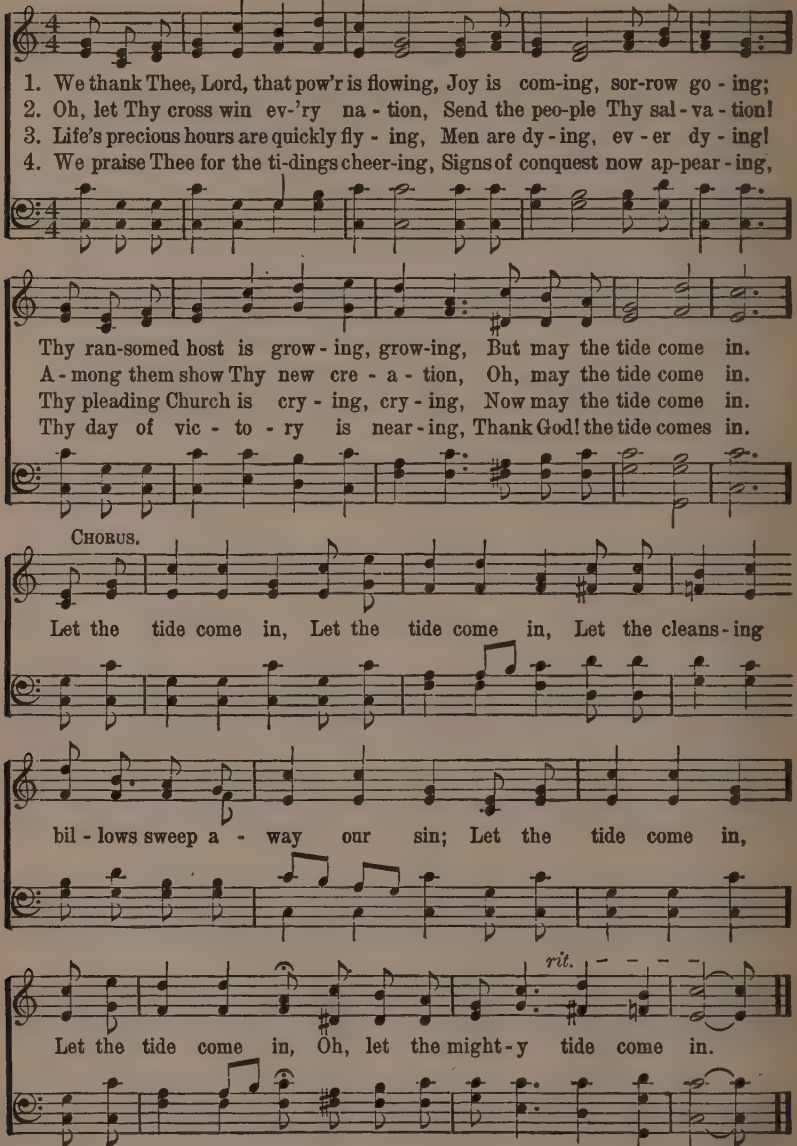
B. B. McKinney.


1. We thank Thee, Lord, that pow'r is flowing, Joy is com-ing, sor-row go-ing;
2. Oh, let Thy cross win ev-'ry na-tion, Send the peo-ple Thy sal-va-tion!
3. Life's precious hours are quickly fly-ing, Men are dy-ing, ev-er dy-ing!
4. We praise Thee for the ti-dings cheer-ing, Signs of conquest now ap-pear-ing,
Thy ran-somed host is grow-ing, grow-ing, But may the tide come in.
A-mong them show Thy new cre-a-tion, Oh, may the tide come in.
Thy pleading Church is cry-ing, cry-ing, Now may the tide come in.
Thy day of vic-to-ry is near-ing, Thank God! the tide comes in.
CHORUS.
Let the tide come in, Let the tide come in, Let the cleans-ing
bil-lows sweep a-way our sin; Let the tide come in,
rit.
Let the tide come in, Oh, let the might-y tide come in.

21 I Shall Not Be Moved.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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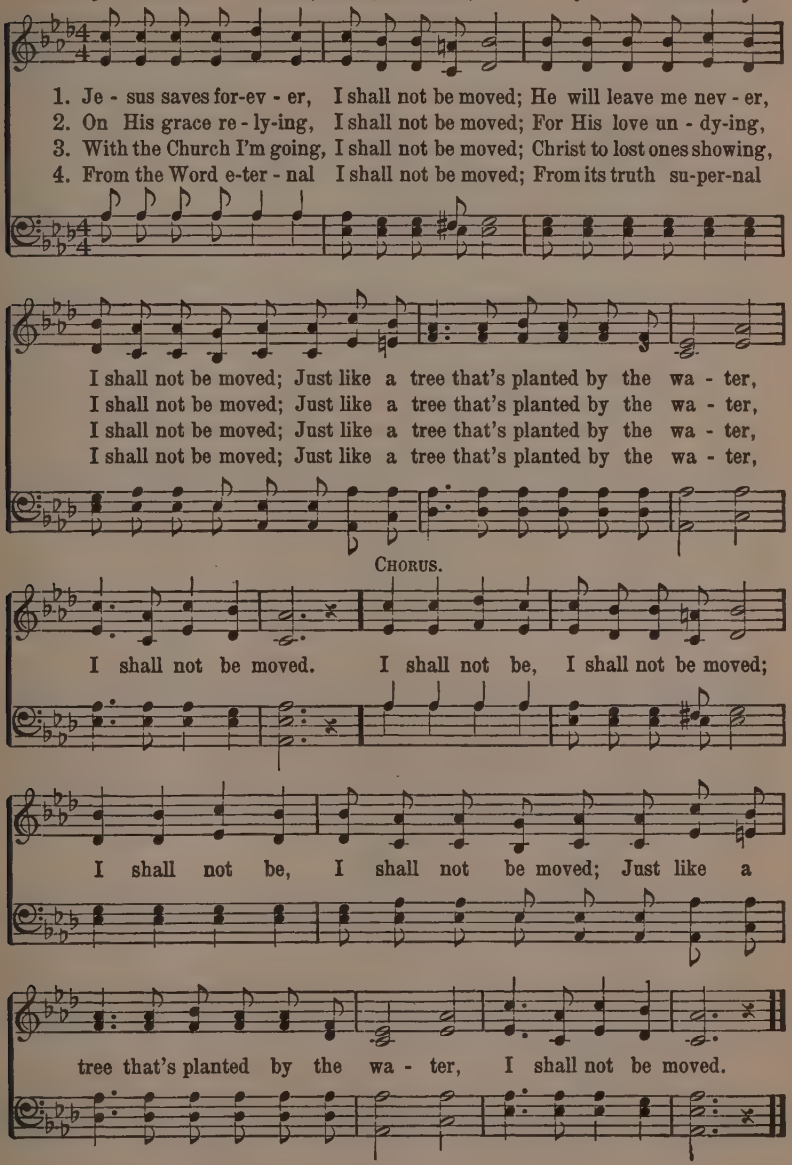
Arr. by B. B. McK. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.


1. Je - sus saves for-ev - er, I shall not be moved; He will leave me nev - er,
2. On His grace re - ly-ing, I shall not be moved; For His love un - dy-ing,
3. With the Church I'm going, I shall not be moved; Christ to lost ones showing,
4. From the Word e-ter - nal I shall not be moved; From its truth su-per-nal
I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,
I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,
I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,
I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,
CHORUS.
I shall not be moved. I shall not be, I shall not be moved;
I shall not be, I shall not be moved; Just like a
tree that's planted by the wa - ter, I shall not be moved.

22 Carry Your Burden With a Smile.

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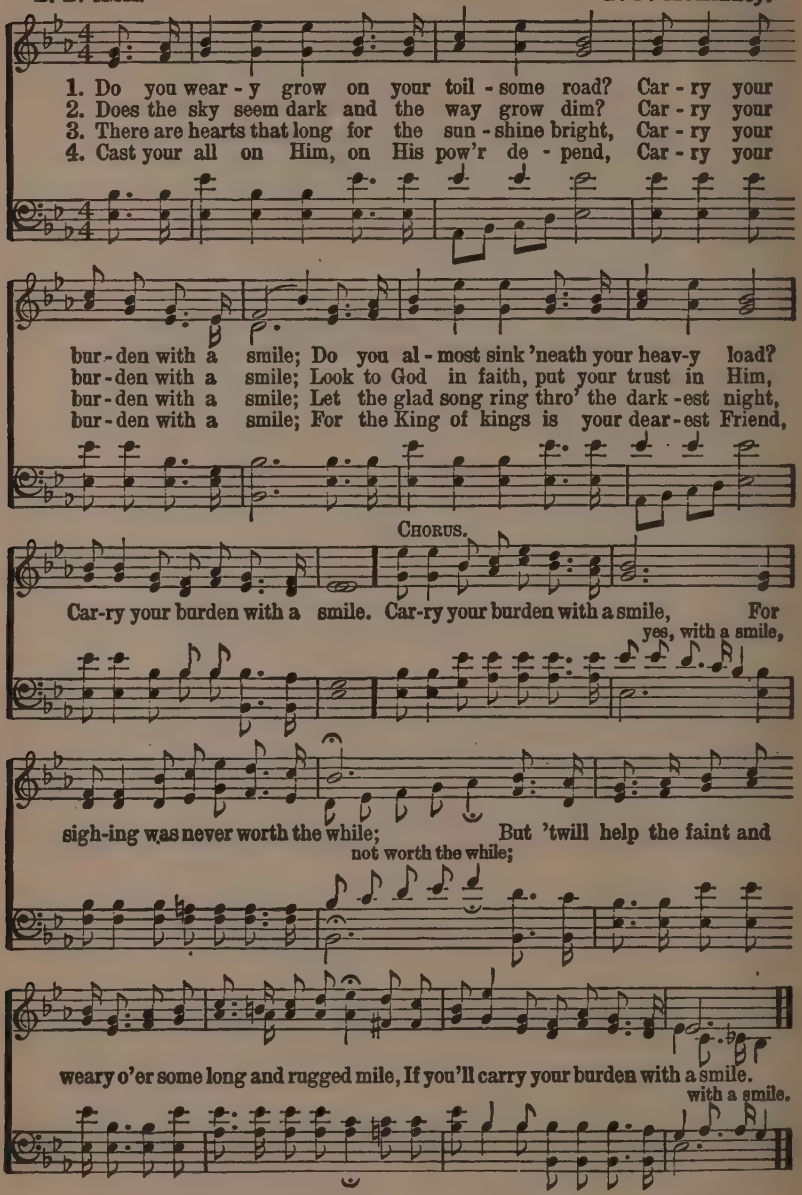
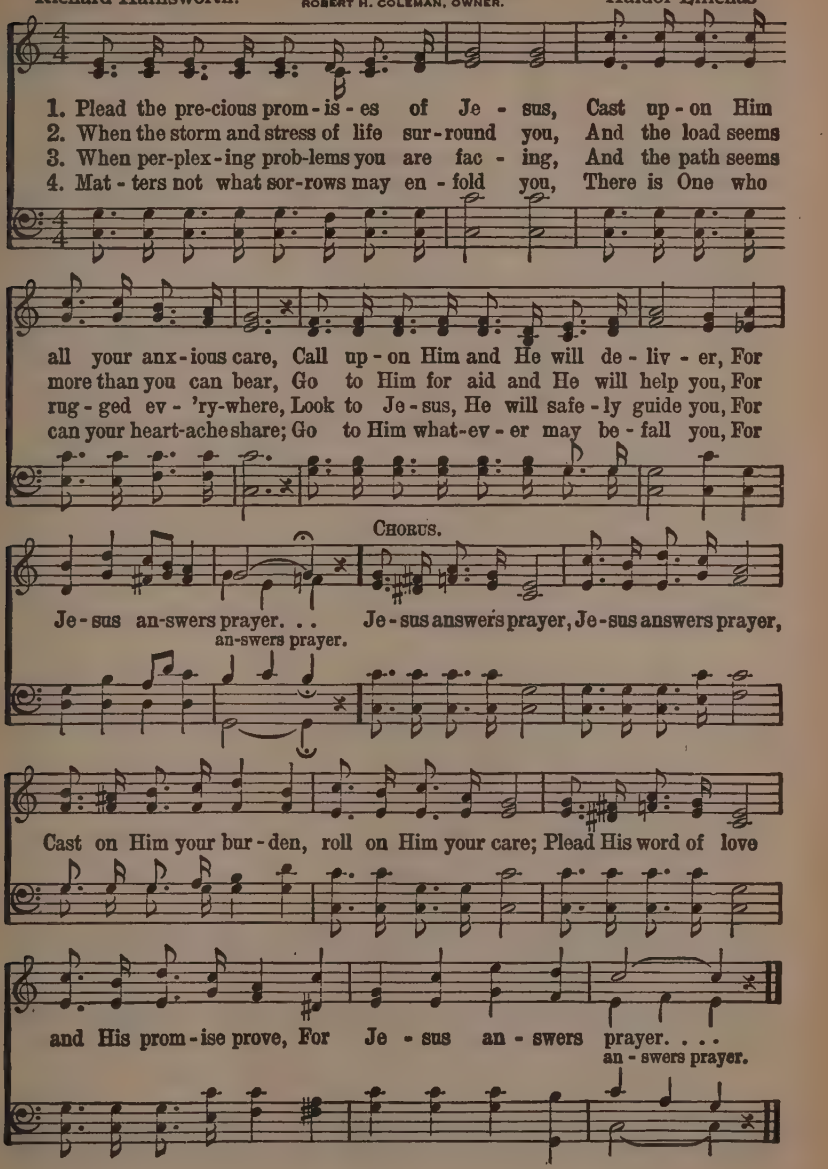

1. Do you wear - y grow on your toil - some road? Car - ry your
2. Does the sky seem dark and the way grow dim? Car - ry your
3. There are hearts that long for the sun - shine bright, Car - ry your
4. Cast your all on Him, on His pow'r de - pend, Car - ry your
bur - den with a smile; Do you al - most sink 'neath your heav-y load?
bur - den with a smile; Look to God in faith, put your trust in Him,
bur - den with a smile; Let the glad song ring thro' the dark - est night,
bur - den with a smile; For the King of kings is your dear - est Friend,
CHORUS.
Car-ry your burden with a smile. Car-ry your burden with a smile, For
yes, with a smile,
sigh-ing was never worth the while; But 'twill help the faint and
not worth the while;
weary o'er some long and rugged mile, If you'll carry your burden with a smile.
with a smile.

23 Jesus Answers Prayer.

Richard Hainsworth. COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY HALDOR LILLENAS. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Haldor Lillenas


1. Plead the pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Cast up-on Him
2. When the storm and stress of life sur-round you, And the load seems
3. When per-plex-ing prob-lems you are fac-ing, And the path seems
4. Mat-ters not what sor-rows may en-fold you, There is One who
all your anx-ious care, Call up-on Him and He will de-liv-er, For
more than you can bear, Go to Him for aid and He will help you, For
rug-ged ev-'ry-where, Look to Je-sus, He will safe-ly guide you, For
can your heart-ache share; Go to Him what-ev-er may be-fall you, For
CHORUS.
Je-sus an-swers prayer. . . Je-sus answers prayer, Je-sus answers prayer,
an-swers prayer.
Cast on Him your bur-den, roll on Him your care; Plead His word of love
and His prom-ise prove, For Je-sus an-swers prayer. . . .
an-swers prayer.

24 Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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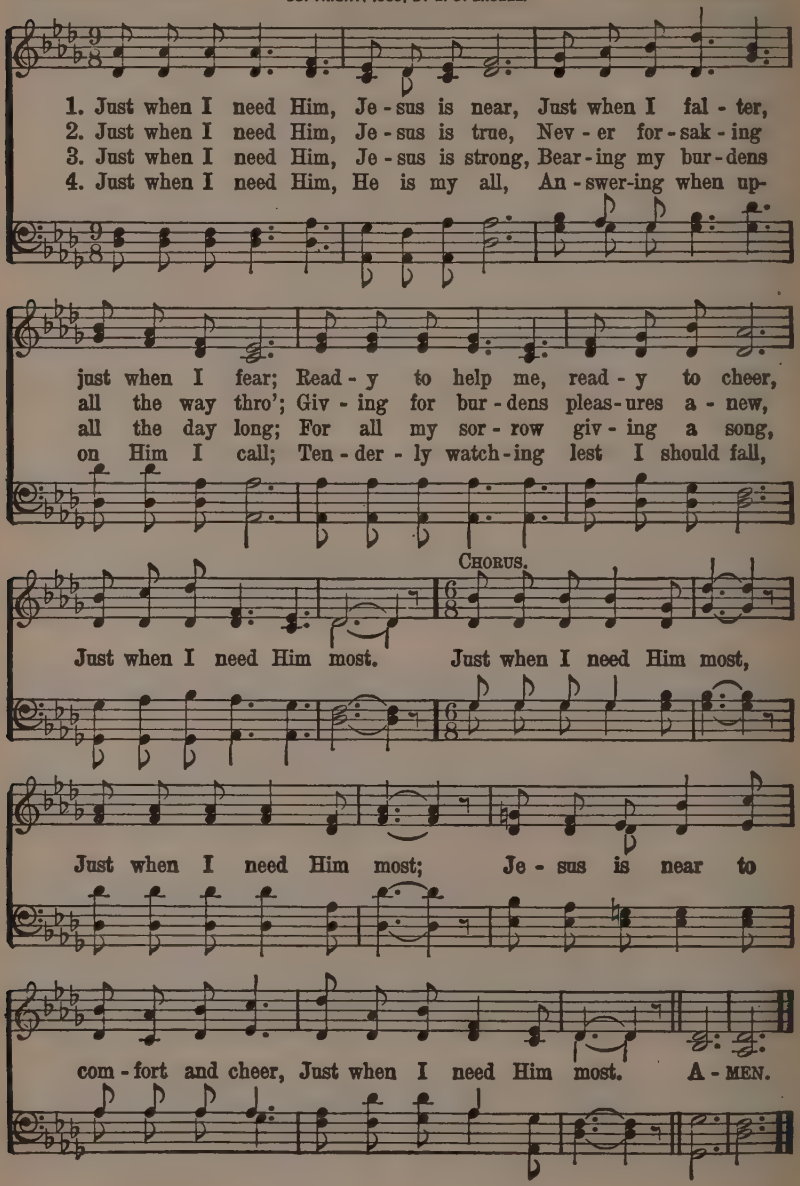
1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer - ing when up -
just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,
all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,
on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,
CHORUS.
Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,
Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to
com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

25 The Nail-Scarred Hand

B. B. McK.

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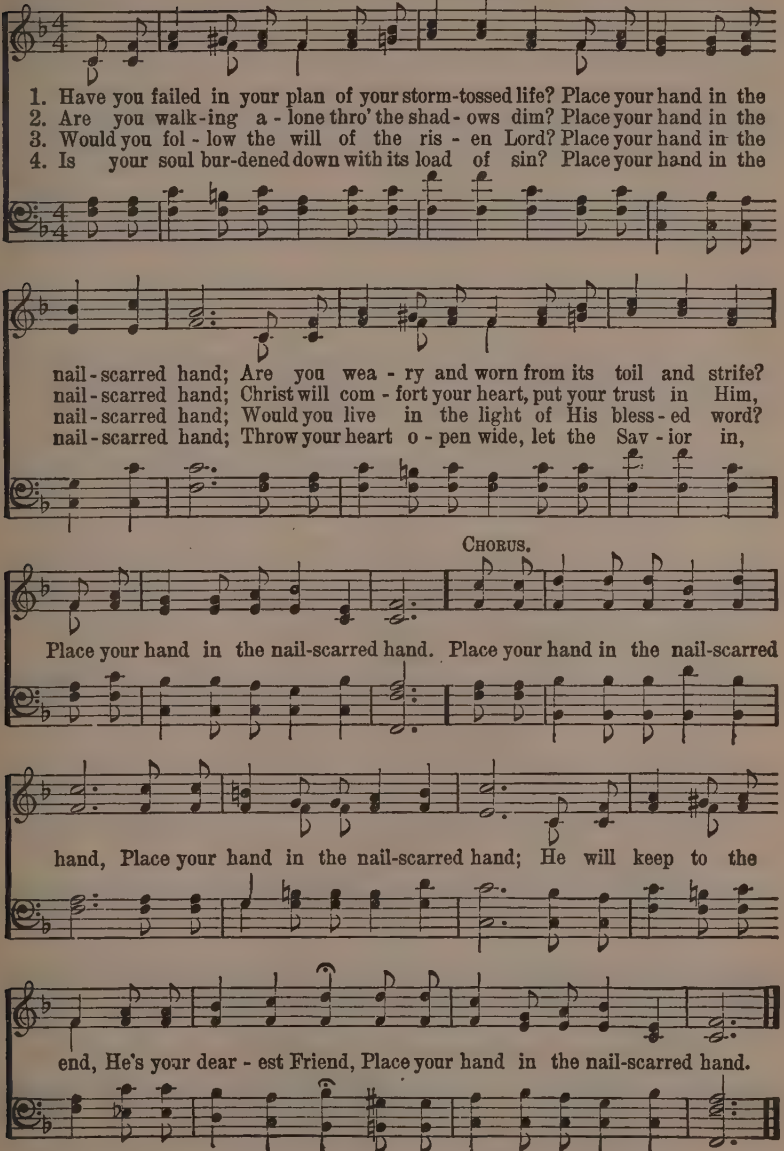
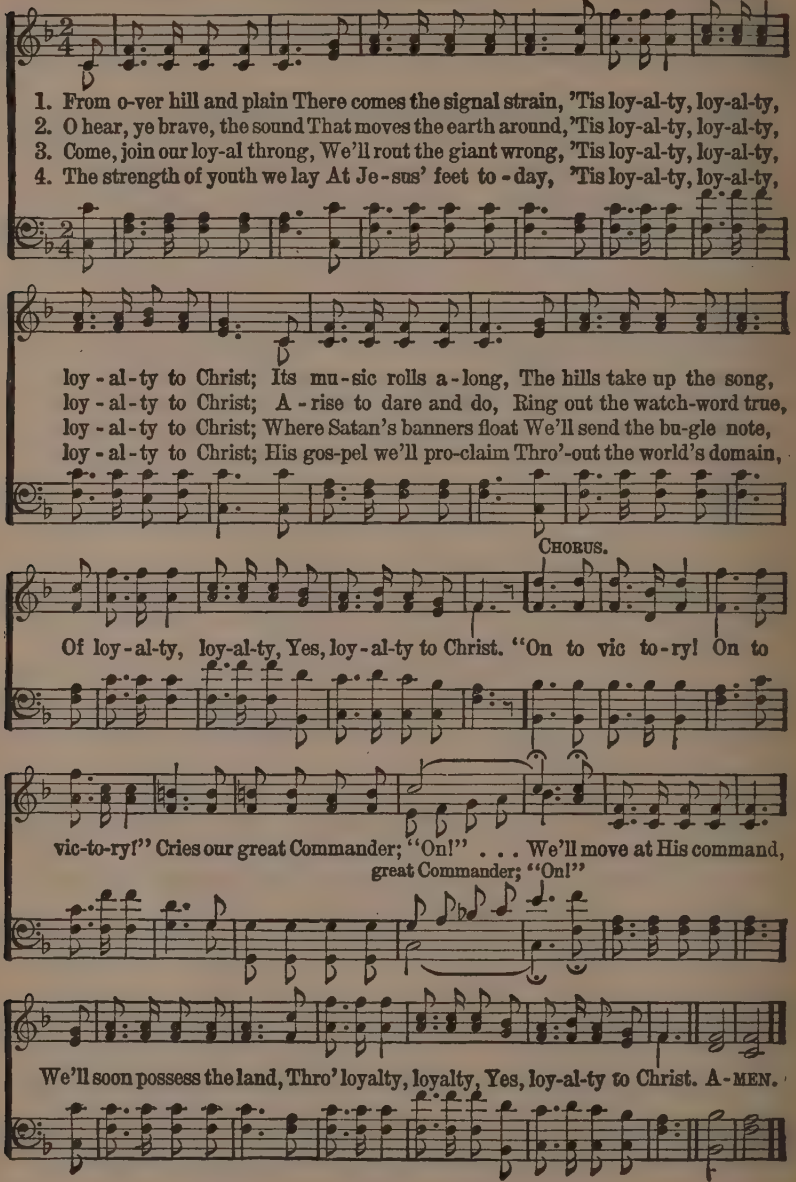

1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
2. Are you walk-ing a-lone thro' the shad-ows dim? Place your hand in the
3. Would you fol-low the will of the ris-en Lord? Place your hand in the
4. Is your soul bur-dened down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the
nail-scarred hand; Are you wea-ry and worn from its toil and strife?
nail-scarred hand; Christ will com-fort your heart, put your trust in Him,
nail-scarred hand; Would you live in the light of His bless-ed word?
nail-scarred hand; Throw your heart o-pen wide, let the Sav-ior in,
CHORUS.
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred
hand, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; He will keep to the
end, He's your dear-est Friend, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,
CHORUS.
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic to-ry! On to
vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"
We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

27 Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

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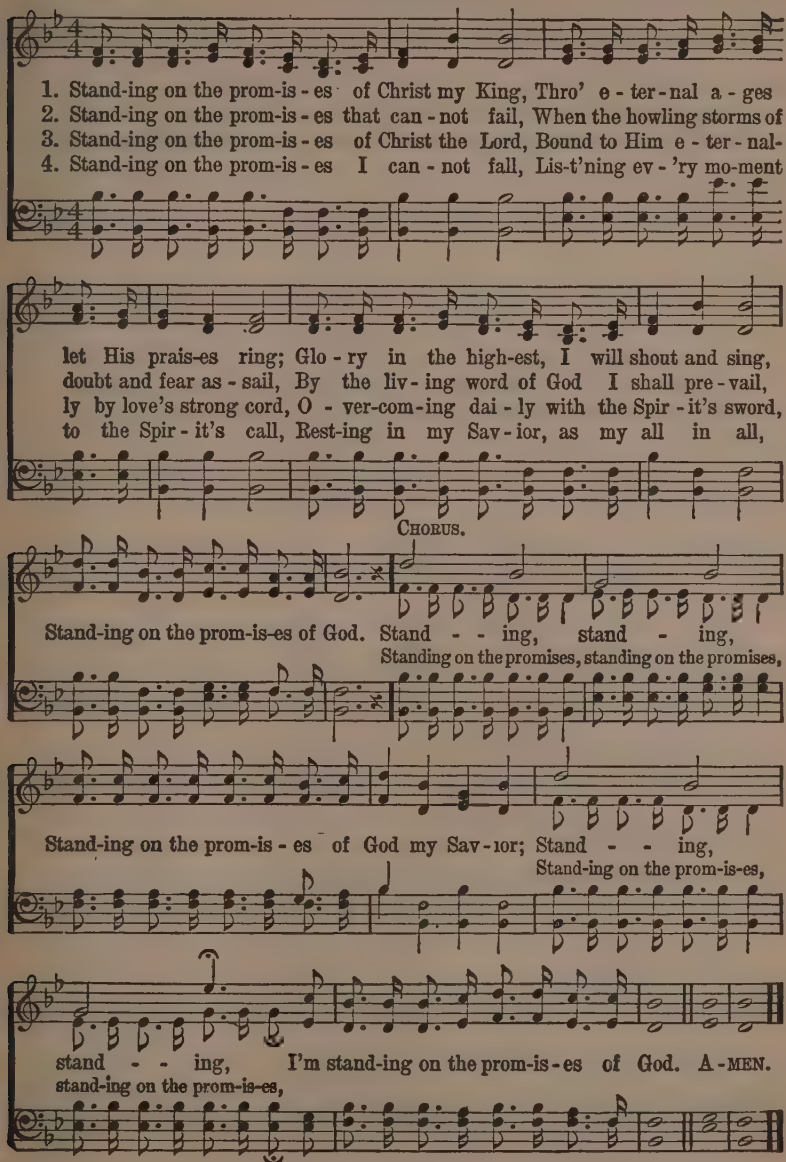
R. Kelso Carter.


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment
let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. A-MEN.
stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

Smile.

B. B. McK.

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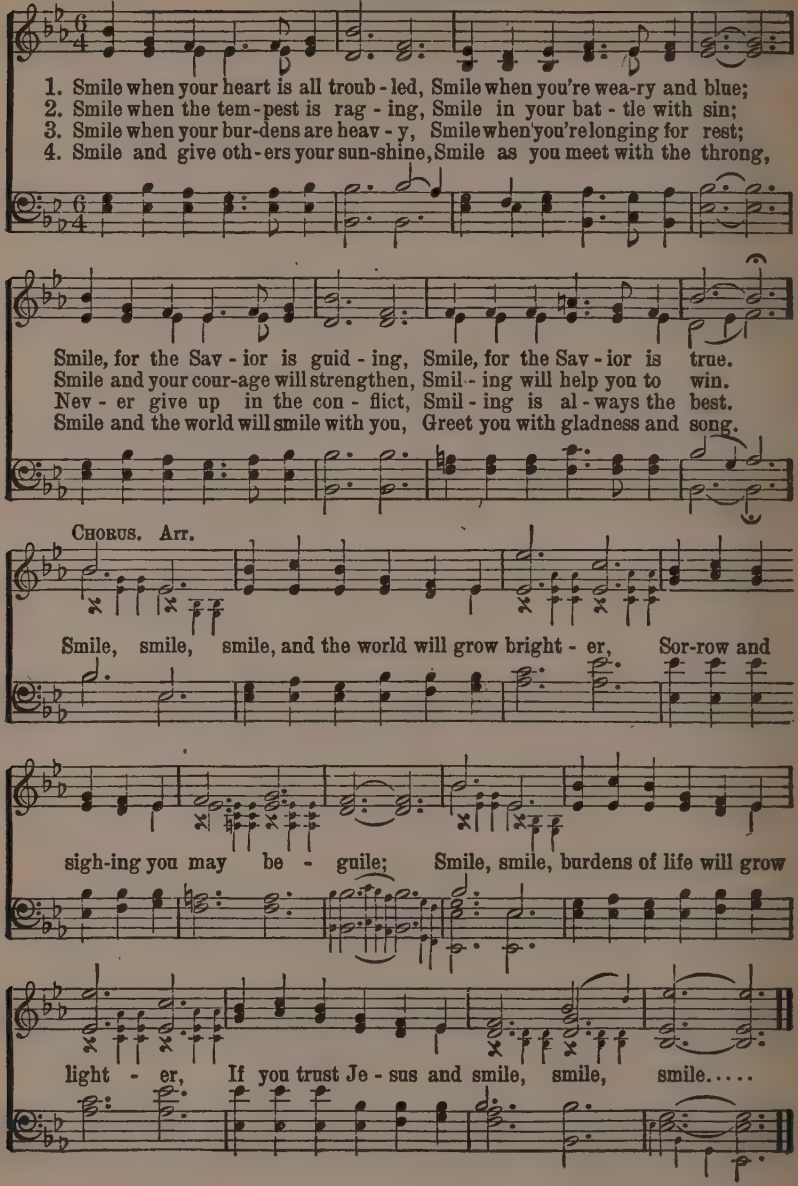
1. Smile when your heart is all troub - led, Smile when you're wea-ry and blue;
2. Smile when the tem - pest is rag - ing, Smile in your bat - tle with sin;
3. Smile when your bur-dens are heav - y, Smile when you're longing for rest;
4. Smile and give oth - ers your sun-shine, Smile as you meet with the throng,
Smile, for the Sav - ior is guid - ing, Smile, for the Sav - ior is true.
Smile and your cour-age will strengthen, Smil - ing will help you to win.
Nev - er give up in the con - flict, Smil - ing is al - ways the best.
Smile and the world will smile with you, Greet you with gladness and song.
Chorus. Arr.
Smile, smile, smile, and the world will grow bright - er, Sor-row and
sigh-ing you may be - guile; Smile, smile, burdens of life will grow
light - er, If you trust Je - sus and smile, smile, smile.....

Satisfied With Jesus.

B. B. McK.

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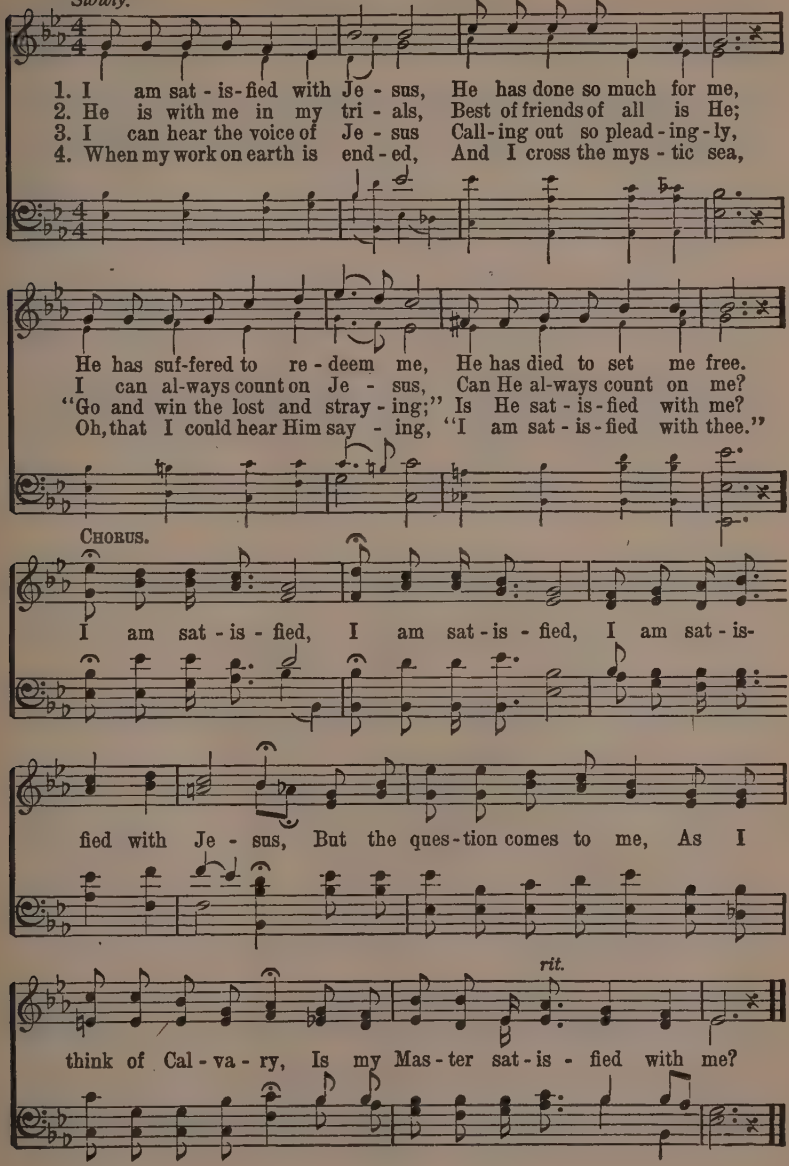
Slowly.


1. I am sat - is-fied with Je - sus, He has done so much for me,
2. He is with me in my tri - als, Best of friends of all is He;
3. I can hear the voice of Je - sus Call-ing out so plead - ing - ly,
4. When my work on earth is end - ed, And I cross the mys - tic sea,
He has suf-fered to re - deem me, He has died to set me free.
I can al-ways count on Je - sus, Can He al-ways count on me?
"Go and win the lost and stray - ing;" Is He sat - is-fied with me?
Oh, that I could hear Him say - ing, "I am sat - is-fied with thee."
CHORUS.
I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is-
fied with Je - sus, But the ques-tion comes to me, As I
rit.
think of Cal - va - ry, Is my Mas-ter sat - is - fied with me?

30 Jesus is the Friend You Need.

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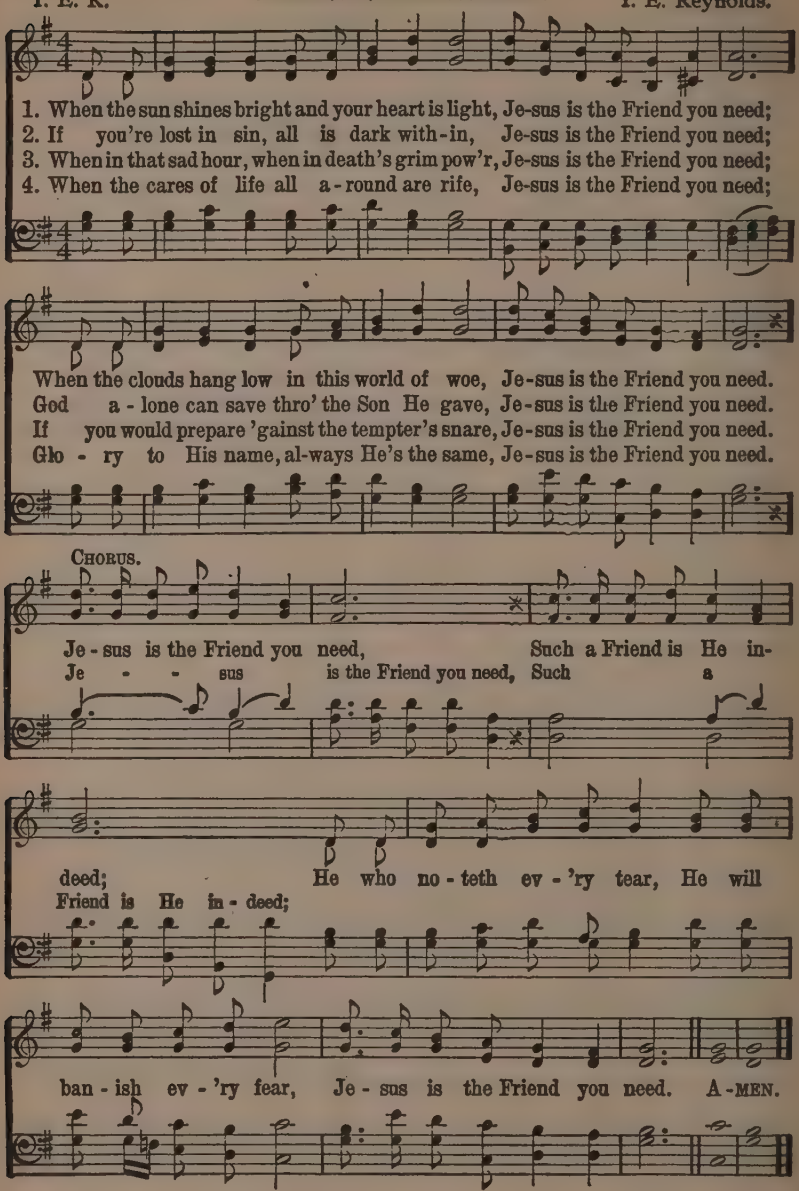
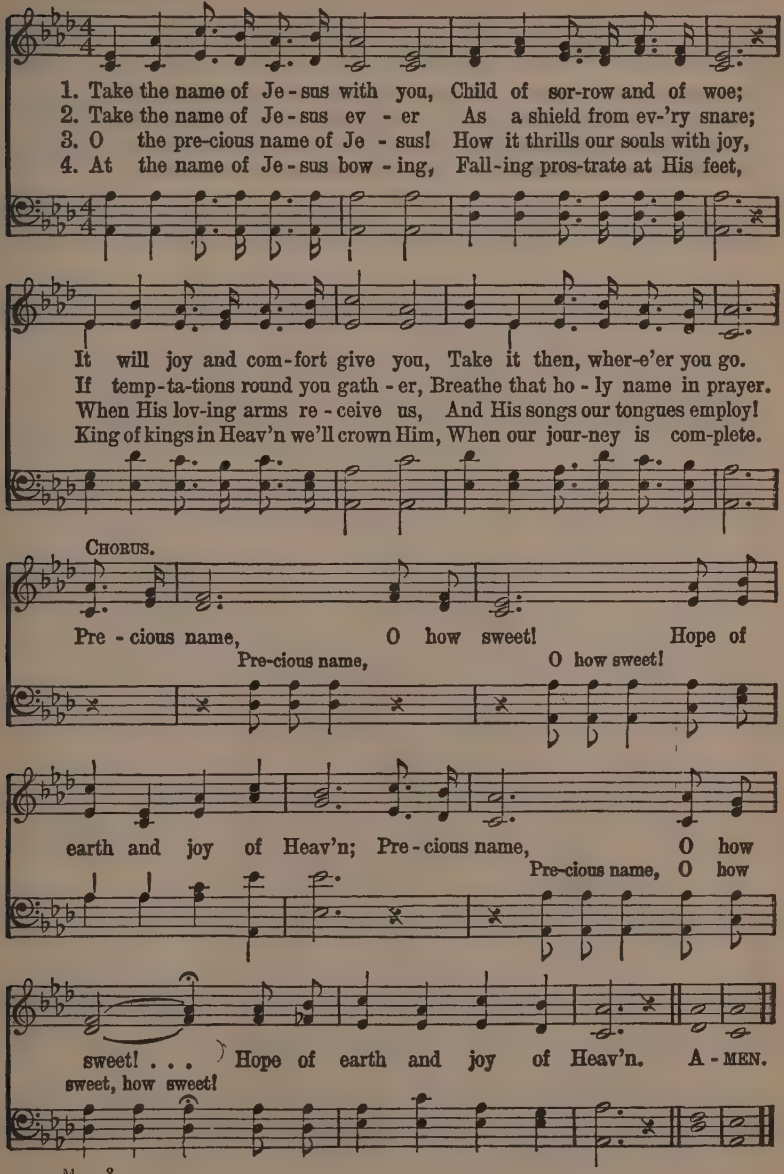

1. When the sun shines bright and your heart is light, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
2. If you're lost in sin, all is dark with-in, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
3. When in that sad hour, when in death's grim pow'r, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
4. When the cares of life all a-round are rife, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
When the clouds hang low in this world of woe, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
God a-lone can save thro' the Son He gave, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
If you would prepare 'gainst the tempter's snare, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
Glo-ry to His name, al-ways He's the same, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
CHORUS.
Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-
Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a
deed; He who no-teth ev-'ry tear, He will
Friend is He in-deed;
ban-ish ev-'ry fear, Je-sus is the Friend you need. A-MEN.

31 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W H. Doane.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.
CHORUS.
Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
Pre-cious name, O how
sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.
sweet, how sweet!

32 Keep in Touch With Jesus.

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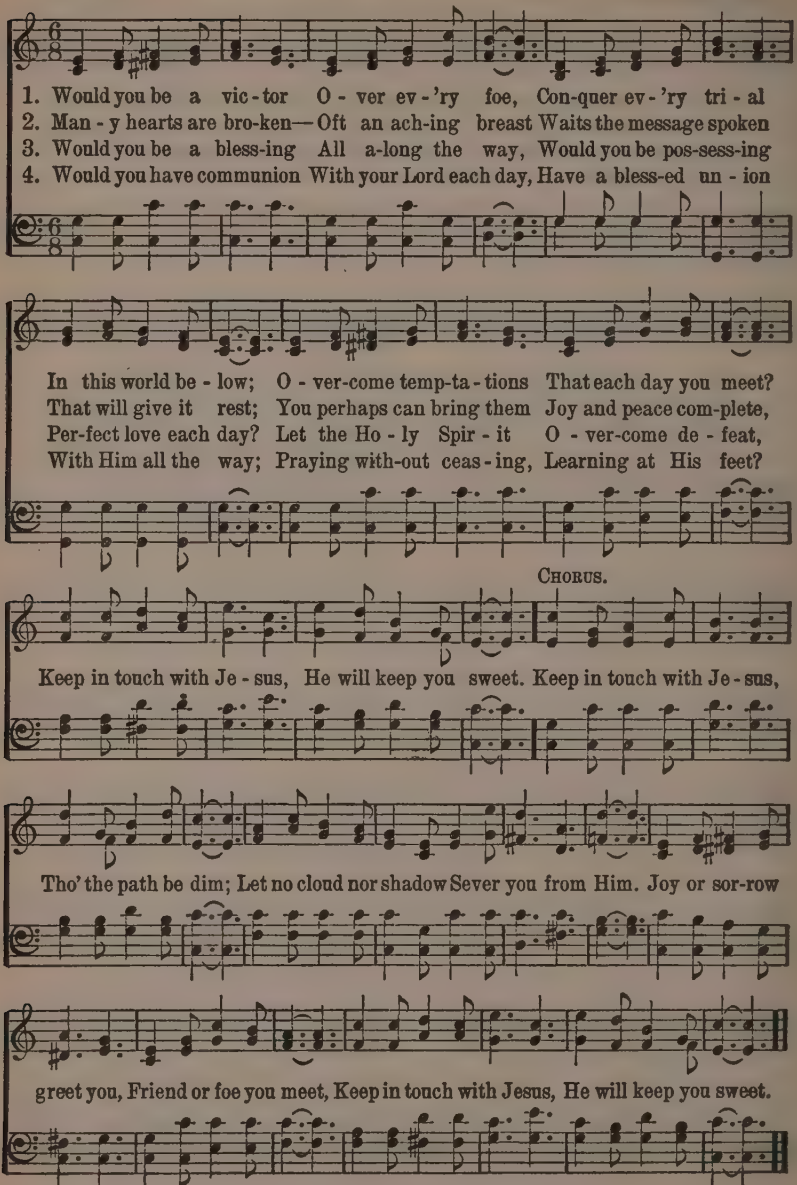
1. Would you be a vic - tor O - ver ev - 'ry foe, Con-quer ev - 'ry tri - al
2. Man - y hearts are bro-ken— Oft an ach-ing breast Waits the message spoken
3. Would you be a bless-ing All a-long the way, Would you be pos-sess-ing
4. Would you have communion With your Lord each day, Have a bless-ed un - ion
In this world be - low; O - ver-come temp-ta - tions That each day you meet?
That will give it rest; You perhaps can bring them Joy and peace com-plete,
Per-fect love each day? Let the Ho - ly Spir - it O - ver-come de - feat,
With Him all the way; Praying with-out ceas - ing, Learning at His feet?
Chorus.
Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will keep you sweet. Keep in touch with Je - sus,
Tho' the path be dim; Let no cloud nor shadow Sever you from Him. Joy or sor-row
greet you, Friend or foe you meet, Keep in touch with Jesus, He will keep you sweet.

33 The Long, Long Road With Jesus.

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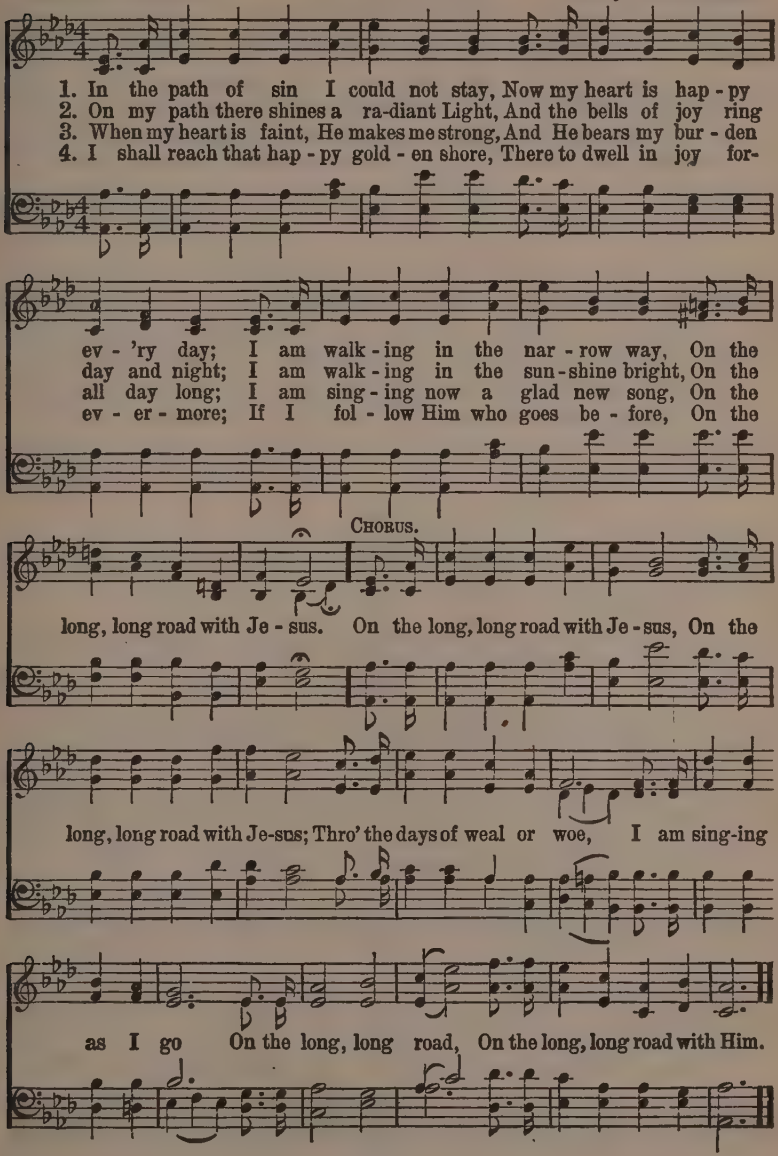
Rev. Alfred Barratt. Harry Dixon Loes.

1. In the path of sin I could not stay, Now my heart is hap - py
2. On my path there shines a ra-diant Light, And the bells of joy ring
3. When my heart is faint, He makes me strong, And He bears my bur - den
4. I shall reach that hap - py gold - en shore, There to dwell in joy for-
ev - 'ry day; I am walk - ing in the nar - row way, On the
day and night; I am walk - ing in the sun - shine bright, On the
all day long; I am sing - ing now a glad new song, On the
ev - er - more; If I fol - low Him who goes be - fore, On the
Chorus.
long, long road with Je - sus. On the long, long road with Je - sus, On the
long, long road with Je-sus; Thro' the days of weal or woe, I am sing-ing
as I go On the long, long road, On the long, long road with Him.

I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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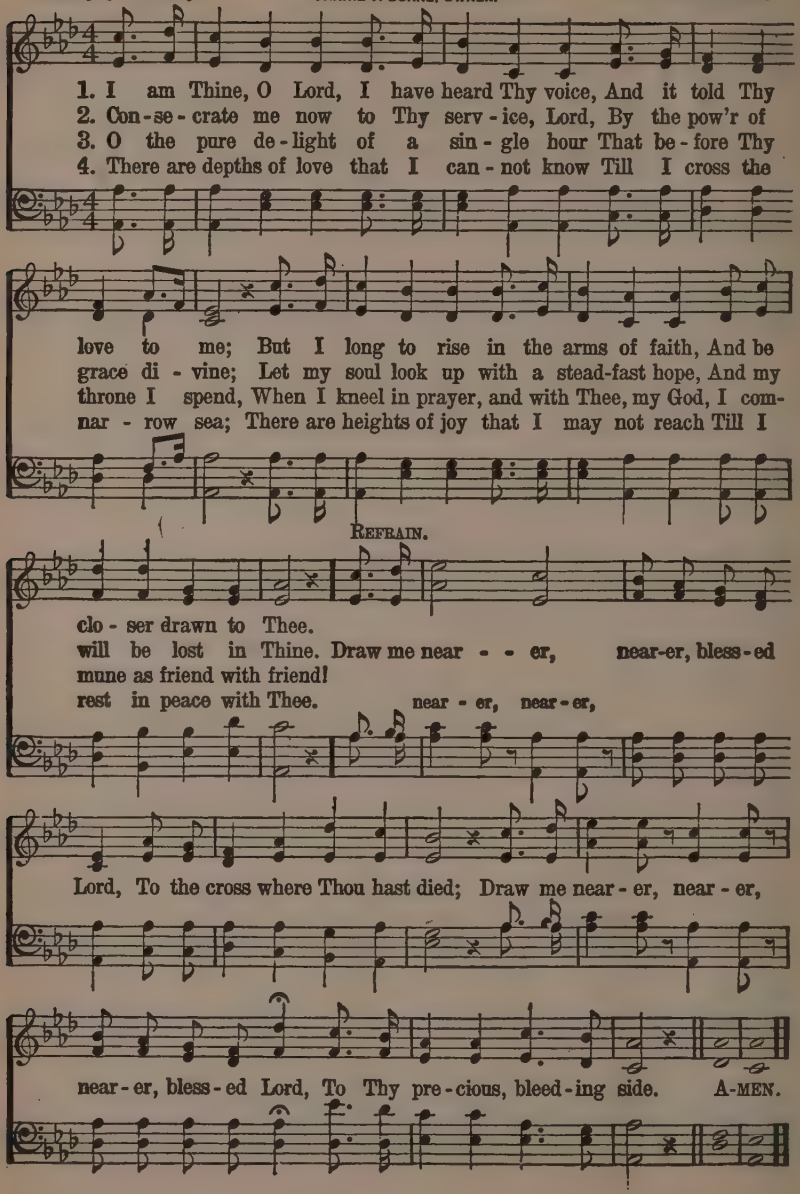
W. H. Doane.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
REFRAIN.
clo-ser drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee.
near-er, near-er,
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er, near-er,
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

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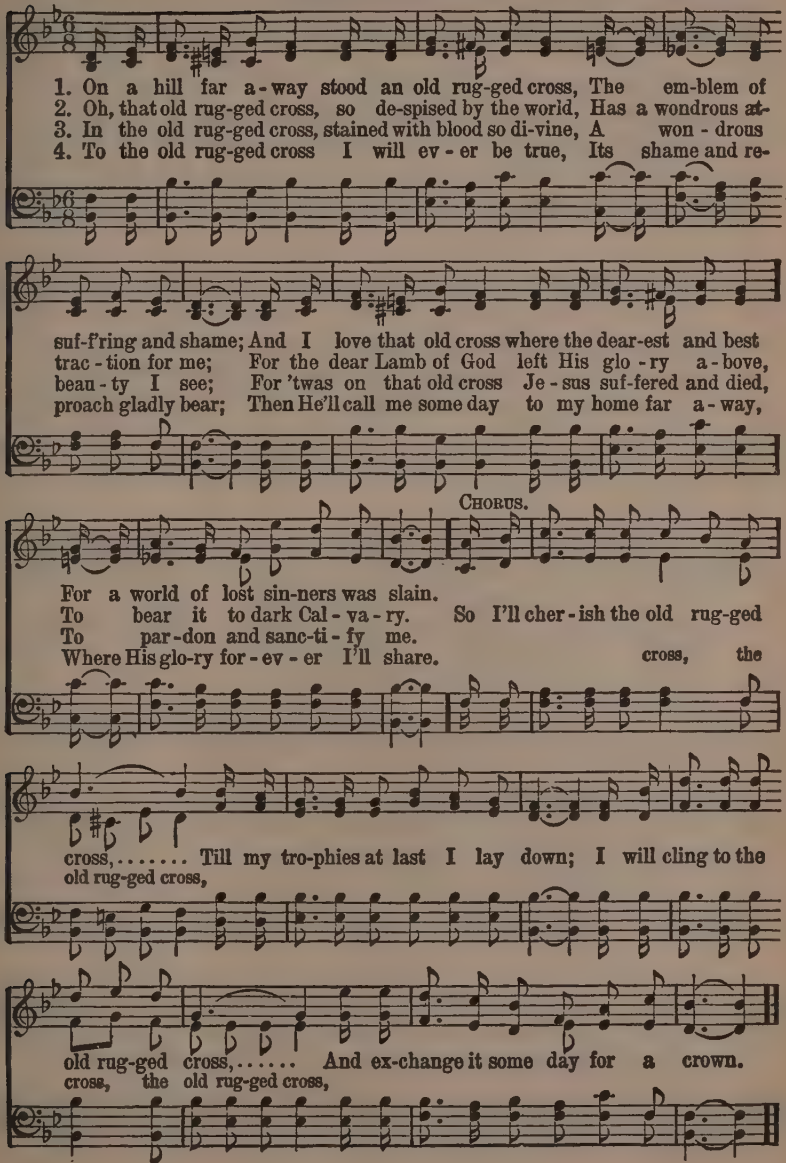
Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-
suf-fring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,
CHORUS.
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.
cross, the
cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,
old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

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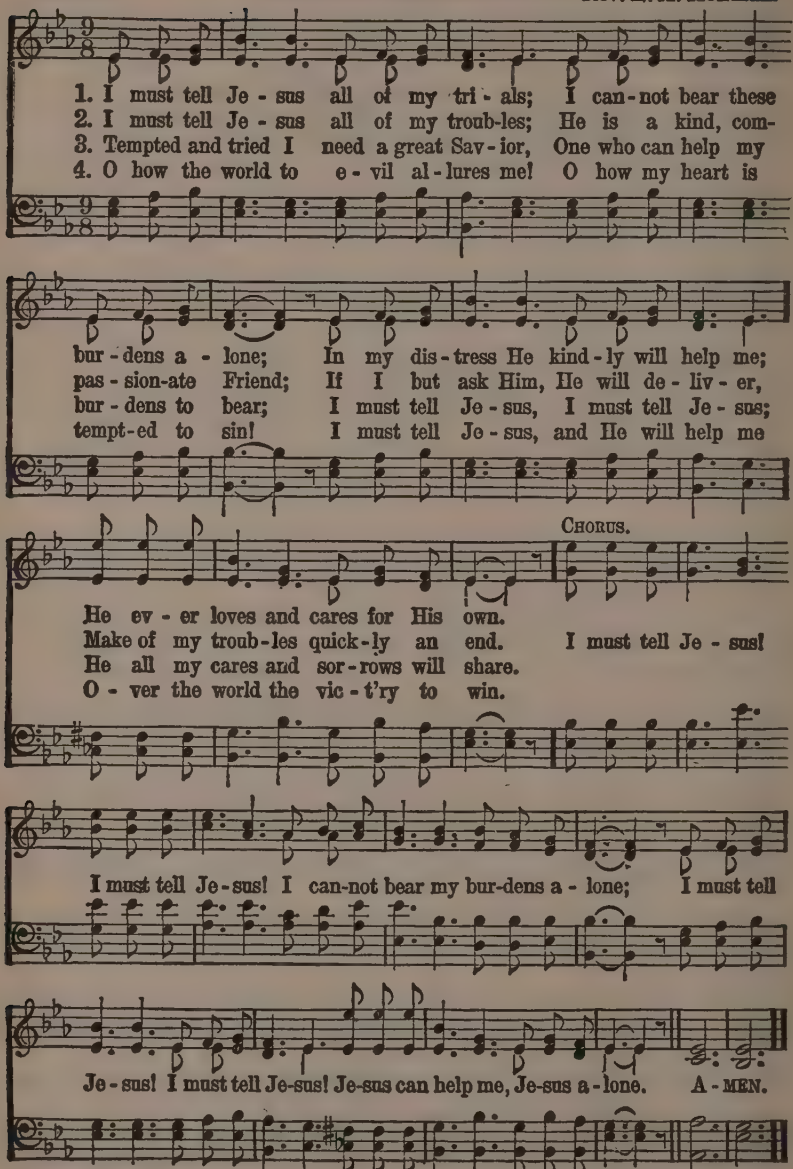
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me
CHORUS.
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub-les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell
Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone. A - MEN.

37 Carry All Your Sorrows To Him.

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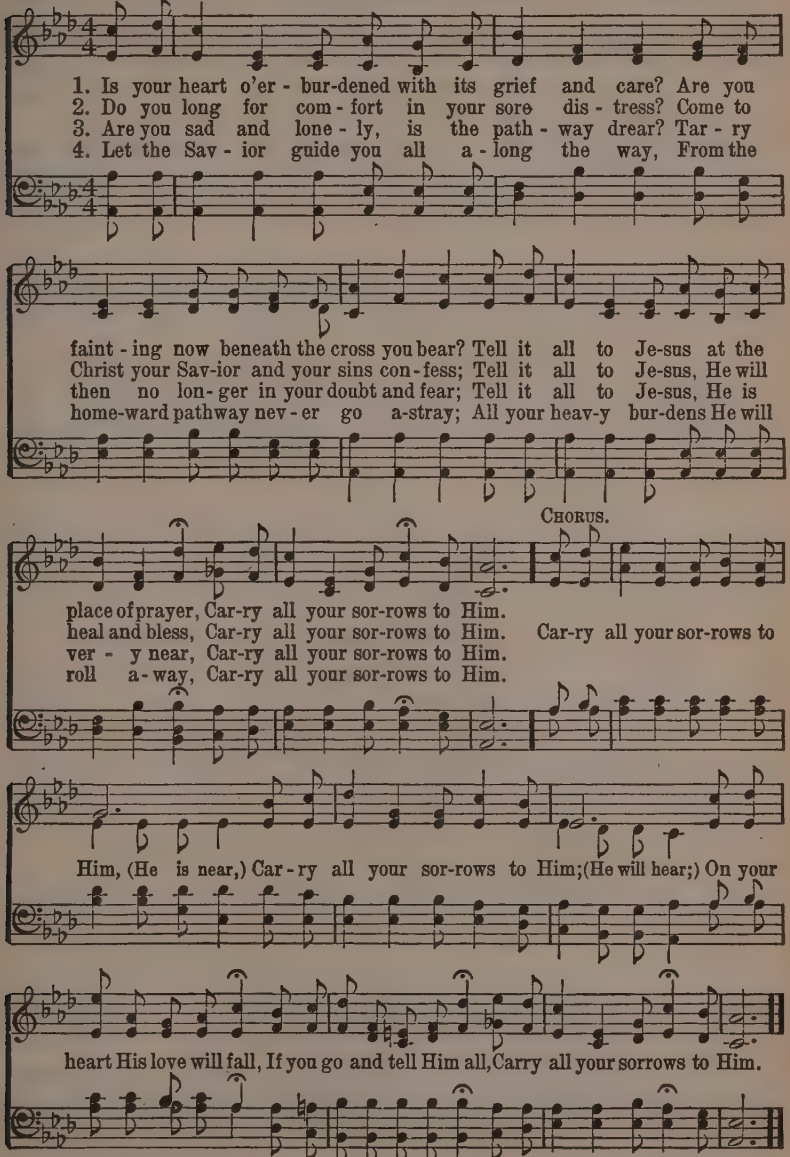
1. Is your heart o'er - bur-dened with its grief and care? Are you
2. Do you long for com - fort in your sore dis - tress? Come to
3. Are you sad and lone - ly, is the path - way drear? Tar - ry
4. Let the Sav - ior guide you all a - long the way, From the
faint - ing now beneath the cross you bear? Tell it all to Je-sus at the
Christ your Sav-ior and your sins con-fess; Tell it all to Je-sus, He will
then no lon- ger in your doubt and fear; Tell it all to Je-sus, He is
home-ward pathway nev - er go a-stray; All your heav-y bur-dens He will
Chorus.
place of prayer, Car-ry all your sor-rows to Him.
heal and bless, Car-ry all your sor-rows to Him.
ver - y near, Car-ry all your sor-rows to Him.
roll a - way, Car-ry all your sor-rows to Him.
Car-ry all your sor-rows to
Him, (He is near,) Car - ry all your sor-rows to Him;(He will hear;) On your
heart His love will fall, If you go and tell Him all, Carry all your sorrows to Him.

Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds.

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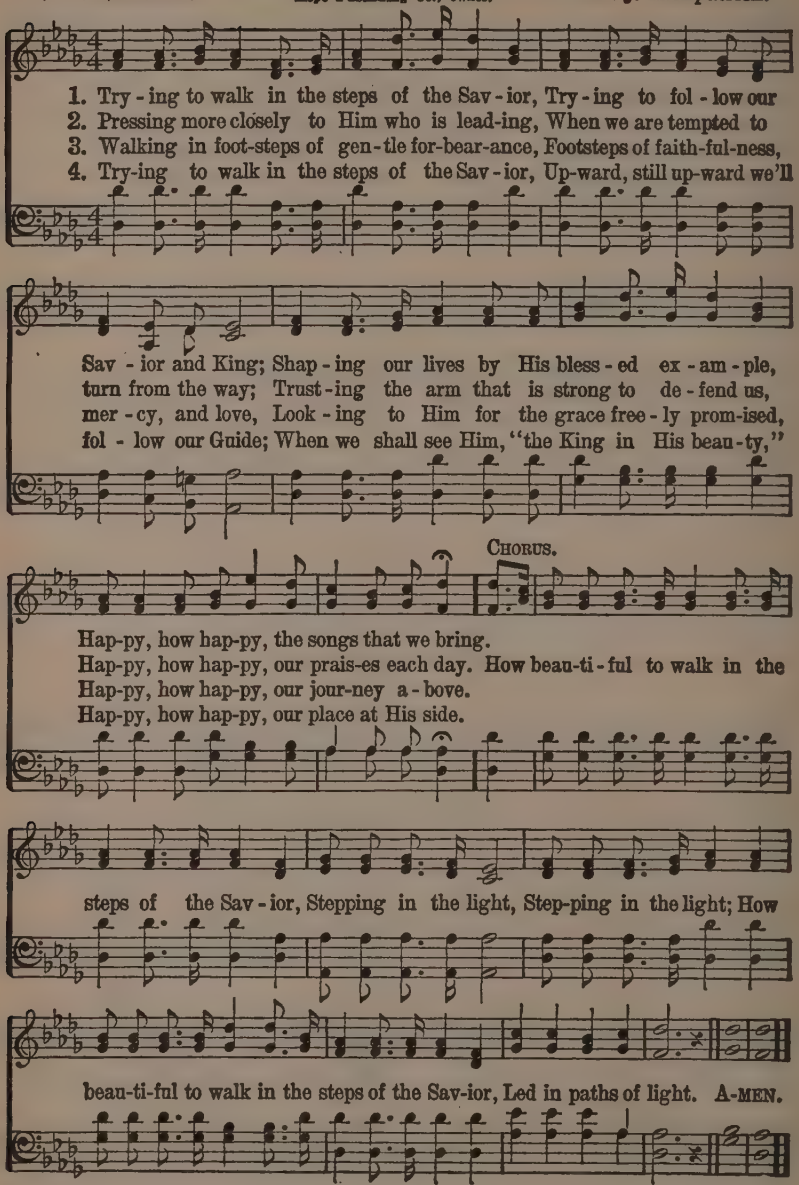
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in foot-steps of gen-tle for-bear-ance, Footsteps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up-ward, still up-ward we'll
Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"
CHORUS.
Hap-py, how hap-py, the songs that we bring.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our prais-es each day. How beau-ti - ful to walk in the
Hap-py, how hap-py, our jour-ney a - bove.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our place at His side.
steps of the Sav - ior, Stepping in the light, Step-ping in the light; How
beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Led in paths of light. A-MEN.

Does Jesus Care?

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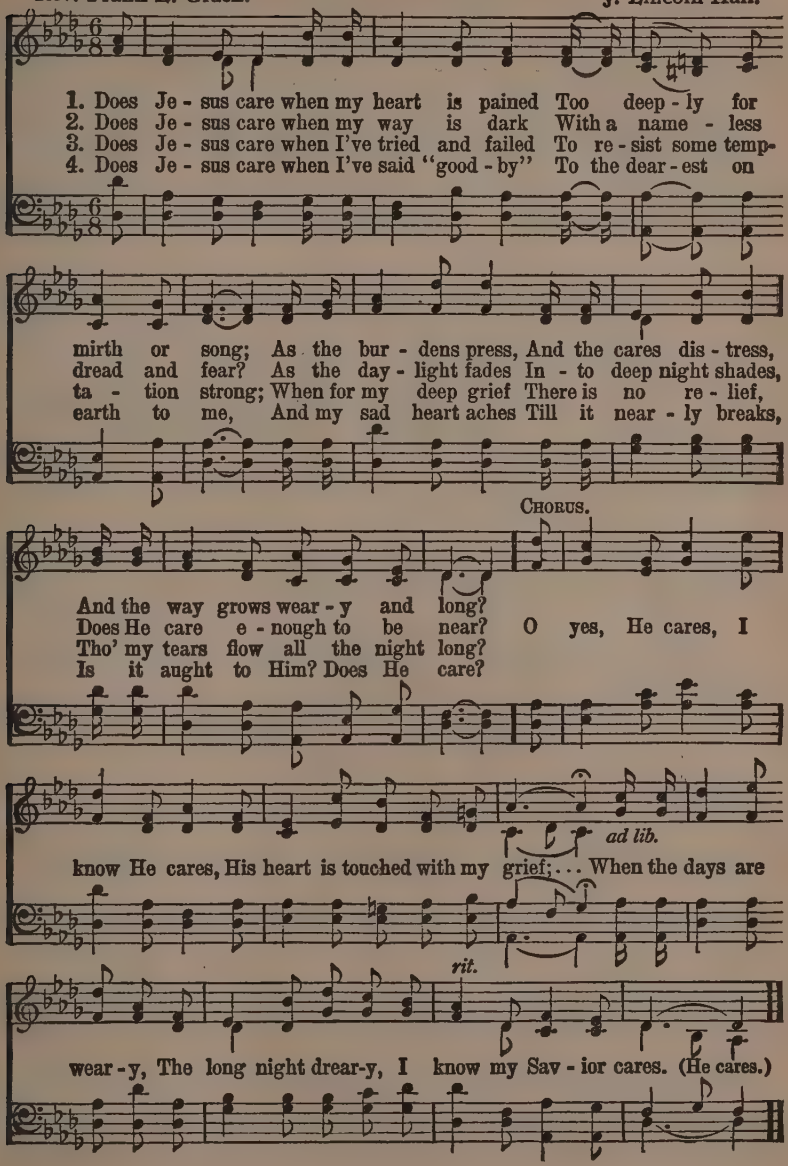
Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - by" To the dear - est on
mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,
dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,
ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks,
Chorus.
And the way grows wear - y and long?
Does He care e - nough to be near? O yes, He cares, I
Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
Is it aught to Him? Does He care?
ad lib.
know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; . . . When the days are
rit.
wear - y, The long night drear-y, I know my Sav - ior cares. (He cares.)

40 Jesus is Real and Precious to Me.

H. G. T.

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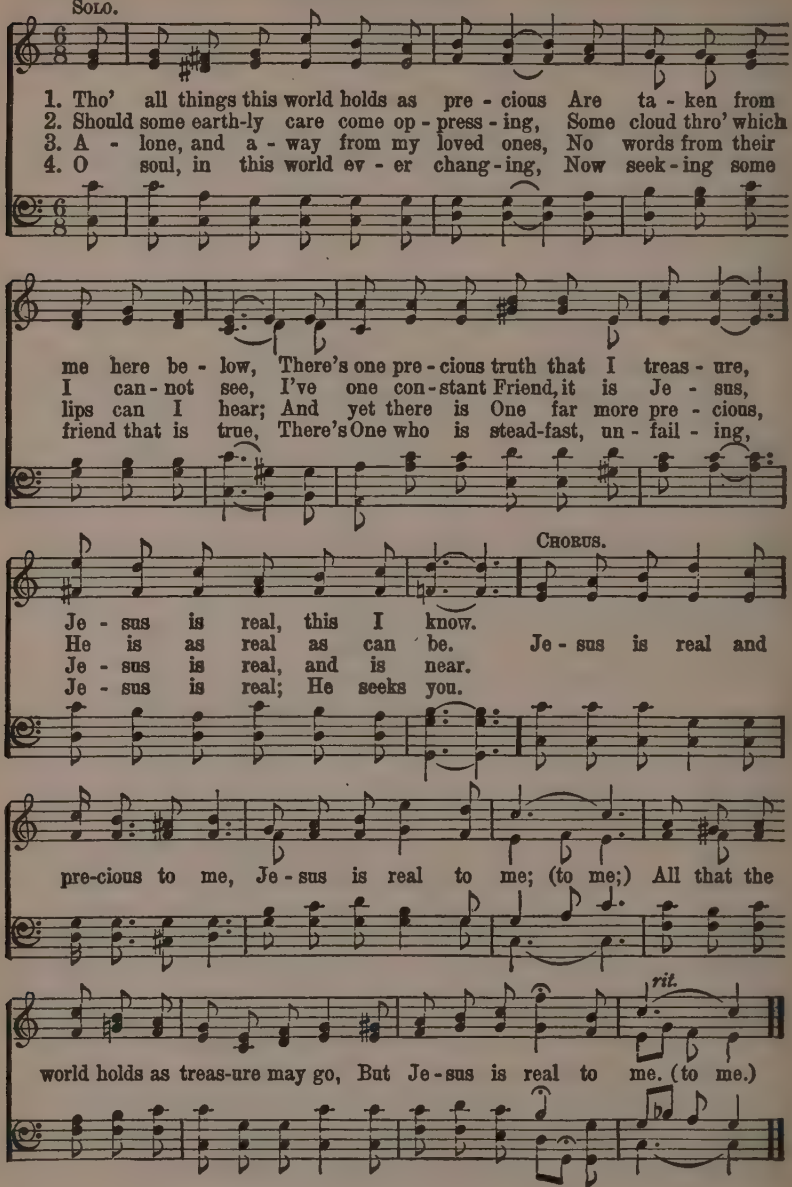
SOLO.


1. Tho' all things this world holds as pre - cious Are ta - ken from
2. Should some earth-ly care come op - press - ing, Some cloud thro' which
3. A - lone, and a - way from my loved ones, No words from their
4. O soul, in this world ev - er chang - ing, Now seek - ing some
me here be - low, There's one pre - cious truth that I treas - ure,
I can - not see, I've one con - stant Friend, it is Je - sus,
lips can I hear; And yet there is One far more pre - cious,
friend that is true, There's One who is stead-fast, un - fail - ing,
CHORUS.
Je - sus is real, this I know.
He is as real as can be. Je - sus is real and
Je - sus is real, and is near.
Je - sus is real; He seeks you.
pre-cious to me, Je - sus is real to me; (to me;) All that the
world holds as treas-ure may go, But Je - sus is real to me. (to me.)
rit.

Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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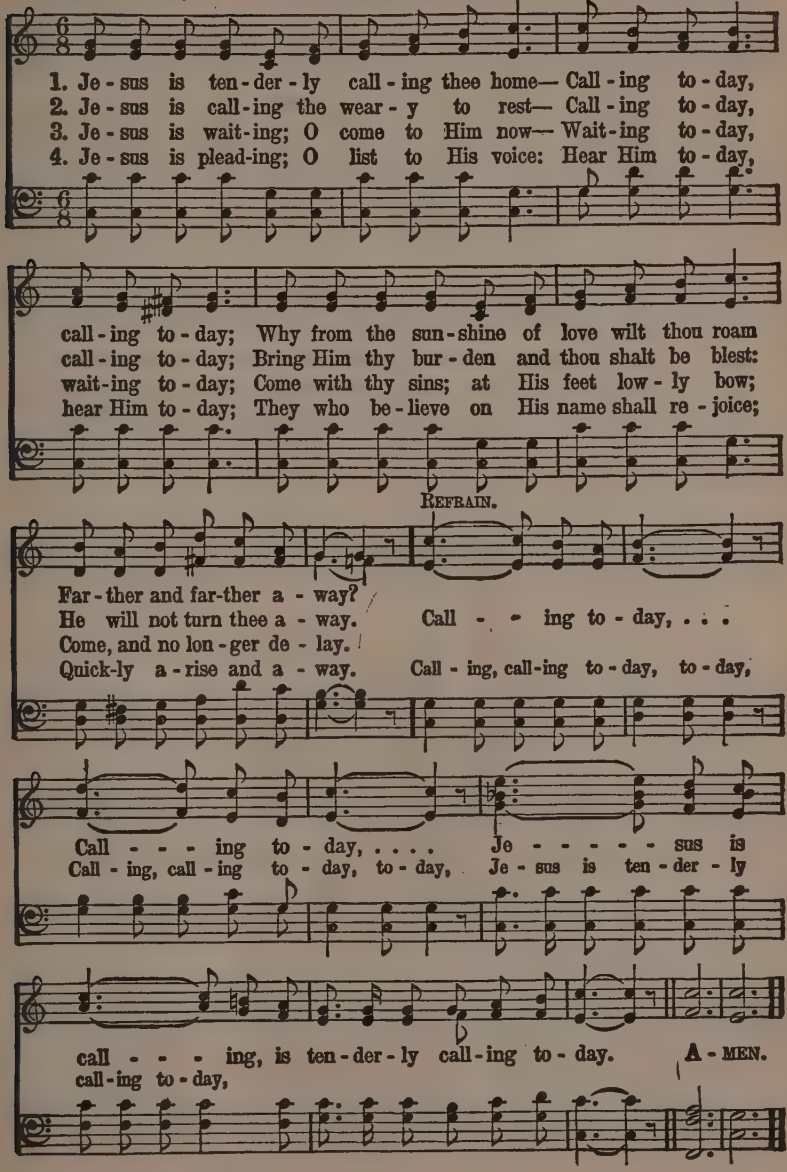
1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,
call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;
REFRAIN.
Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.
Call - - ing to - day, . . .
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,
Call - - - ing to - day, ...
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,
Je - - - - - sus is
Je - sus is ten - der - ly
call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
call - ing to - day,
A - MEN.

42 Do It For Jesus To-day.

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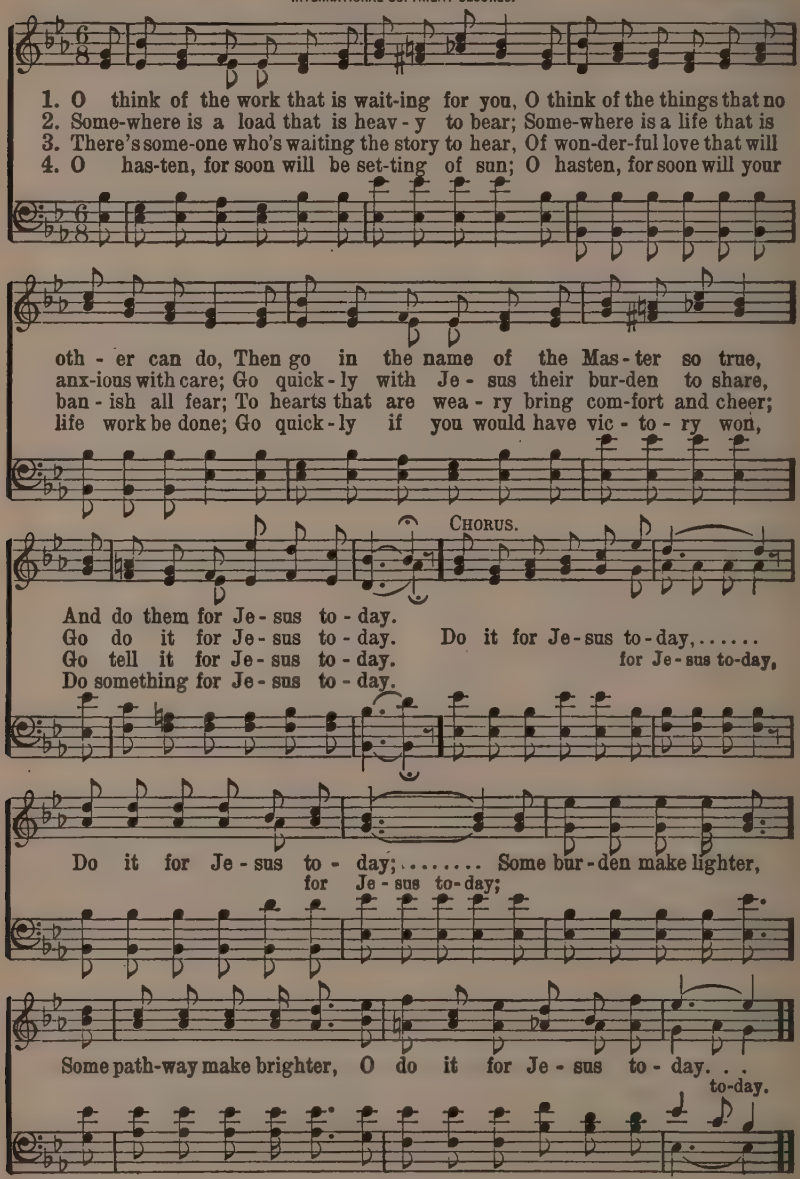
1. O think of the work that is wait-ing for you, O think of the things that no
2. Some-where is a load that is heav-y to bear; Some-where is a life that is
3. There's some-one who's waiting the story to hear, Of won-der-ful love that will
4. O has-ten, for soon will be set-ting of sun; O hasten, for soon will your
oth-er can do, Then go in the name of the Mas-ter so true,
anx-ious with care; Go quick-ly with Je-sus their bur-den to share,
ban-ish all fear; To hearts that are wea-ry bring com-fort and cheer;
life work be done; Go quick-ly if you would have vic-to-ry won,
CHORUS.
And do them for Je-sus to-day.
Go do it for Je-sus to-day.
Go tell it for Je-sus to-day.
Do something for Je-sus to-day.
Do it for Je-sus to-day,.....
for Je-sus to-day,
Do it for Je-sus to-day;..... Some bur-den make lighter,
for Je-sus to-day;
Some path-way make brighter, O do it for Je-sus to-day. . .
to-day.

43 I'm On the High Road.

B. B. McK.

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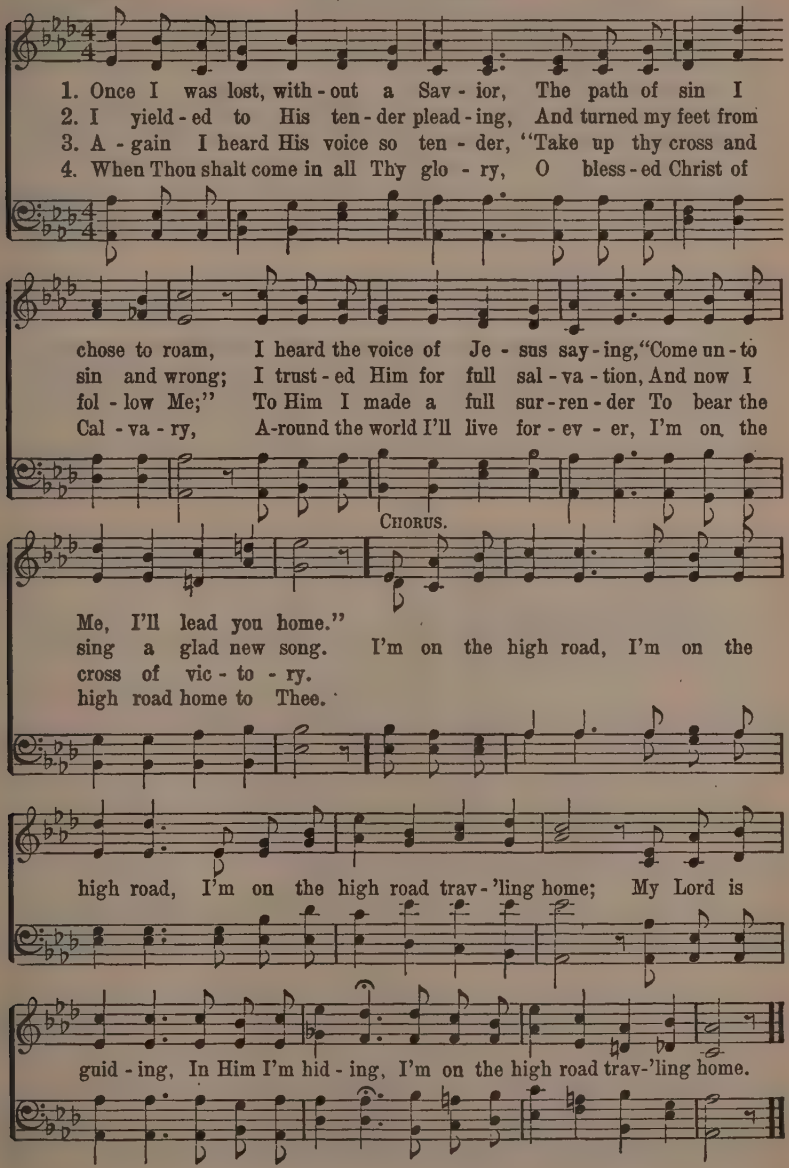
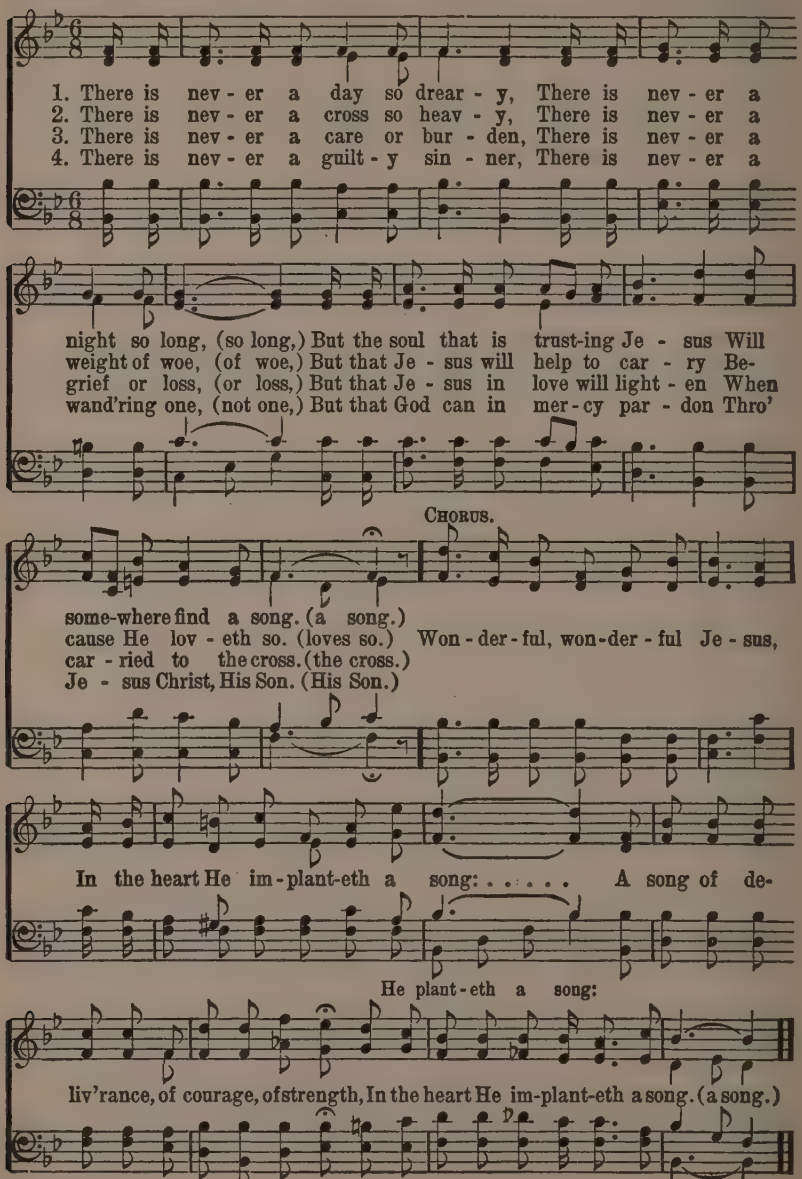
B. B. McKinney.


1. Once I was lost, with - out a Sav - ior, The path of sin I
2. I yield - ed to His ten - der plead - ing, And turned my feet from
3. A - gain I heard His voice so ten - der, "Take up thy cross and
4. When Thou shalt come in all Thy glo - ry, O bless - ed Christ of
chose to roam, I heard the voice of Je - sus say - ing, "Come un - to
sin and wrong; I trust - ed Him for full sal - va - tion, And now I
fol - low Me;" To Him I made a full sur - ren - der To bear the
Cal - va - ry, A-round the world I'll live for - ev - er, I'm on the
Chorus.
Me, I'll lead you home."
sing a glad new song. I'm on the high road, I'm on the
cross of vic - to - ry.
high road home to Thee.
high road, I'm on the high road trav - 'ling home; My Lord is
guid - ing, In Him I'm hid - ing, I'm on the high road trav-'ling home.

44 Wonderful, Wonderful Jesus.

Annie B Russell. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS. Ernest O. Sellers.


1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a
2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a
3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a
4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a
night so long, (so long,) But the soul that is trust-ing Je - sus Will
weight of woe, (of woe,) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry Be-
grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Je - sus in love will light - en When
wand'ring one, (not one,) But that God can in mer-cy par - don Thro'
Chorus.
some-where find a song. (a song.)
cause He lov - eth so. (loves so.) Won - der - ful, won-der - ful Je - sus,
car - ried to the cross. (the cross.)
Je - sus Christ, His Son. (His Son.)
In the heart He im - plant-eth a song: . . . . . A song of de-
He plant - eth a song:
liv'rance, of courage, of strength, In the heart He im-plant-eth a song. (a song.)

45 We're Marching to Zion.

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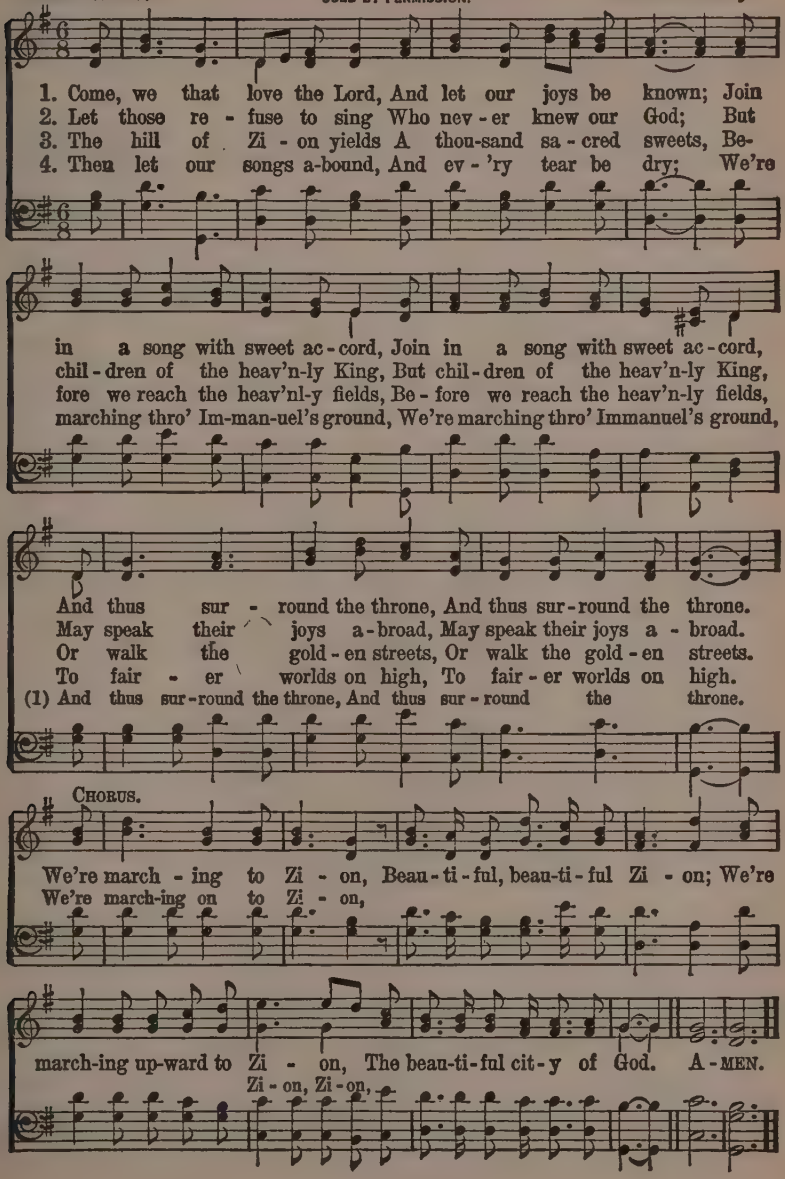
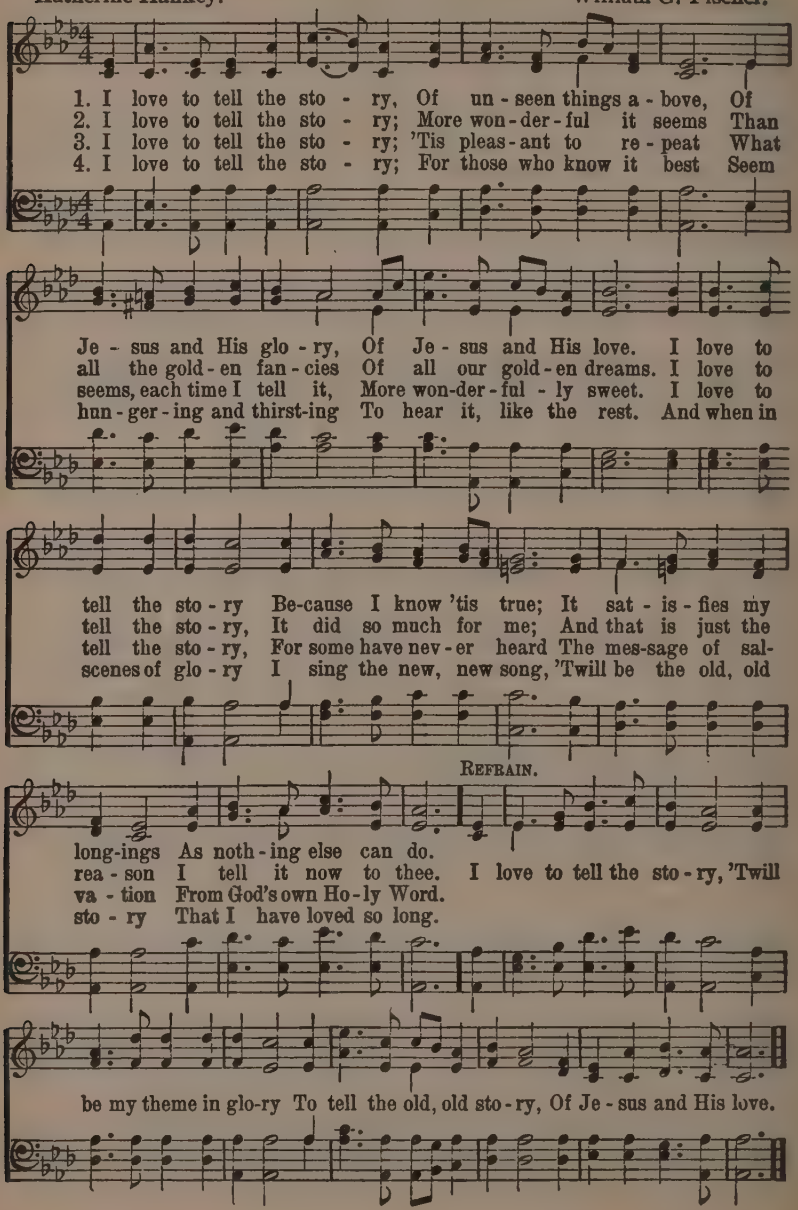

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'nl-y fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
(1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God. A - MEN.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest. And when in
tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old
REFRAIN.
long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
sto - ry That I have loved so long.
be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

47 Some Day, It Won't Be Long.

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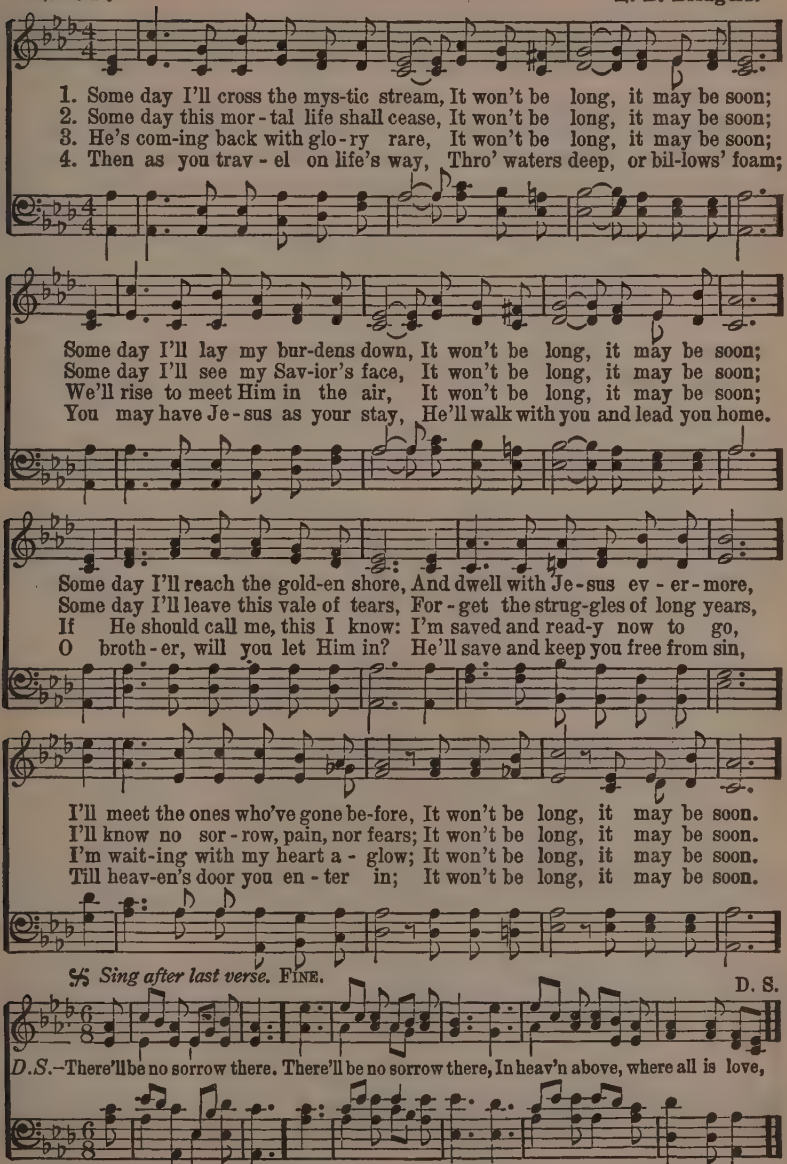
L. B. B. L. B. Bridgers.

1. Some day I'll cross the mys-tic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mor-tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav-el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows' foam;
Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.
Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-get the strug-gles of long years,
If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,
O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,
I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'm wait-ing with my heart a-glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
Till heav-en's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.
𝄋 Sing after last verse. FINE.
D. S.
D.S.—There'll be no sorrow there. There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love,

The Wayfaring Pilgrim.

Words arr.

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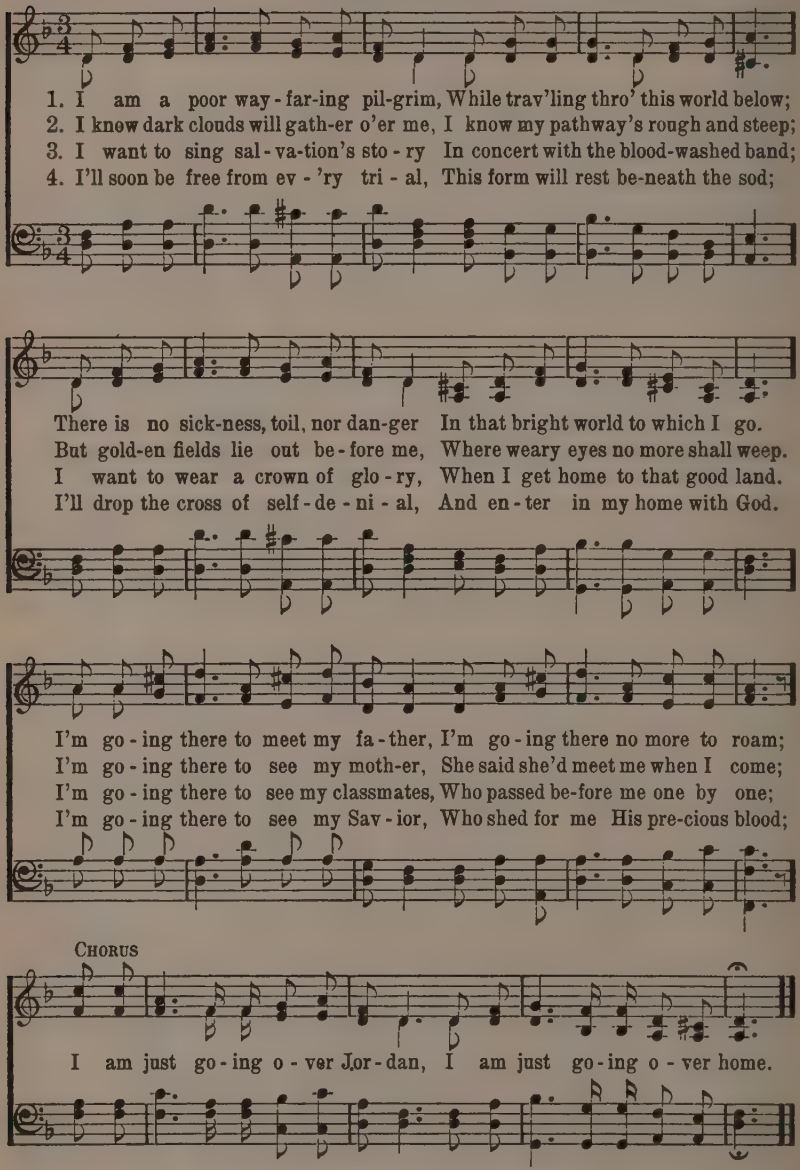
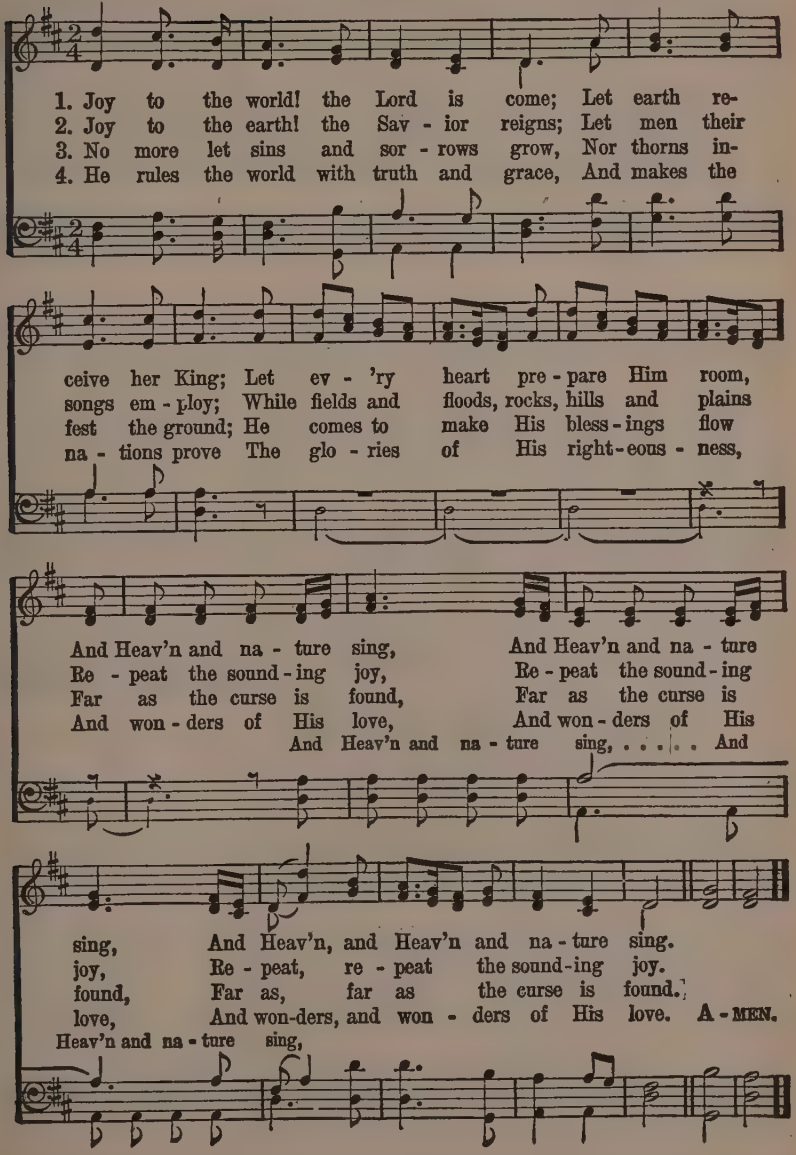
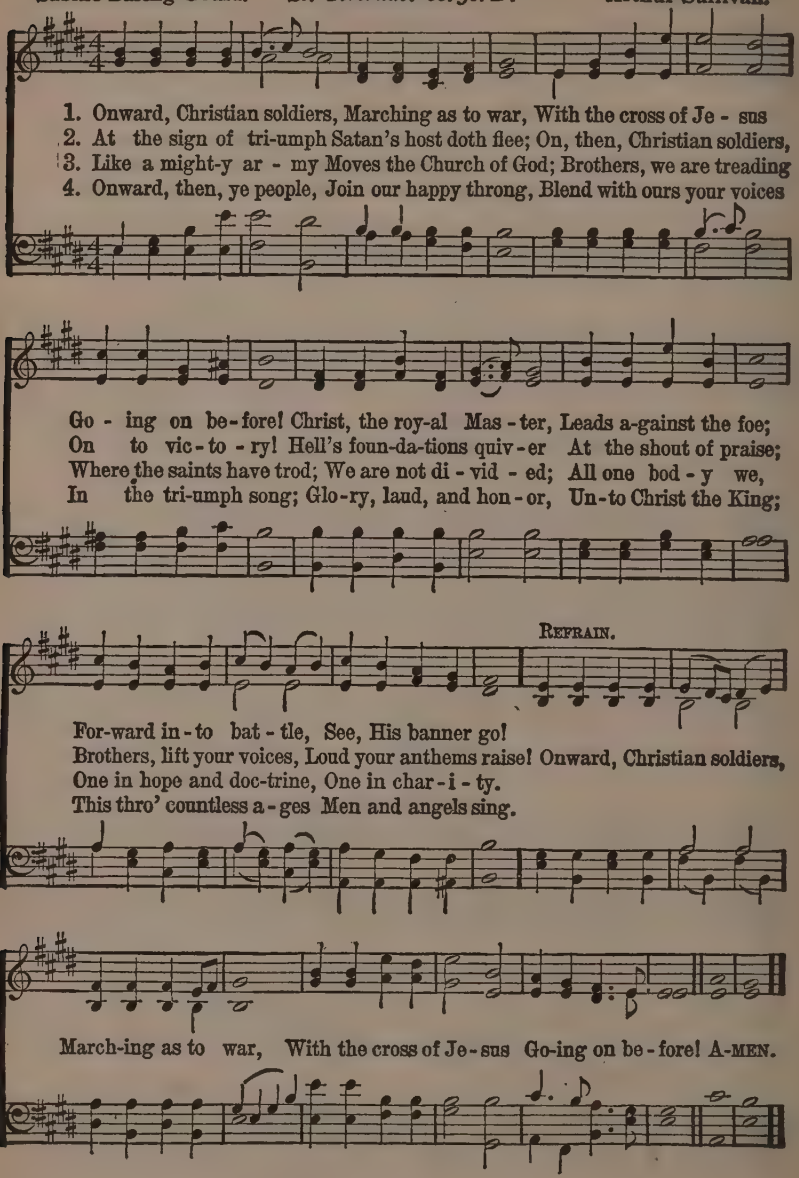

1. I am a poor way-far-ing pil-grim, While trav'ling thro' this world below;
2. I know dark clouds will gath-er o'er me, I know my pathway's rough and steep;
3. I want to sing sal-va-tion's sto-ry In concert with the blood-washed band;
4. I'll soon be free from ev-'ry tri-al, This form will rest be-neath the sod;
There is no sick-ness, toil, nor dan-ger In that bright world to which I go.
But gold-en fields lie out be-fore me, Where weary eyes no more shall weep.
I want to wear a crown of glo-ry, When I get home to that good land.
I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni-al, And en-ter in my home with God.
I'm go-ing there to meet my fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to roam;
I'm go-ing there to see my moth-er, She said she'd meet me when I come;
I'm go-ing there to see my classmates, Who passed be-fore me one by one;
I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-ior, Who shed for me His pre-cious blood;
CHORUS
I am just go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I am just go-ing o-ver home.

Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts. *Antioch. C. M.* George F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, ... And
sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love. A - MEN.
Heav'n and na - ture sing,

50 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.* Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be-fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic-to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or, Un-to Christ the King;
Refrain.
For-ward in-to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore! A-men.

51 Where We'll Never Grow Old.

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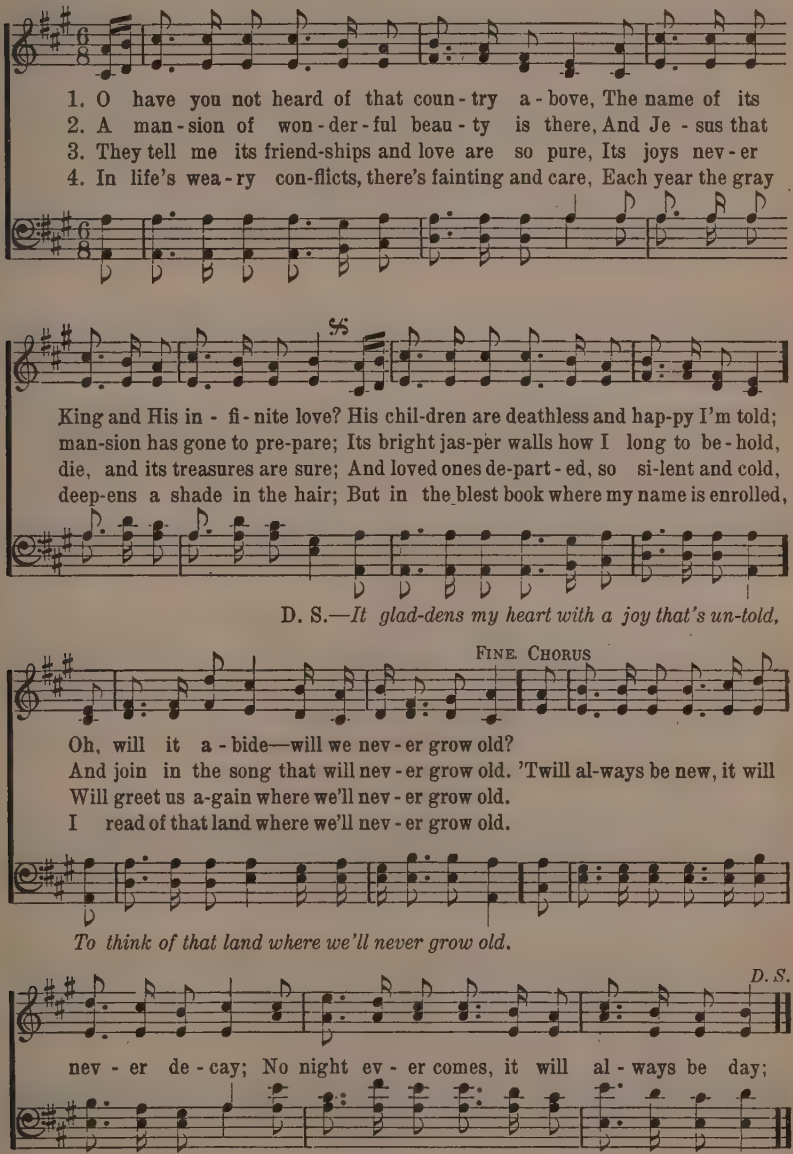
Rev. W. W. Baily. I. N. McHose.


1. O have you not heard of that coun - try a - bove, The name of its
2. A man - sion of won - der - ful beau - ty is there, And Je - sus that
3. They tell me its friend-ships and love are so pure, Its joys nev - er
4. In life's wea - ry con-flicts, there's fainting and care, Each year the gray
King and His in - fi - nite love? His chil-dren are deathless and hap-py I'm told;
man-sion has gone to pre-pare; Its bright jas-per walls how I long to be - hold,
die, and its treasures are sure; And loved ones de-part - ed, so si-lent and cold,
deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest book where my name is enrolled,
D. S.—It glad-dens my heart with a joy that's un-told,
FINE. CHORUS
Oh, will it a - bide—will we nev - er grow old?
And join in the song that will nev - er grow old. 'Twill al-ways be new, it will
Will greet us a-gain where we'll nev - er grow old.
I read of that land where we'll nev - er grow old.
To think of that land where we'll never grow old.
D. S.
nev - er de - cay; No night ev - er comes, it will al - ways be day;

Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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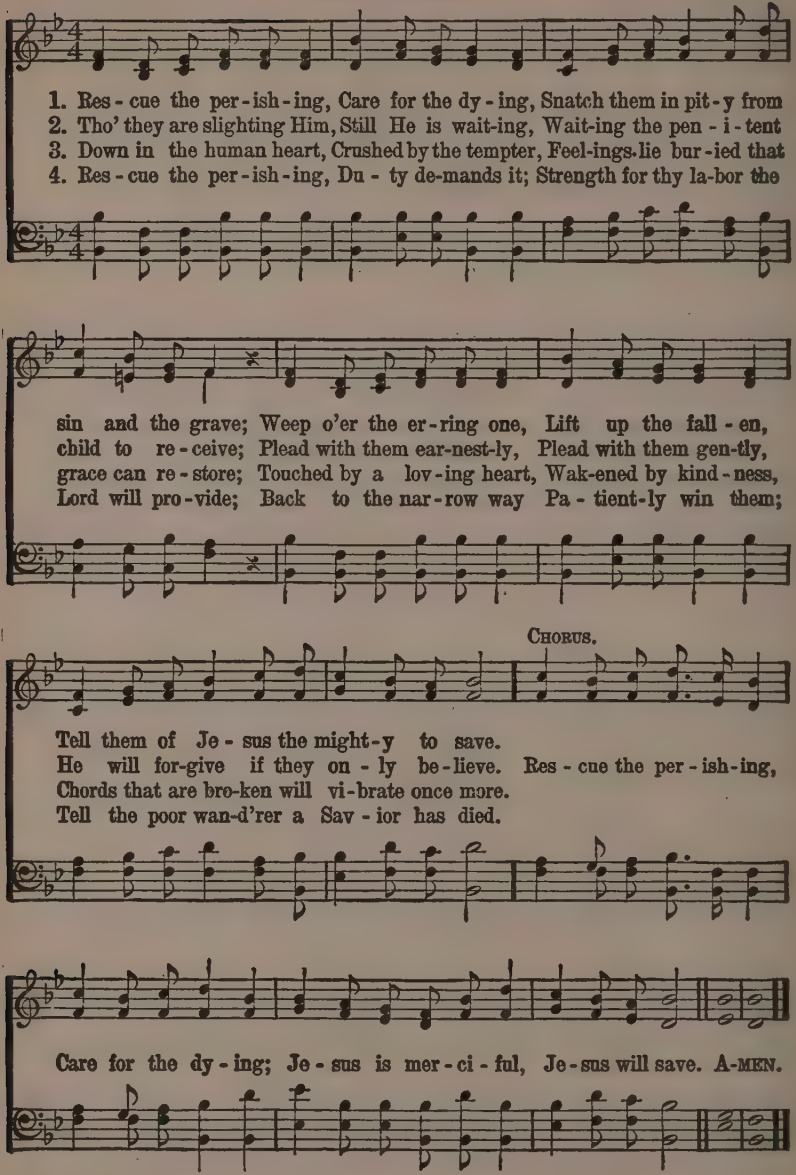
1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A-MEN.

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour.

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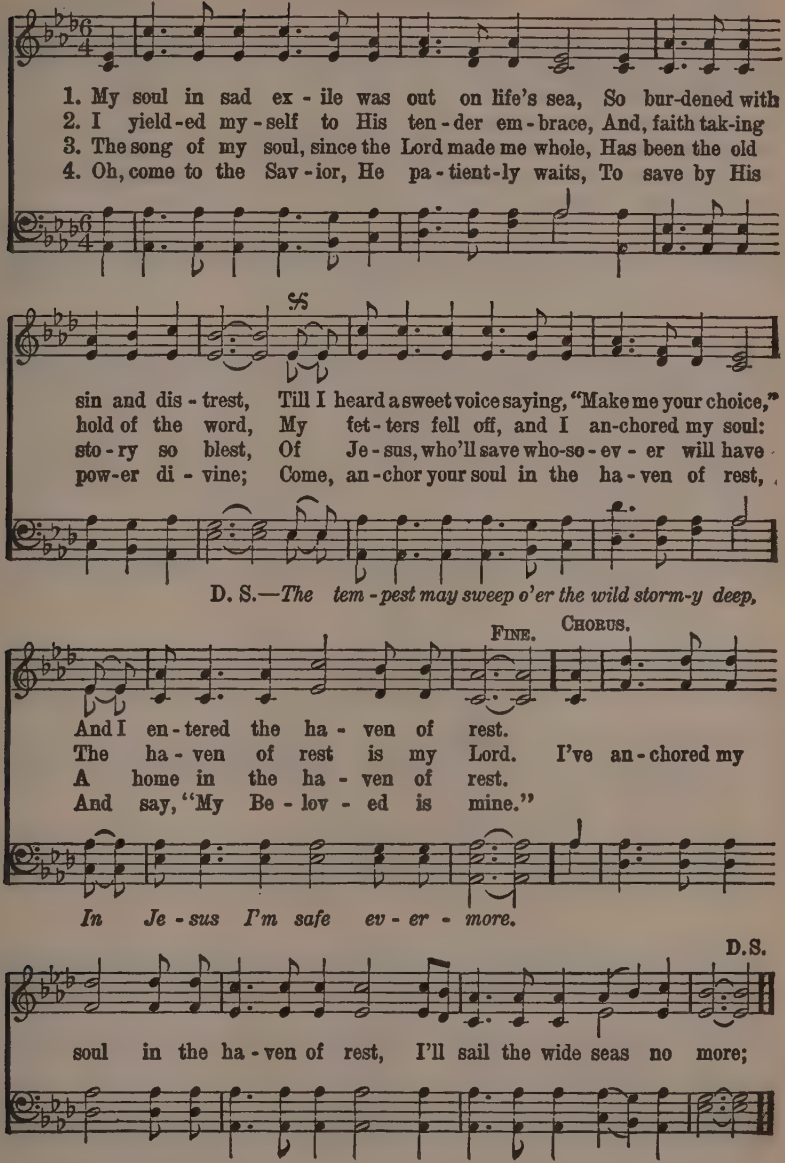
1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with
2. I yield-ed my-self to His ten-der em-brace, And, faith tak-ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Sav-ior, He pa-tient-ly waits, To save by His
sin and dis-trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
hold of the word, My fet-ters fell off, and I an-chored my soul:
sto-ry so blest, Of Je-sus, who'll save who-so-ev-er will have
pow-er di-vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the ha-ven of rest,
D. S.—The tem-pest may sweep o'er the wild storm-y deep,
Fine.
Chorus.
And I en-tered the ha-ven of rest.
The ha-ven of rest is my Lord. I've an-chored my
A home in the ha-ven of rest.
And say, "My Be-lov-ed is mine."
In Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-more.
D.S.
soul in the ha-ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Throw Out the Life-Line.

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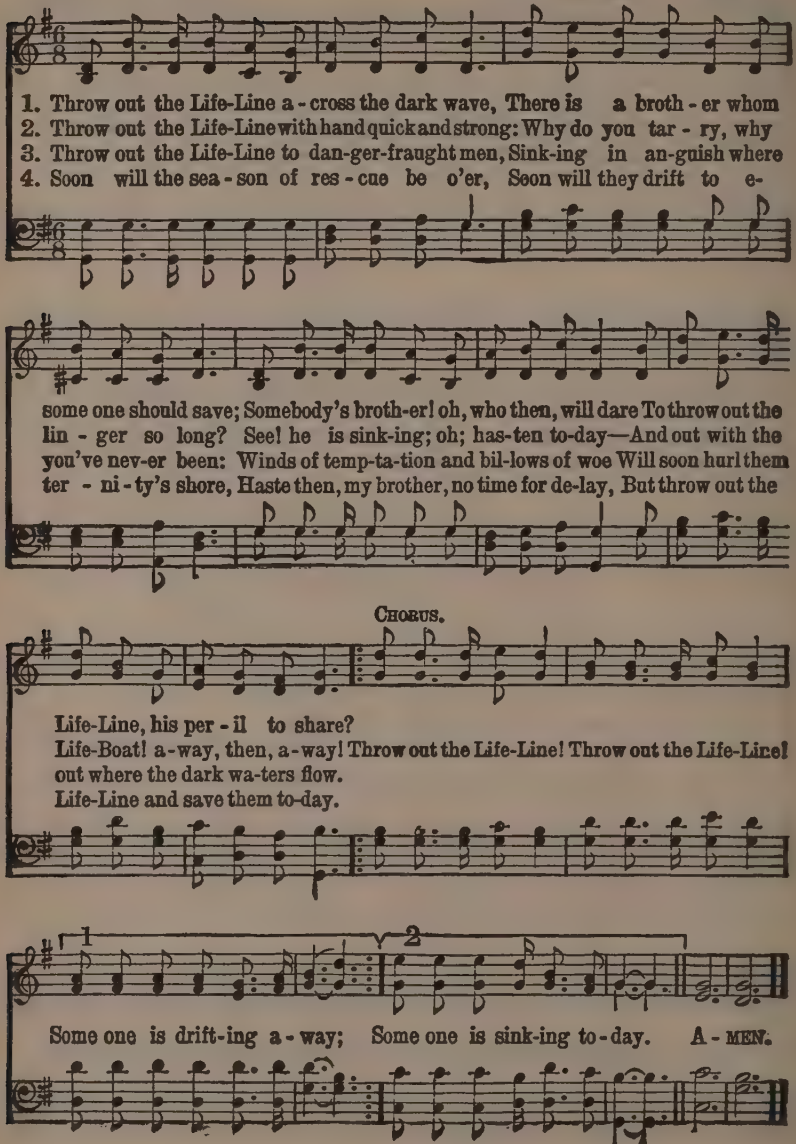
Edward S. Ufford. E. S. Ufford.
Arr. by George C. Stebbins.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh; has-ten to-day—And out with the
you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the
Chorus.
Life-Line, his per - il to share?
Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
out where the dark wa-ters flow.
Life-Line and save them to-day.
1
2
Some one is drift-ing a - way; Some one is sink-ing to - day. A - men.

55 He Will Hide Me.

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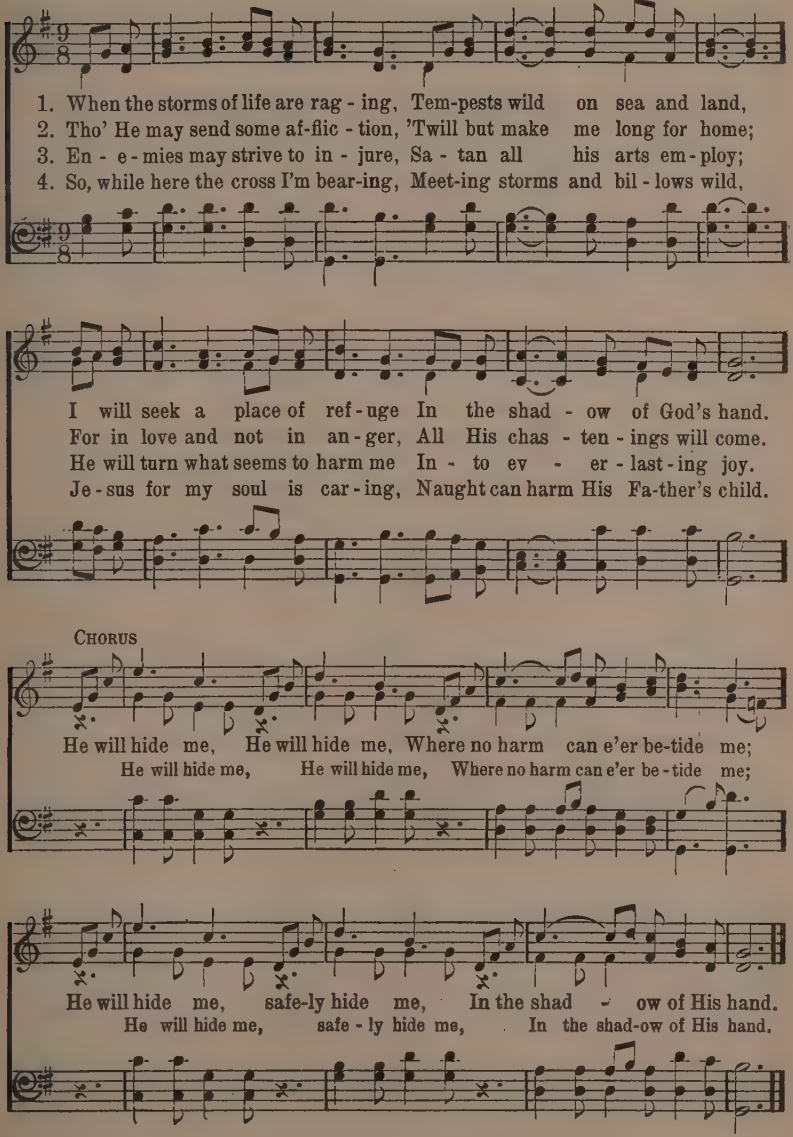
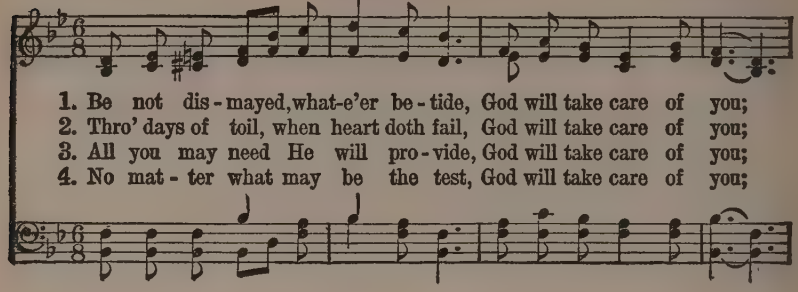
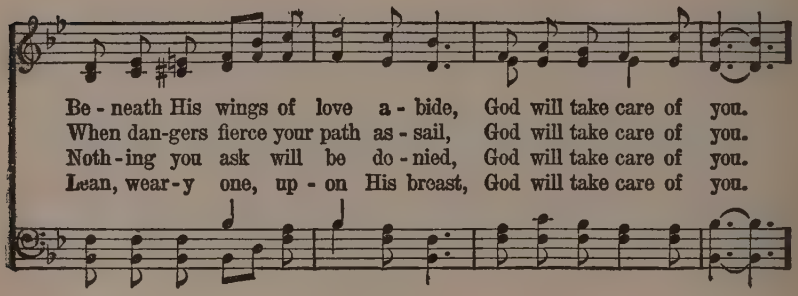
Miss M. E. Servoss. James McGranahan.

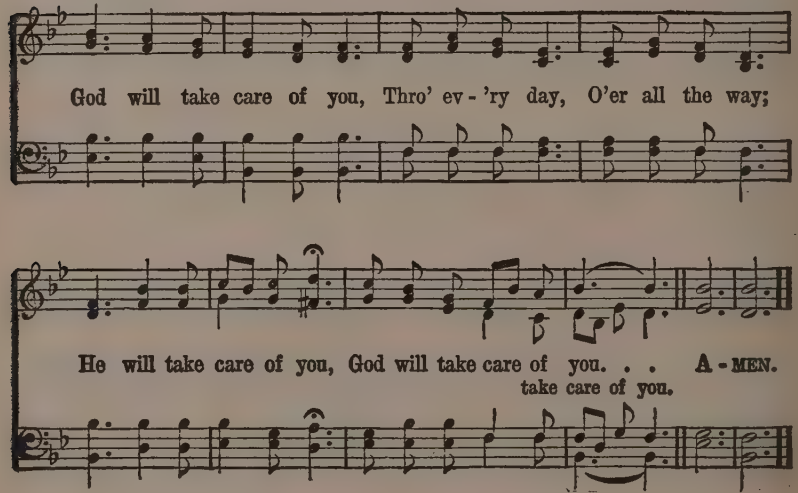

1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Tem-pests wild on sea and land,
2. Tho' He may send some af-flic - tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
3. En - e - mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tan all his arts em - ploy;
4. So, while here the cross I'm bear-ing, Meet-ing storms and bil - lows wild,
I will seek a place of ref - uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.
For in love and not in an - ger, All His chas - ten - ings will come.
He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last - ing joy.
Je - sus for my soul is car - ing, Naught can harm His Fa-ther's child.
CHORUS
He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no harm can e'er be-tide me;
He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no harm can e'er be - tide me;
He will hide me, safe-ly hide me, In the shad - ow of His hand.
He will hide me, safe - ly hide me, In the shad-ow of His hand.

56 God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS. USED BY PERMISSION. W. S. Martin.


1. Be not dis-mayed, what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be do-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear-y one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.



57 Man of Sorrows

B. B. McK.

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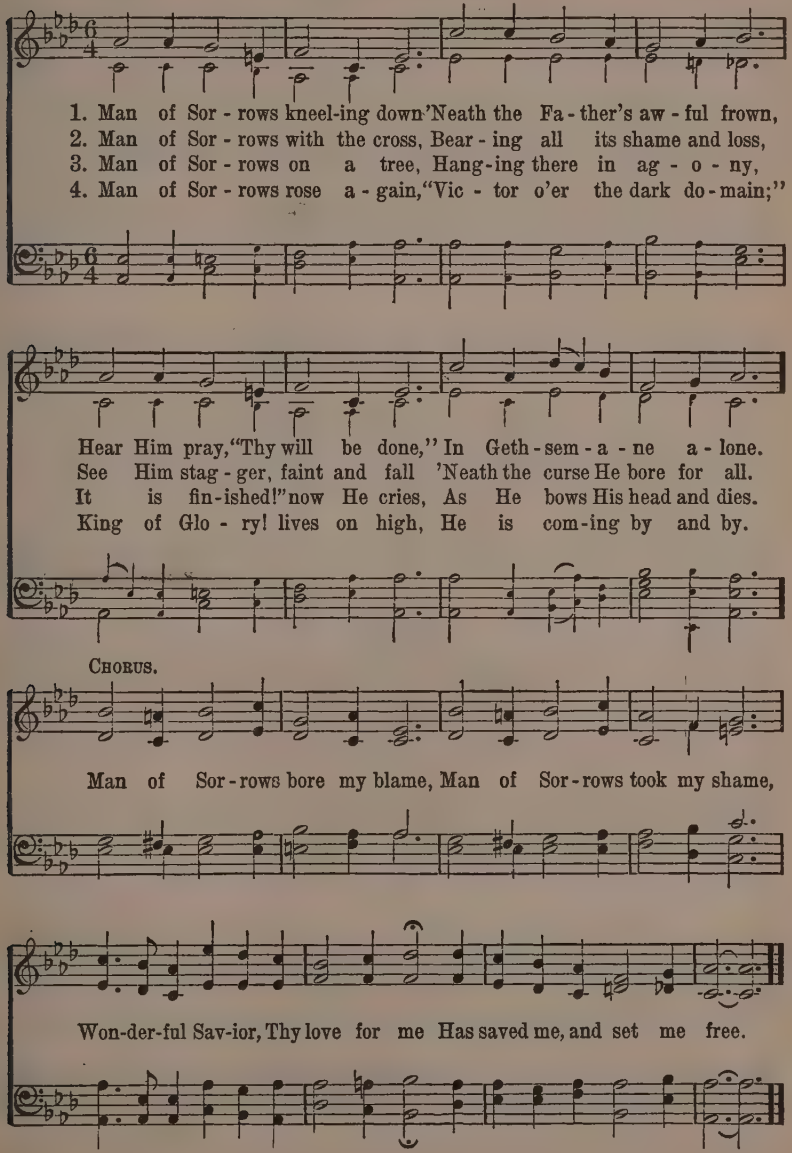
1. Man of Sor - rows kneel-ing down 'Neath the Fa - ther's aw - ful frown,
2. Man of Sor - rows with the cross, Bear - ing all its shame and loss,
3. Man of Sor - rows on a tree, Hang-ing there in ag - o - ny,
4. Man of Sor - rows rose a - gain, "Vic - tor o'er the dark do - main;"
Hear Him pray, "Thy will be done," In Geth - sem - a - ne a - lone.
See Him stag - ger, faint and fall 'Neath the curse He bore for all.
It is fin-ished!" now He cries, As He bows His head and dies.
King of Glo - ry! lives on high, He is com-ing by and by.
Chorus.
Man of Sor - rows bore my blame, Man of Sor - rows took my shame,
Won-der-ful Sav-ior, Thy love for me Has saved me, and set me free.

I Know the Bible Is True.

Gene Routh.

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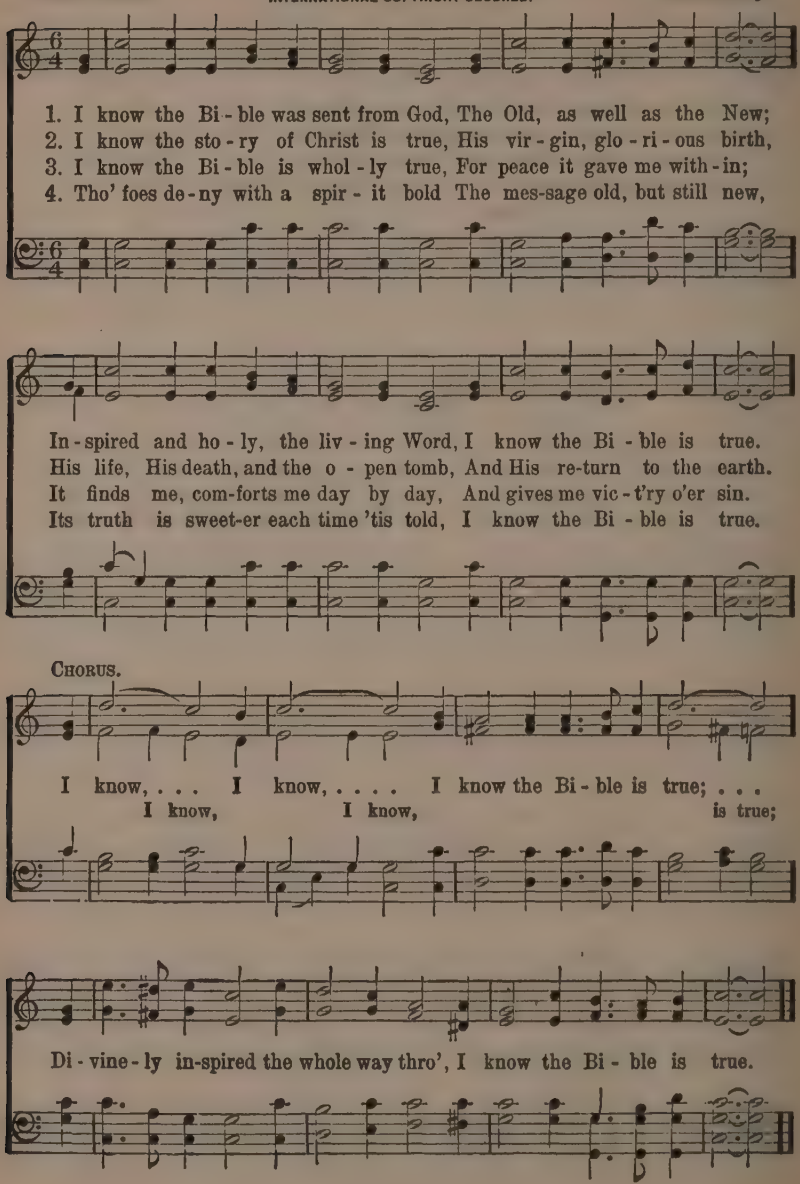
1. I know the Bi - ble was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the sto - ry of Christ is true, His vir - gin, glo - ri - ous birth,
3. I know the Bi - ble is whol - ly true, For peace it gave me with - in;
4. Tho' foes de - ny with a spir - it bold The mes-sage old, but still new,
In - spired and ho - ly, the liv - ing Word, I know the Bi - ble is true.
His life, His death, and the o - pen tomb, And His re-turn to the earth.
It finds me, com-forts me day by day, And gives me vic - t'ry o'er sin.
Its truth is sweet-er each time 'tis told, I know the Bi - ble is true.
Chorus.
I know, . . . I know, ... I know the Bi - ble is true; . . .
I know, I know, is true;
Di - vine - ly in-spired the whole way thro', I know the Bi - ble is true.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

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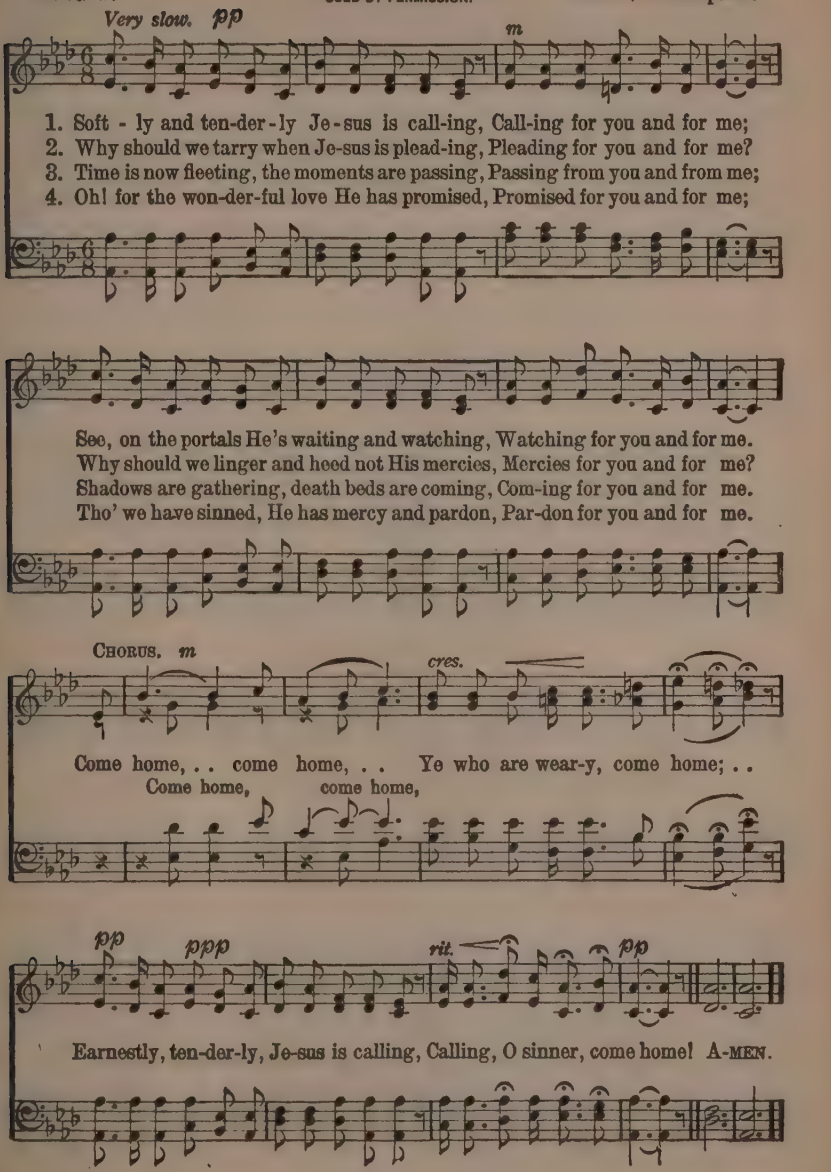
Will L. Thompson.


Very slow. pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
Chorus. m
cres.
Come home, . . come home, . . Ye who are wear-y, come home; . .
Come home, come home,
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Earnestly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! A-men.

The Name of Jesus.

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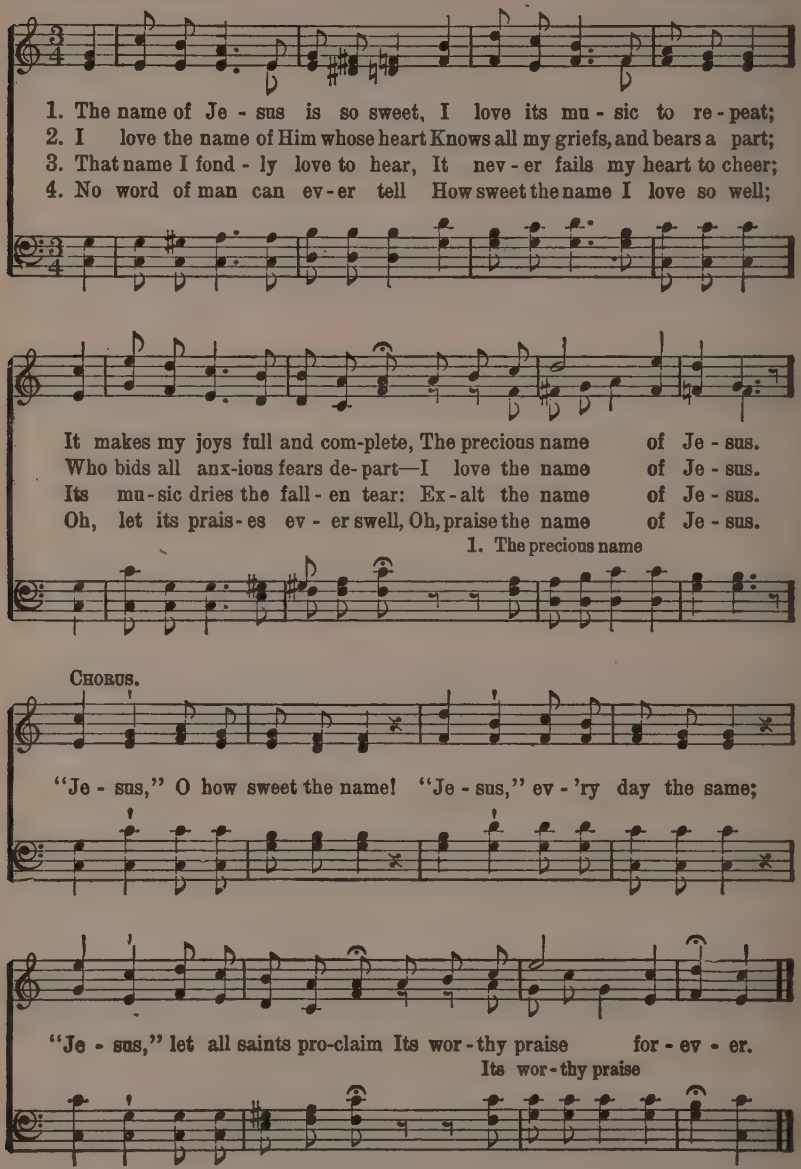
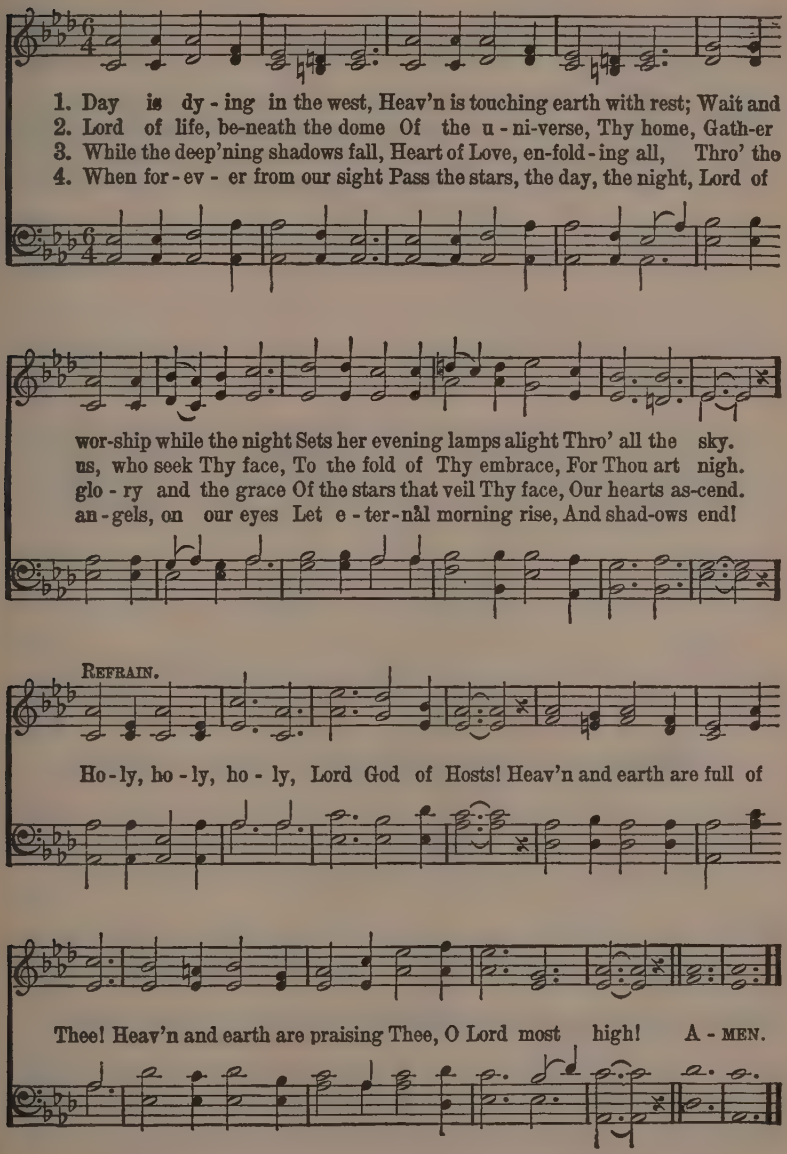

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;
It makes my joys full and com-plete, The precious name of Je - sus.
Who bids all anx-ious fears de- part—I love the name of Je - sus.
Its mu - sic dries the fall - en tear: Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
1. The precious name
Chorus.
"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;
"Je - sus," let all saints pro-claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor - thy praise

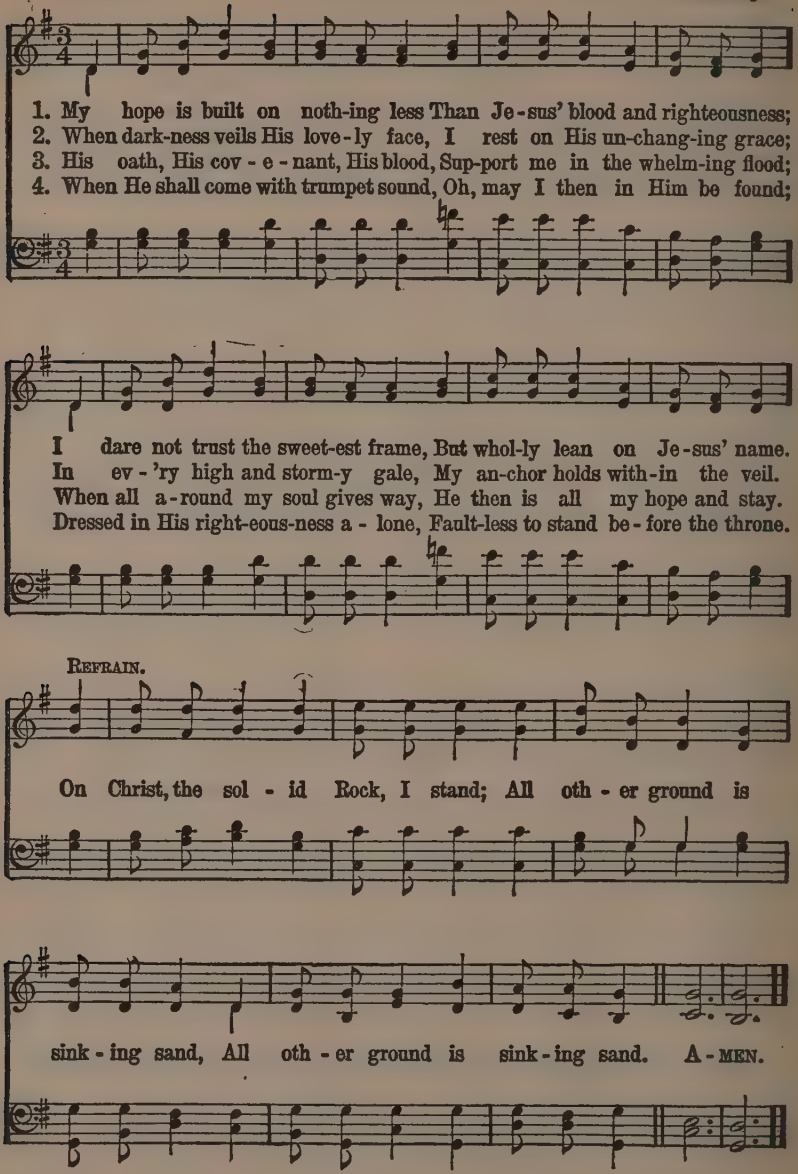
61 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary A. Lathbury. *Evening Praise. 7s. 4.* William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!
Refrain.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of
Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. *The Solid Rock. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.
REFRAIN.
On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.

63 Somewhere the Sun Is Shining.

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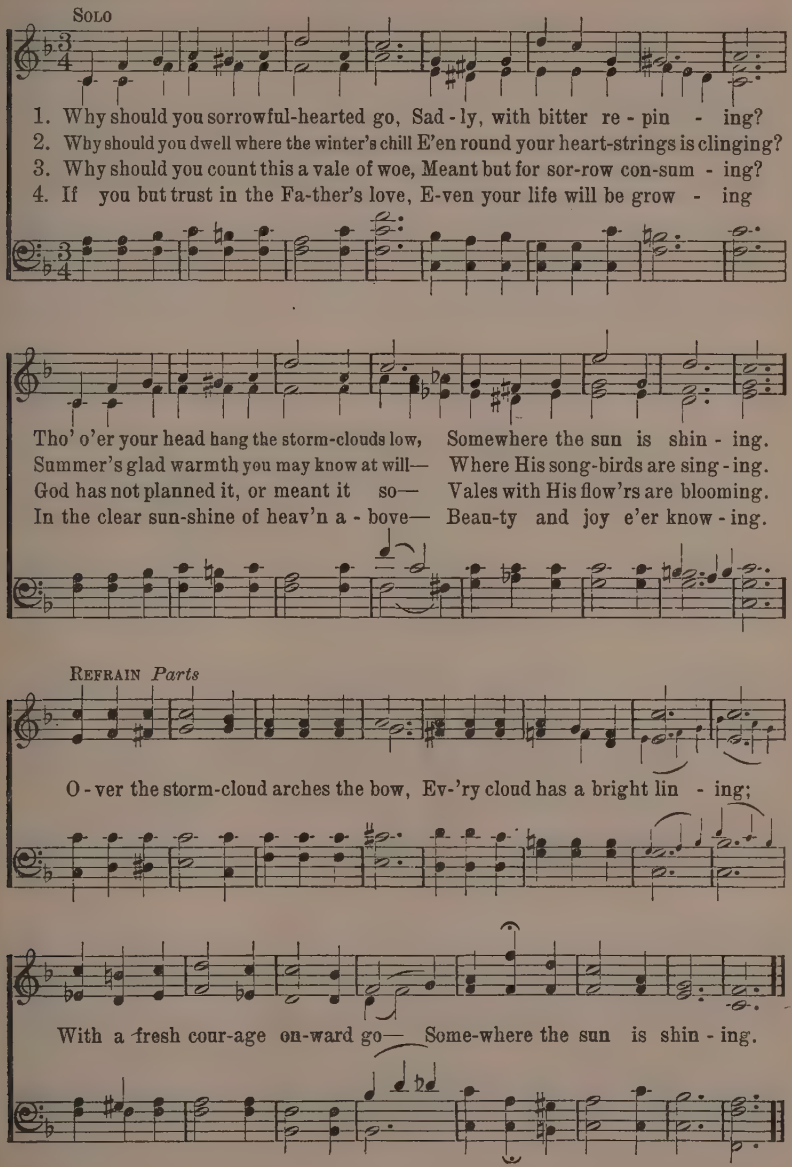
SOLO
1. Why should you sorrowful-hearted go, Sad - ly, with bitter re - pin - ing?
2. Why should you dwell where the winter's chill E'en round your heart-strings is clinging?
3. Why should you count this a vale of woe, Meant but for sor-row con-sum - ing?
4. If you but trust in the Fa-ther's love, E-ven your life will be grow - ing
Tho' o'er your head hang the storm-clouds low, Somewhere the sun is shin - ing.
Summer's glad warmth you may know at will— Where His song-birds are sing - ing.
God has not planned it, or meant it so— Vales with His flow'rs are blooming.
In the clear sun-shine of heav'n a - bove— Beau-ty and joy e'er know - ing.
REFRAIN *Parts*
O - ver the storm-cloud arches the bow, Ev-'ry cloud has a bright lin - ing;
With a fresh cour-age on-ward go— Some-where the sun is shin - ing.

64 Pray Your Troubles Away.

B. B. McK.

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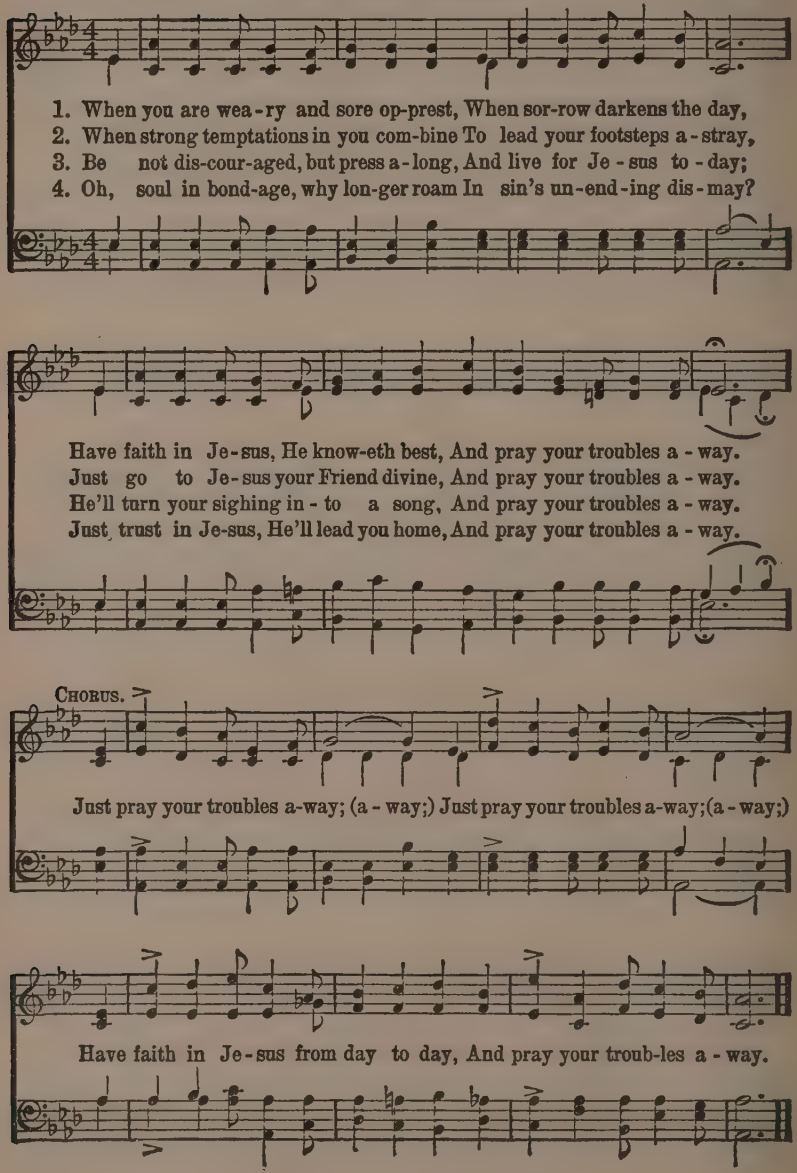
1. When you are wea-ry and sore op-prest, When sor-row darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations in you com-bine To lead your footsteps a-stray,
3. Be not dis-cour-aged, but press a-long, And live for Je-sus to-day;
4. Oh, soul in bond-age, why lon-ger roam In sin's un-end-ing dis-may?
Have faith in Je-sus, He know-eth best, And pray your troubles a-way.
Just go to Je-sus your Friend divine, And pray your troubles a-way.
He'll turn your sighing in-to a song, And pray your troubles a-way.
Just trust in Je-sus, He'll lead you home, And pray your troubles a-way.
Chorus.
Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;) Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;)
Have faith in Je-sus from day to day, And pray your troub-les a-way.

65 Let Others See Jesus in You.

B. B. McK.

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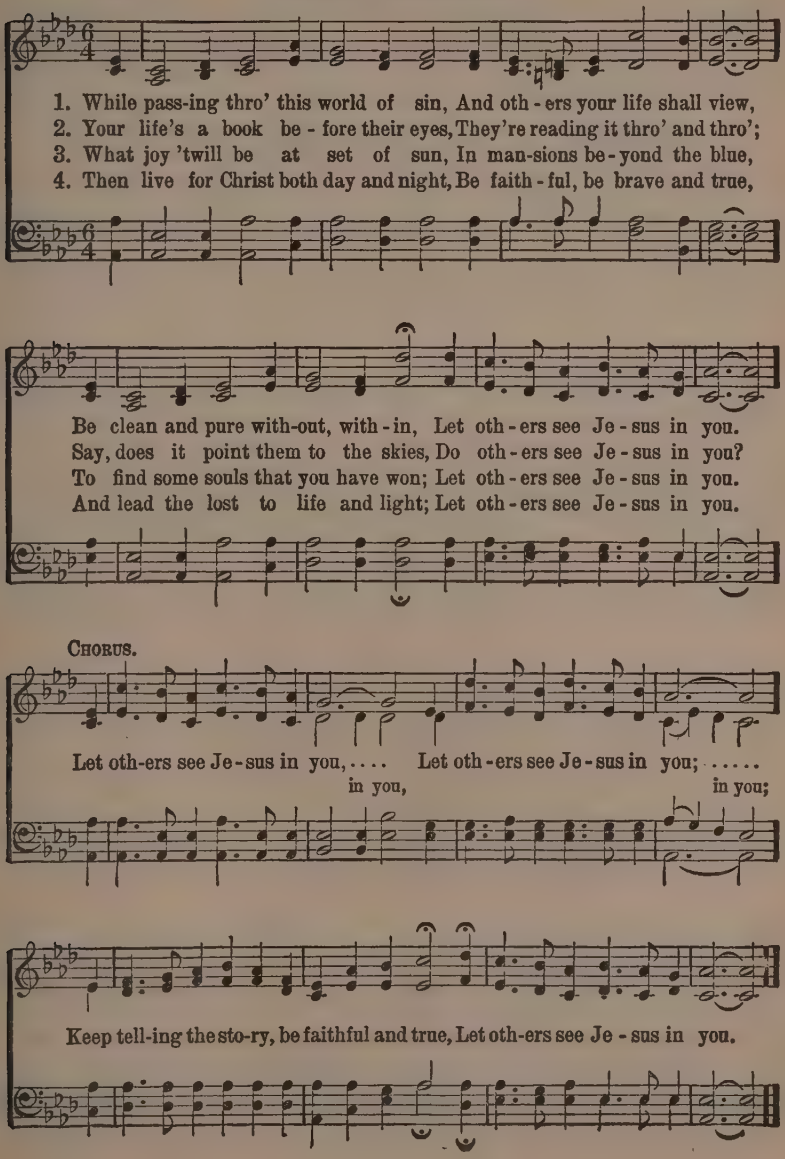
1. While pass-ing thro' this world of sin, And oth-ers your life shall view,
2. Your life's a book be-fore their eyes, They're reading it thro' and thro';
3. What joy 'twill be at set of sun, In man-sions be-yond the blue,
4. Then live for Christ both day and night, Be faith-ful, be brave and true,
Be clean and pure with-out, with-in, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
Say, does it point them to the skies, Do oth-ers see Je-sus in you?
To find some souls that you have won; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
And lead the lost to life and light; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
Chorus.
Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you, ... Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you; .....
in you, in you;
Keep tell-ing the sto-ry, be faithful and true, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.

Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

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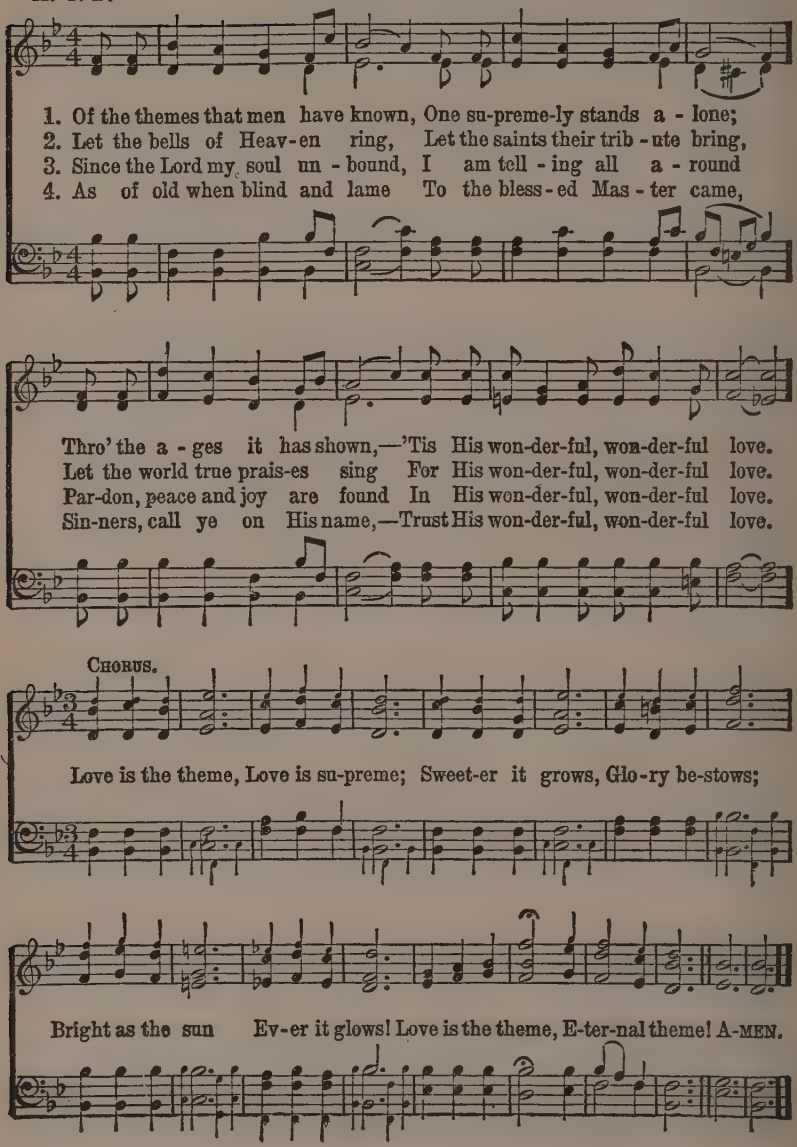
1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their trib - ute bring,
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless - ed Mas - ter came,
Thro' the a - ges it has shown,—'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Par-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Sin-ners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Chorus.
Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;
Bright as the sun Ev-er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-men.

Beautiful River.

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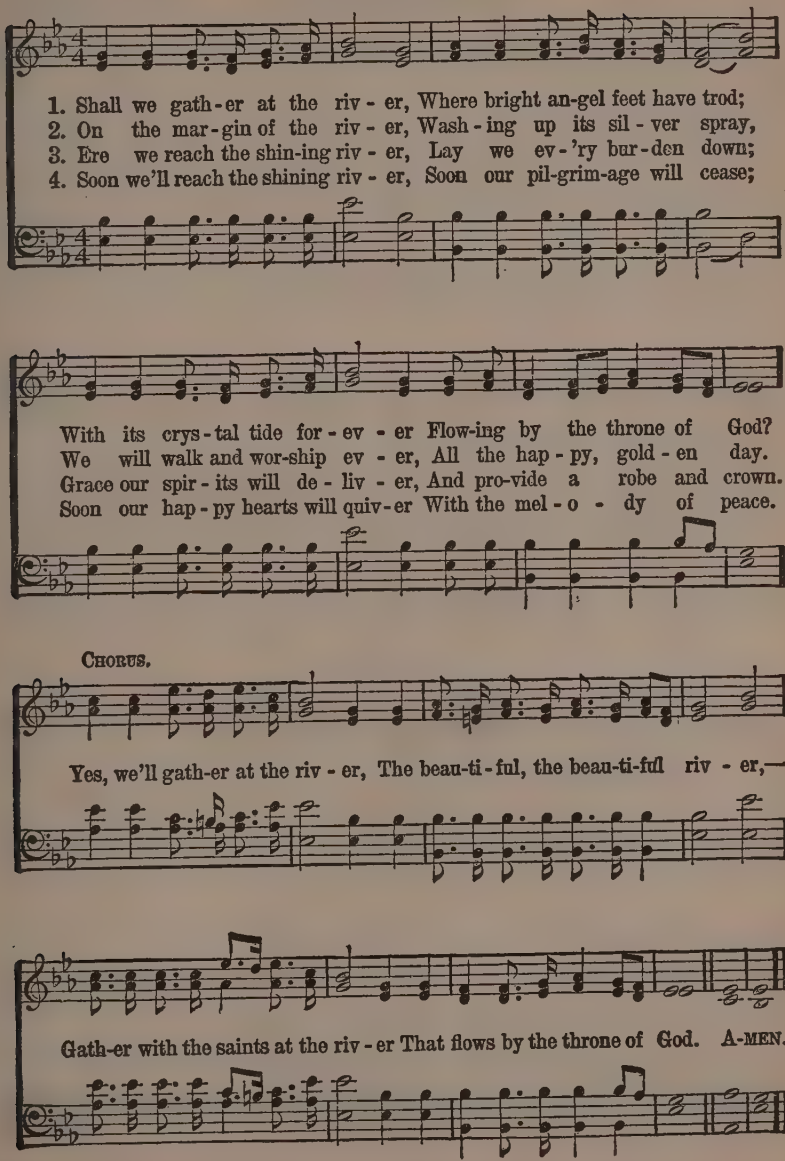
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.
Chorus.
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God. A-men.

He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

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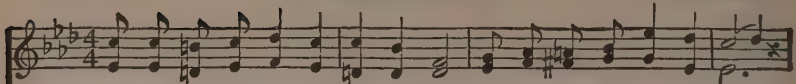
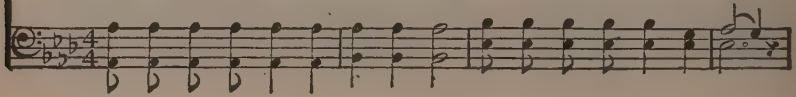
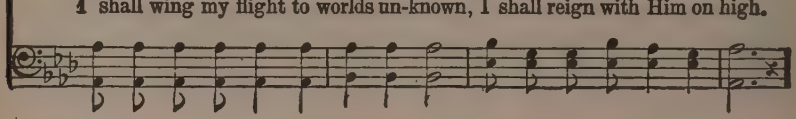


1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be - yond the star - ry sky;

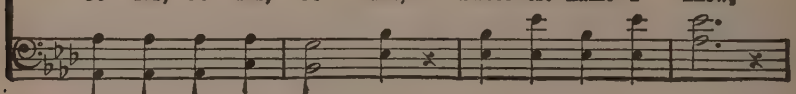


Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al - ways look-ing on His smil - ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.

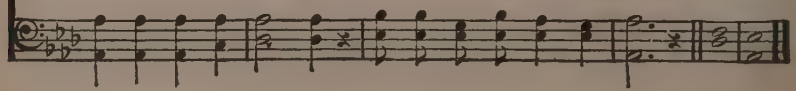


CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-MEN.



My Savior's Love.

C. H. G.

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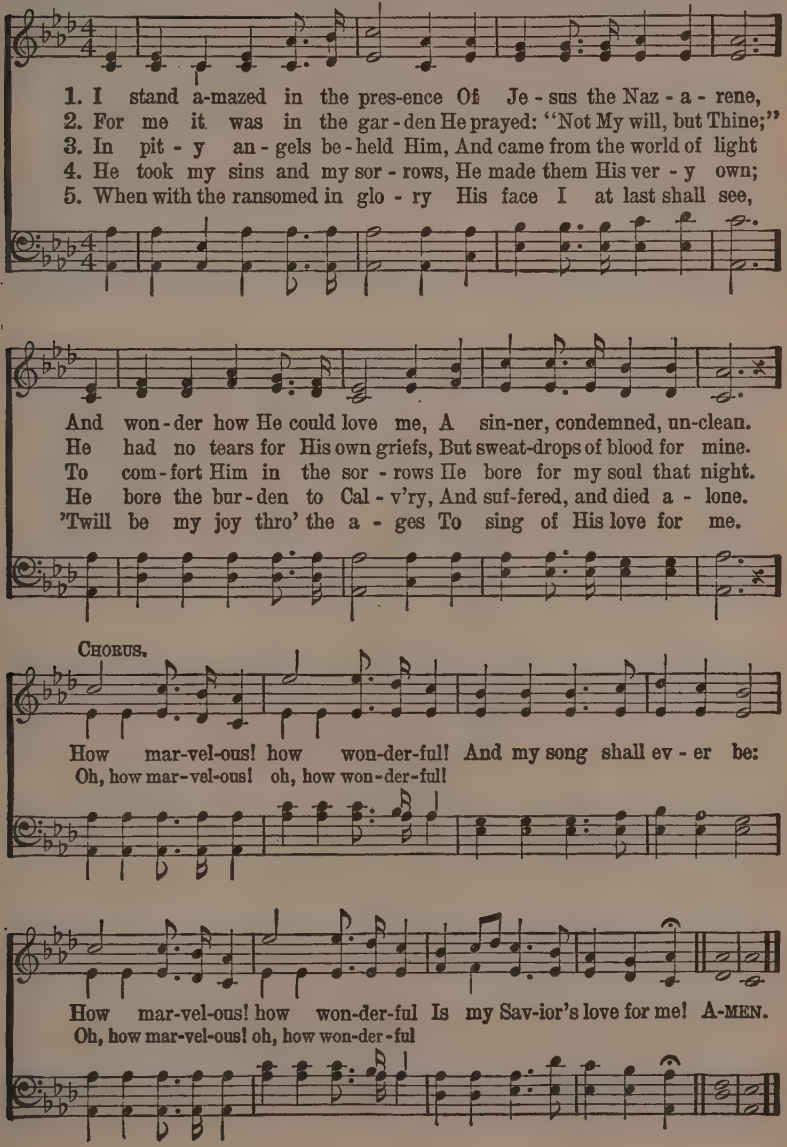
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
And won - der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.
Chorus.
How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!
How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me! A-men.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful

I Choose Jesus.

James Rowe.

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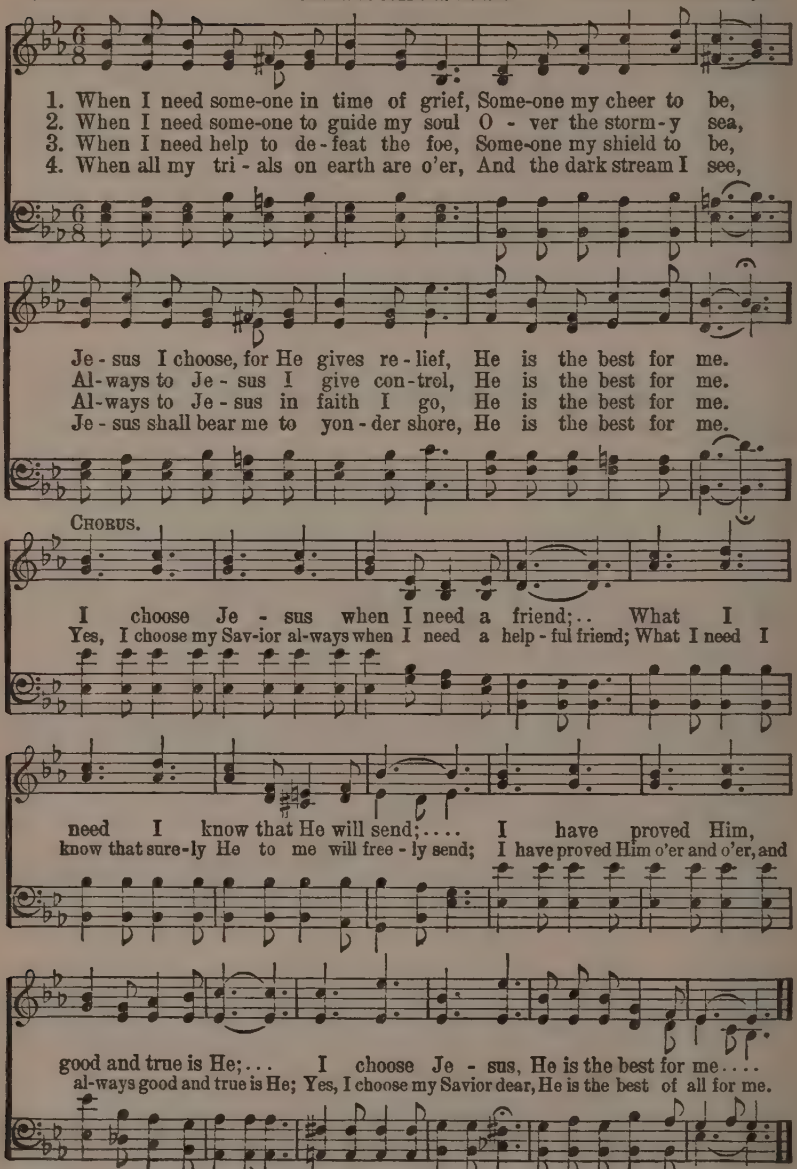
1. When I need some-one in time of grief, Some-one my cheer to be,
2. When I need some-one to guide my soul O - ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Some-one my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,
Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus I give con-trol, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
Je - sus shall bear me to yon - der shore, He is the best for me.
Chorus.
I choose Je - sus when I need a friend;.. What I
Yes, I choose my Sav-ior al-ways when I need a help - ful friend; What I need I
need I know that He will send;.... I have proved Him,
know that sure-ly He to me will free - ly send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and
good and true is He;... I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me....
al-ways good and true is He; Yes, I choose my Savior dear, He is the best of all for me.

71 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel.

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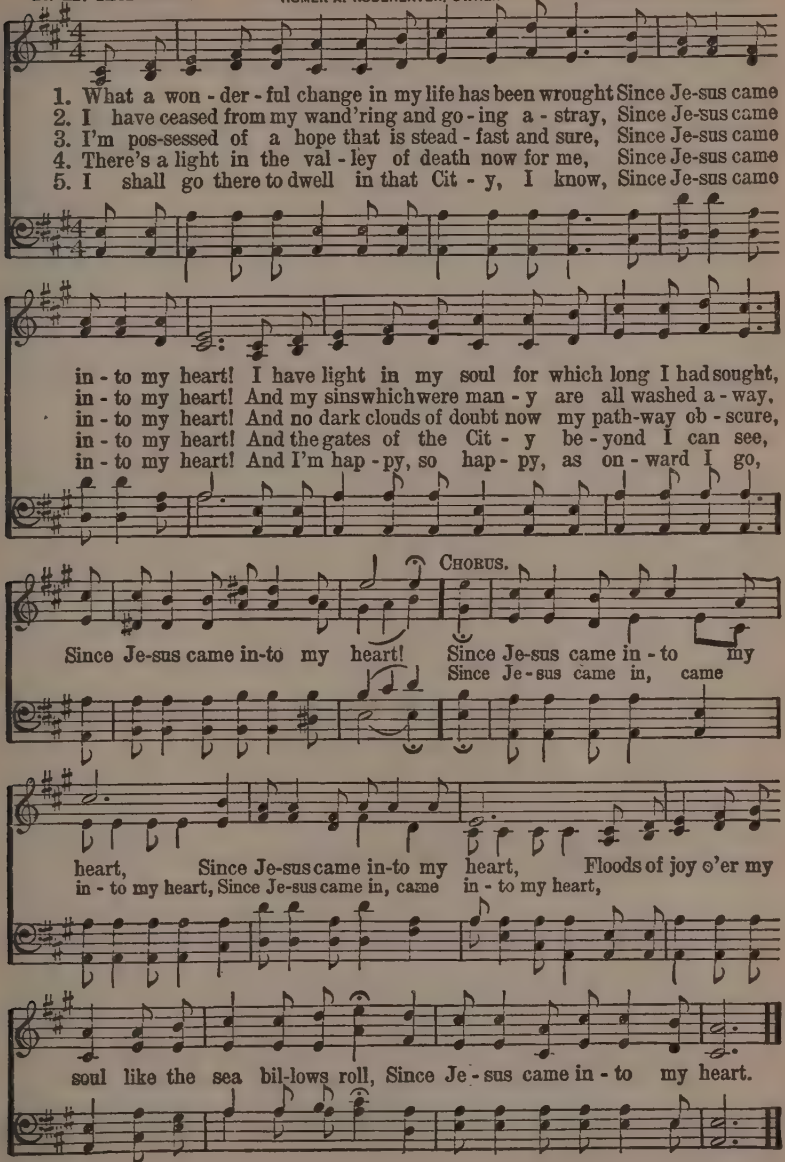
1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je-sus came
in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins which were man - y are all washed a - way,
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob - scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,
CHORUS.
Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came
heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart,
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

The Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

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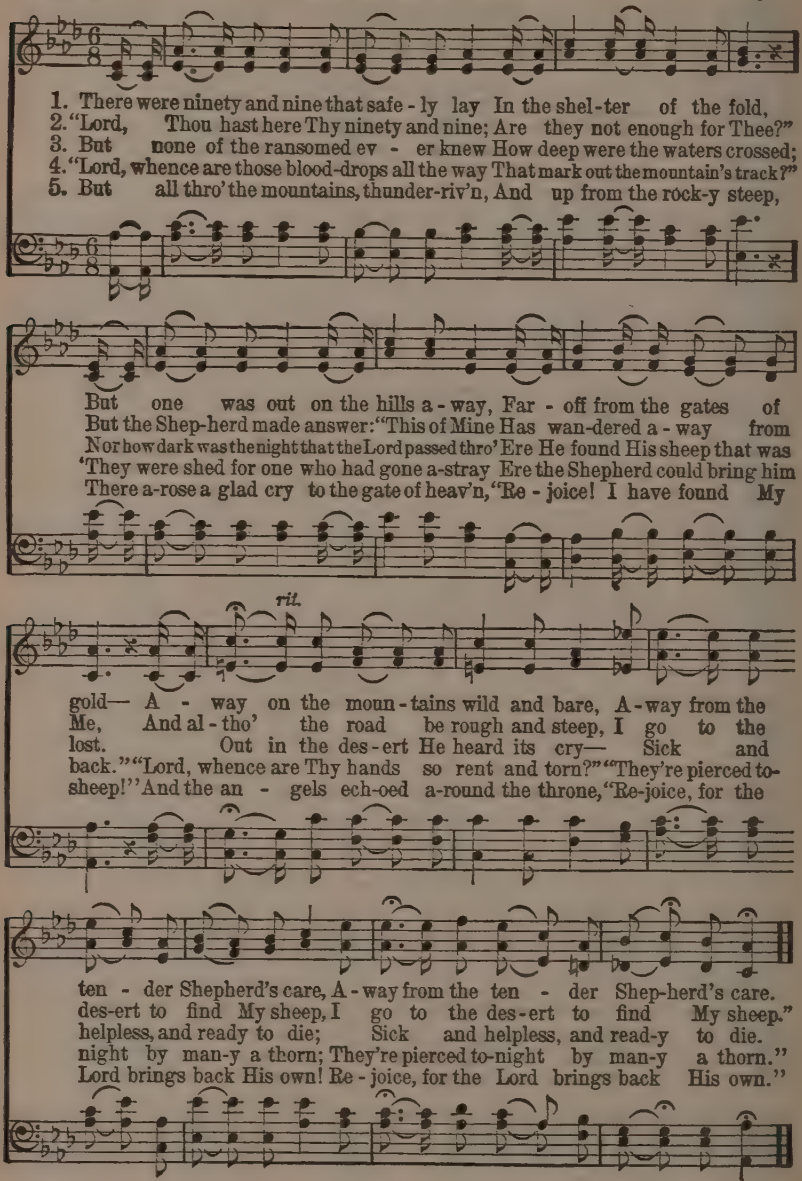
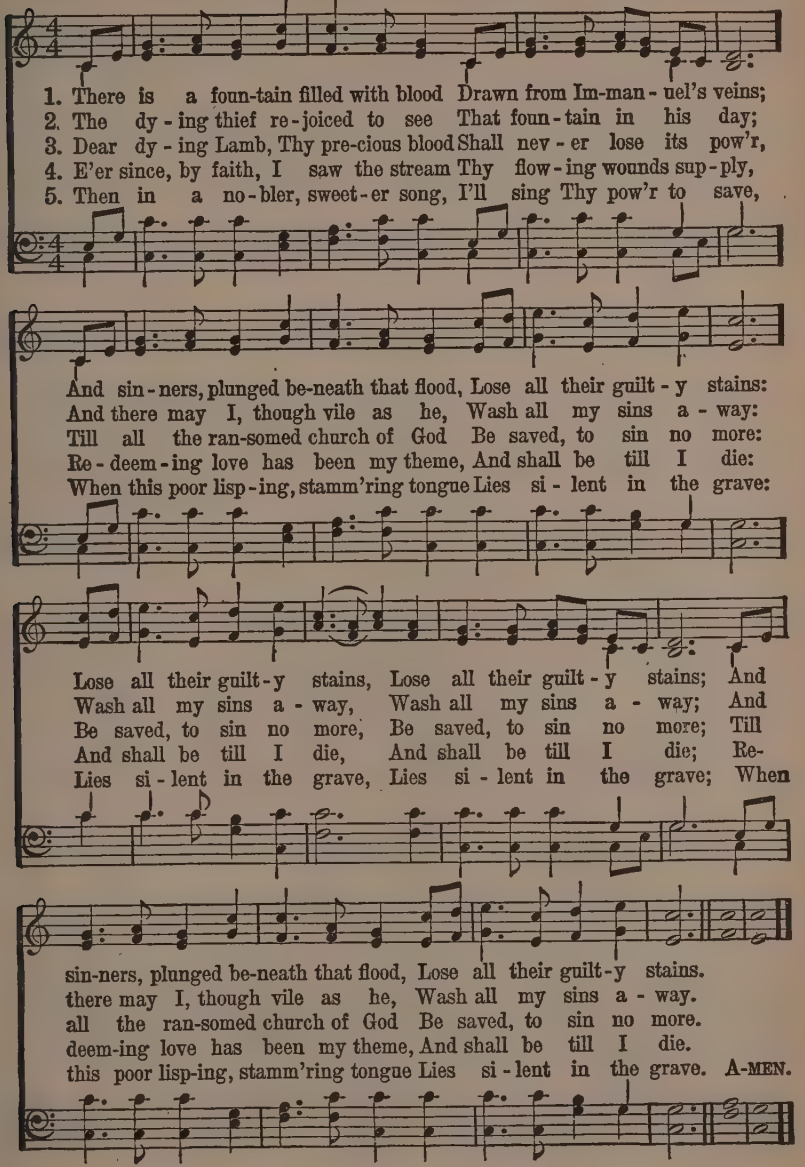

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold,
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters crossed;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep,
But one was out on the hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of
But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of Mine Has wan-dered a - way from
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was
'They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him
There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found My
rit.
gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the
Me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I go to the
lost. Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick and
back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're pierced to-
sheep!" And the an - gels ech-oed a-round the throne, "Re-joice, for the
ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
des-ert to find My sheep, I go to the des-ert to find My sheep."
helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and read-y to die.
night by man-y a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn."
Lord brings back His own! Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own."

73 There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. *Cleansing Fountain. C. M.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When
sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-MEN.

74 While the Days Are Going By.

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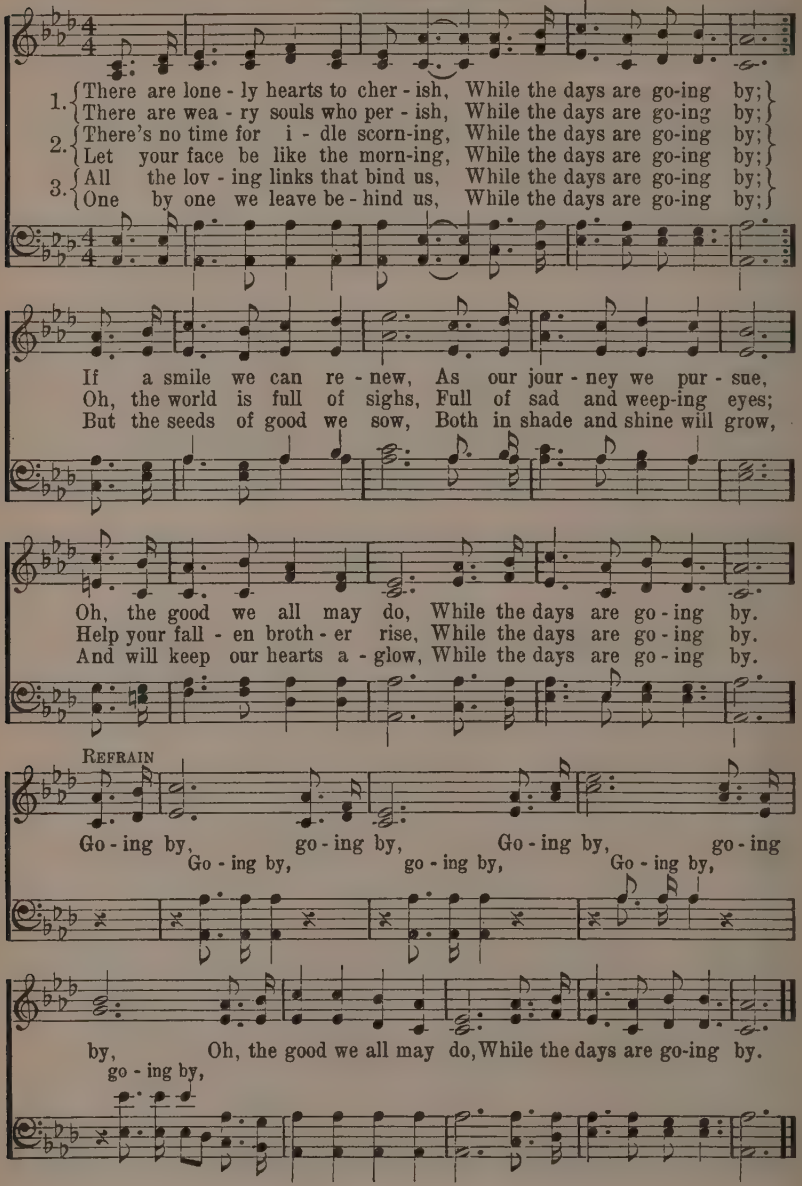
1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go-ing by;
There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go-ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go-ing by;
If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,
Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.
REFRAIN
Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing by,
Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by,
by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
go - ing by,

Win Them For Him!

Elsie Duncan Yale.

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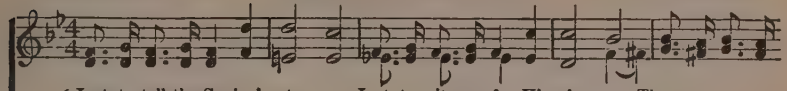
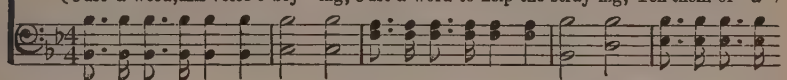


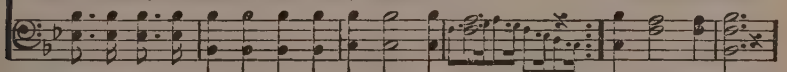
1. Just to tell the Savior's sto - ry, Just to wit-ness for His glo - ry, There are man-y
   Speak a word to friend or neighbor, Joy-ous for the Mas-ter la - bor, Tell - ing of His
2. Just a word, the King con-fess-ing, Just to point the path to bless-ing, Some have nev-er,
   There is work that wait your doing, Eager haste, your strength renewing, Serv - ice for the
3. Just to live a life so low - ly, Wit-ness for the King so ho - ly, Let your light so
   Just a word, His voice o-bey - ing, Just a word to help the stray-ing, Tell them of a



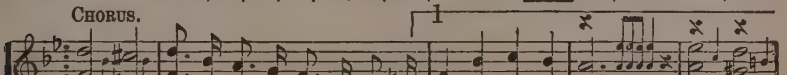
wait - ing in their doubt and blindness, Win them for Him!
joy di - vine, His love and kindness, (*Omit*.....) Win them for Him!

nev - er heard the call so ten - der, Win them for Him!
Mas - ter you can dai - ly ren - der, (*Omit*.....) Win them for Him!

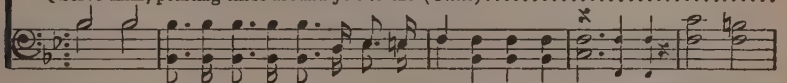
shine that those around may know Him, Win them for Him!
Sav - ior blest, how much we owe Him, (*Omit*.....) Win them for Him!



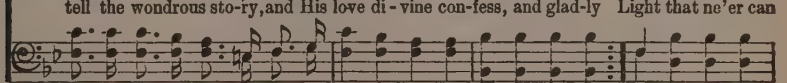
CHORUS.



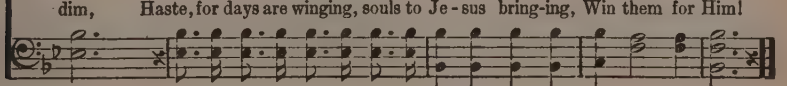
Serve Him, la - bor for His glo-ry, and your wit-ness He will bless, Serve Him,
Serve Him, pointing those around you to the (*Omit*).....



tell the wondrous sto-ry, and His love di - vine con-fess, and glad-ly Light that ne'er can



dim, Haste, for days are winging, souls to Je - sus bring-ing, Win them for Him!



A Little Bit of Leaven.

Lucile Lincoln.

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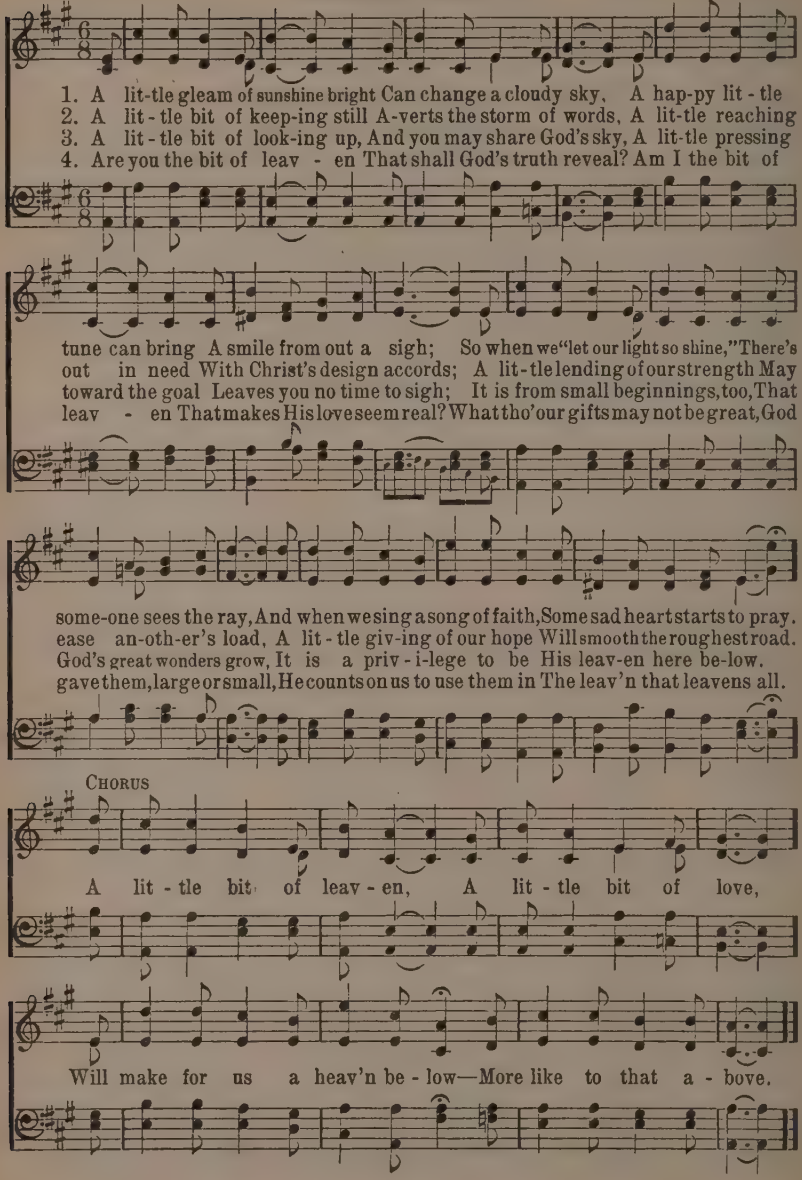
1. A lit-tle gleam of sunshine bright Can change a cloudy sky, A hap-py lit-tle
2. A lit-tle bit of keep-ing still A-verts the storm of words, A lit-tle reaching
3. A lit-tle bit of look-ing up, And you may share God's sky, A lit-tle pressing
4. Are you the bit of leav - en That shall God's truth reveal? Am I the bit of
tune can bring A smile from out a sigh; So when we "let our light so shine," There's
out in need With Christ's design accords; A lit-tle lending of our strength May
toward the goal Leaves you no time to sigh; It is from small beginnings, too, That
leav - en That makes His love seem real? What tho' our gifts may not be great, God
some-one sees the ray, And when we sing a song of faith, Some sad heart starts to pray.
ease an-oth-er's load, A lit-tle giv-ing of our hope Will smooth the roughest road.
God's great wonders grow, It is a priv-i-lege to be His leav-en here be-low.
gave them, large or small, He counts on us to use them in The leav'n that leavens all.
CHORUS
A lit-tle bit of leav-en, A lit-tle bit of love,
Will make for us a heav'n be-low—More like to that a-bove.

77 Make Me a Blessing.

Ira B. Wilson. (*To the Moody Memorial Church Choir.*) George S. Schuler.

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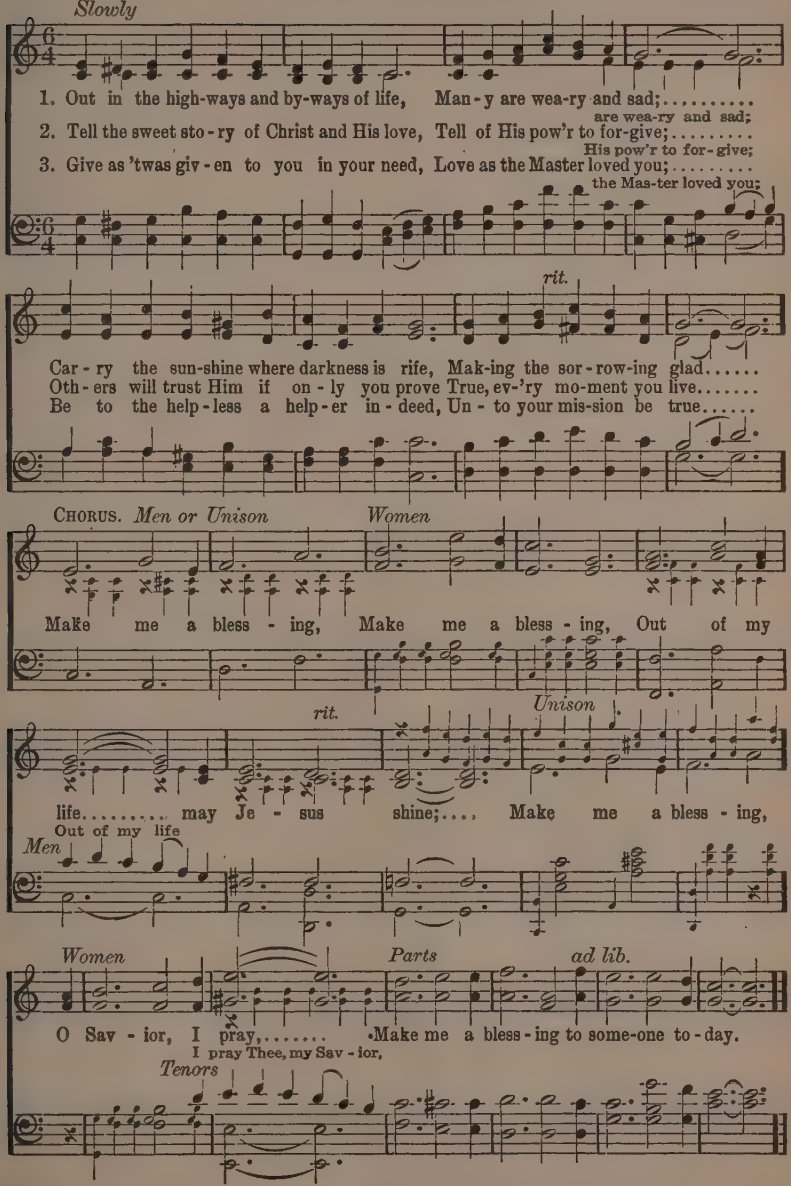
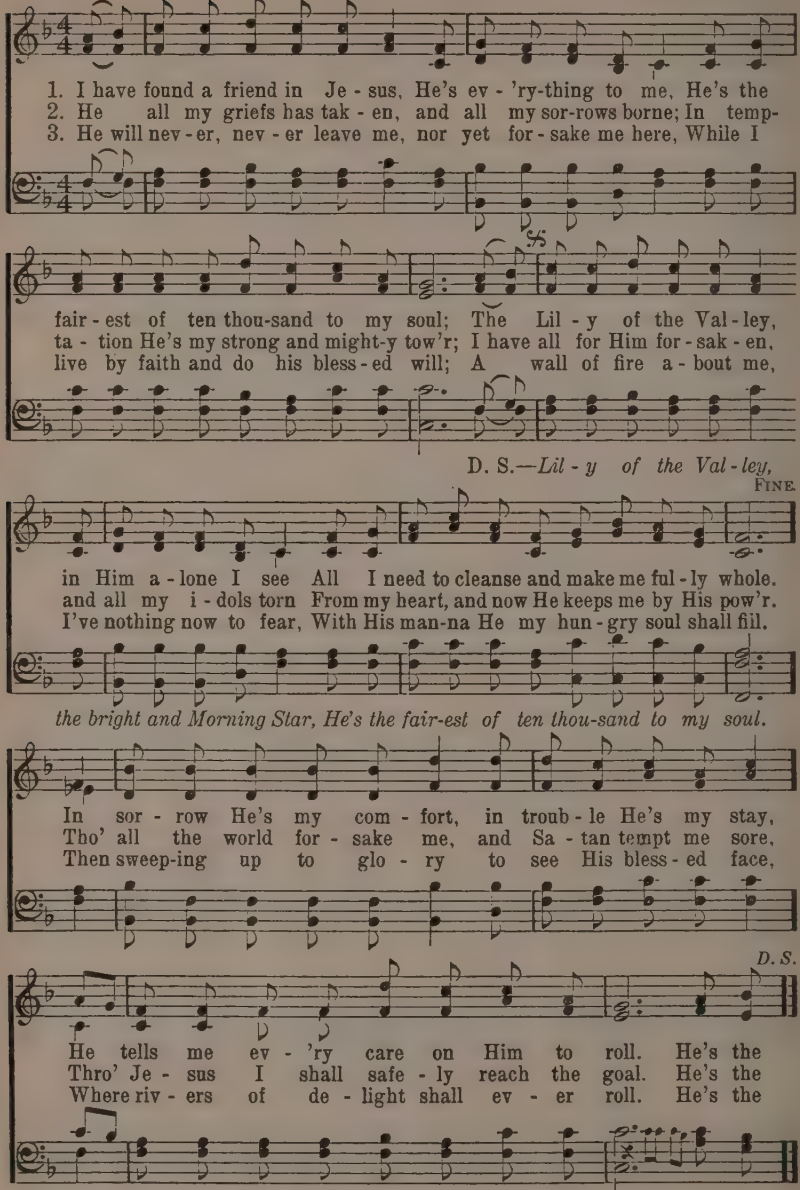

Slowly
1. Out in the high-ways and by-ways of life, Man-y are wea-ry and sad;
2. Tell the sweet sto-ry of Christ and His love, Tell of His pow'r to for-give;
3. Give as 'twas giv-en to you in your need, Love as the Master loved you;
are wea-ry and sad;
His pow'r to for-give;
the Mas-ter loved you;
rit.
Car-ry the sun-shine where darkness is rife, Mak-ing the sor-row-ing glad.....
Oth-ers will trust Him if on-ly you prove True, ev-'ry mo-ment you live.....
Be to the help-less a help-er in-deed, Un-to your mis-sion be true.....
CHORUS. Men or Unison
Women
Make me a bless-ing, Make me a bless-ing, Out of my
rit.
Unison
life..... may Je-sus shine;.... Make me a bless-ing,
Out of my life
Men
Women
Parts
ad lib.
O Sav-ior, I pray,..... Make me a bless-ing to some-one to-day.
I pray Thee, my Sav-ior,
Tenors

The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody.


1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor-rows borne; In temp-
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I
fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley,
ta - tion He's my strong and might-y tow'r; I have all for Him for - sak - en,
live by faith and do his bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me,
D. S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley,
FINE.
in Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
and all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
I've nothing now to fear, With His man-na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.
the bright and Morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.
In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore,
Then sweep-ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,
D. S.
He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

79 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

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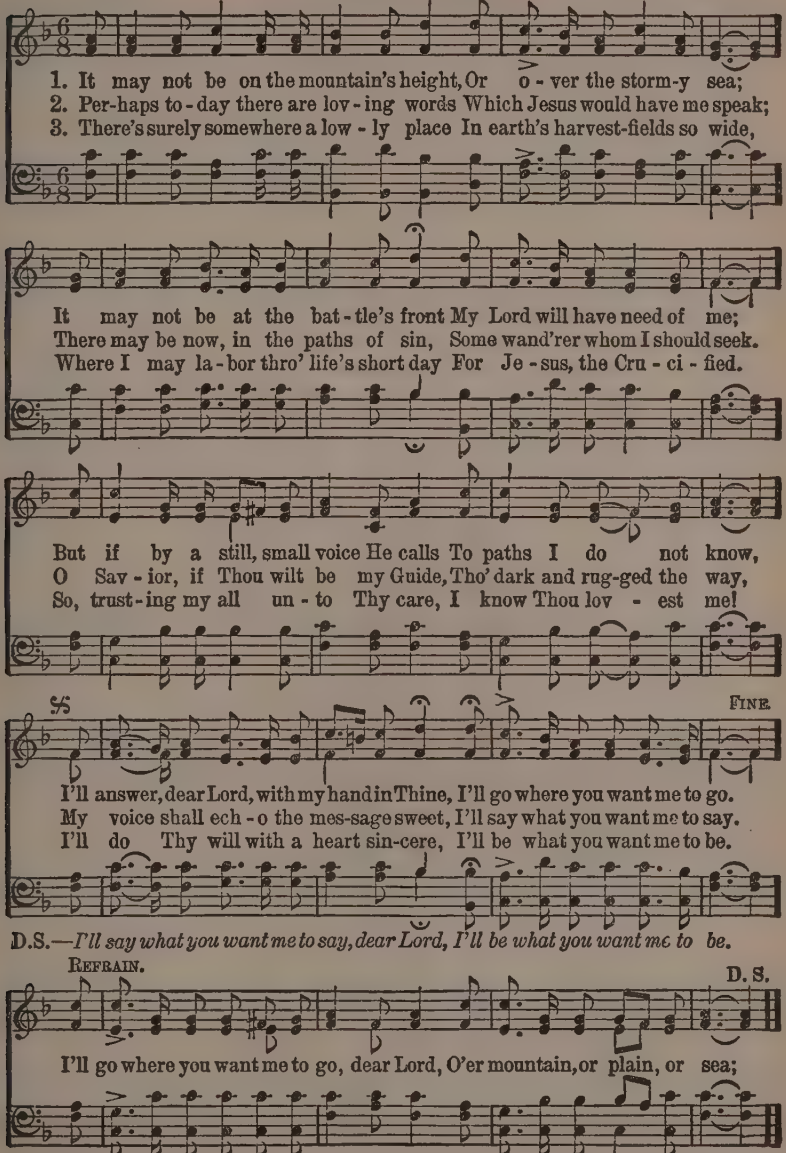
Carrie E. Rounsefell.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!
FINE.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.
D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

The Life-Boat.

My Mother's favorite song.—B. B. McK.

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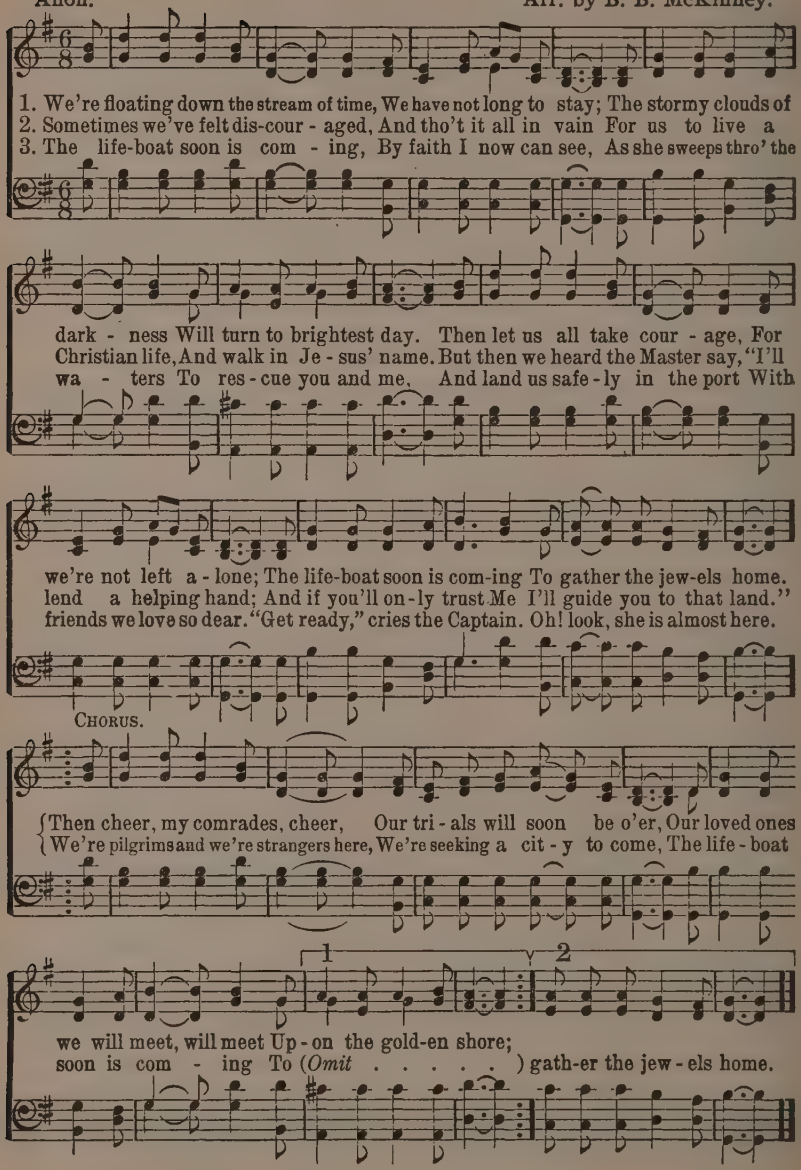
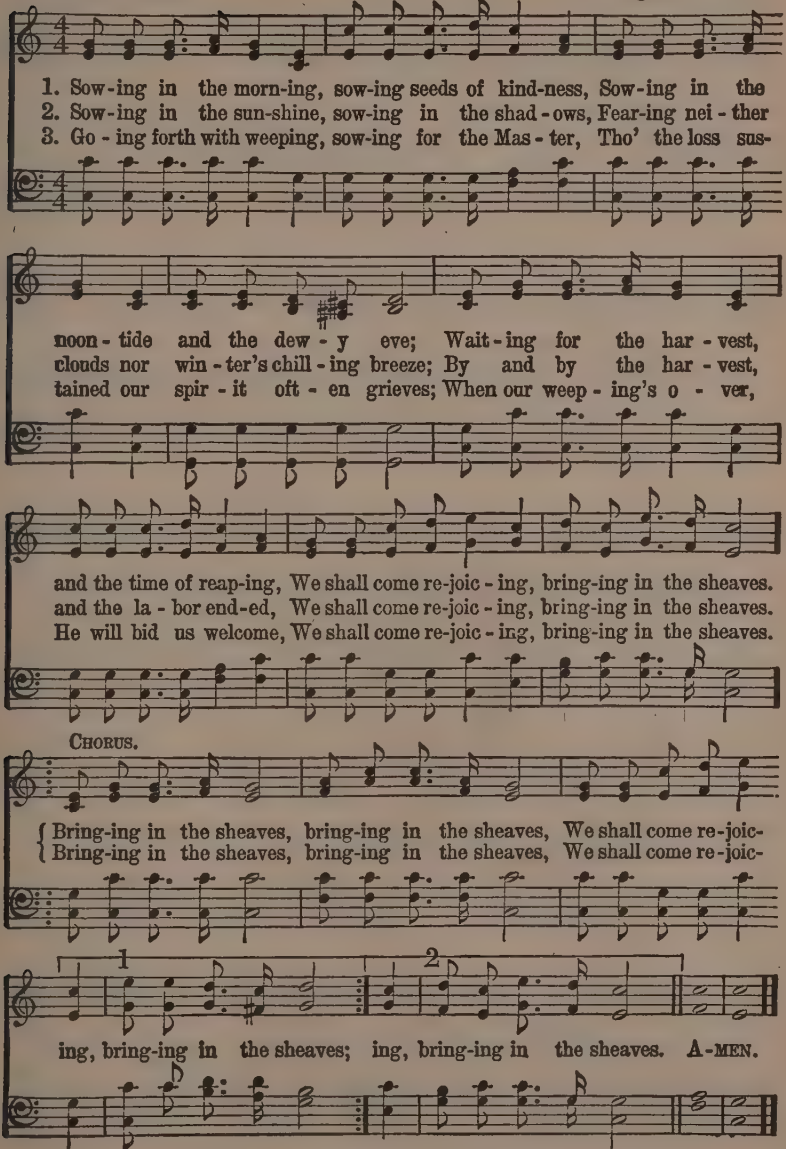
Anon. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.


1. We're floating down the stream of time, We have not long to stay; The stormy clouds of
2. Sometimes we've felt dis-cour - aged, And tho't it all in vain For us to live a
3. The life-boat soon is com - ing, By faith I now can see, As she sweeps thro' the
dark - ness Will turn to brightest day. Then let us all take cour - age, For
Christian life, And walk in Je - sus' name. But then we heard the Master say, "I'll
wa - ters To res - cue you and me, And land us safe - ly in the port With
we're not left a - lone; The life-boat soon is com-ing To gather the jew-els home.
lend a helping hand; And if you'll on - ly trust Me I'll guide you to that land."
friends we love so dear. "Get ready," cries the Captain. Oh! look, she is almost here.
CHORUS.
Then cheer, my comrades, cheer, Our tri - als will soon be o'er, Our loved ones
We're pilgrims and we're strangers here, We're seeking a cit - y to come, The life - boat
1
2
we will meet, will meet Up - on the gold-en shore;
soon is com - ing To (Omit . . . . .) gath-er the jew - els home.

Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.


1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-
noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,
and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
CHORUS.
Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
1
2
ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Mrs. Albert Smith. and R. H. C.

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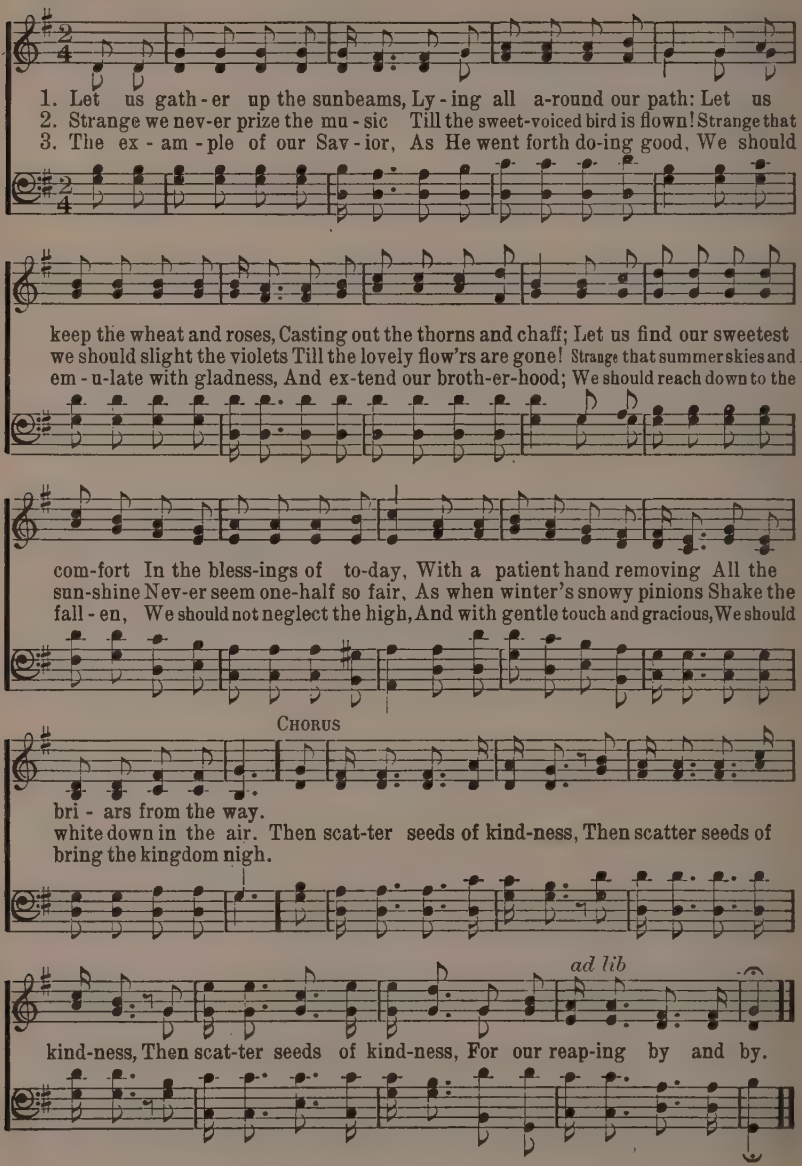
S. J. Vail.


1. Let us gath - er up the sunbeams, Ly - ing all a-round our path: Let us
2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that
3. The ex - am - ple of our Sav - ior, As He went forth do-ing good, We should
keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest
we should slight the violets Till the lovely flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies and
em - u-late with gladness, And ex-tend our broth-er-hood; We should reach down to the
com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day, With a patient hand removing All the
sun-shine Nev-er seem one-half so fair, As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the
fall - en, We should not neglect the high, And with gentle touch and gracious, We should
CHORUS
bri - ars from the way.
white down in the air. Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scatter seeds of
bring the kingdom nigh.
ad lib
kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

83 He Loves Me.

(WHY I SING.)

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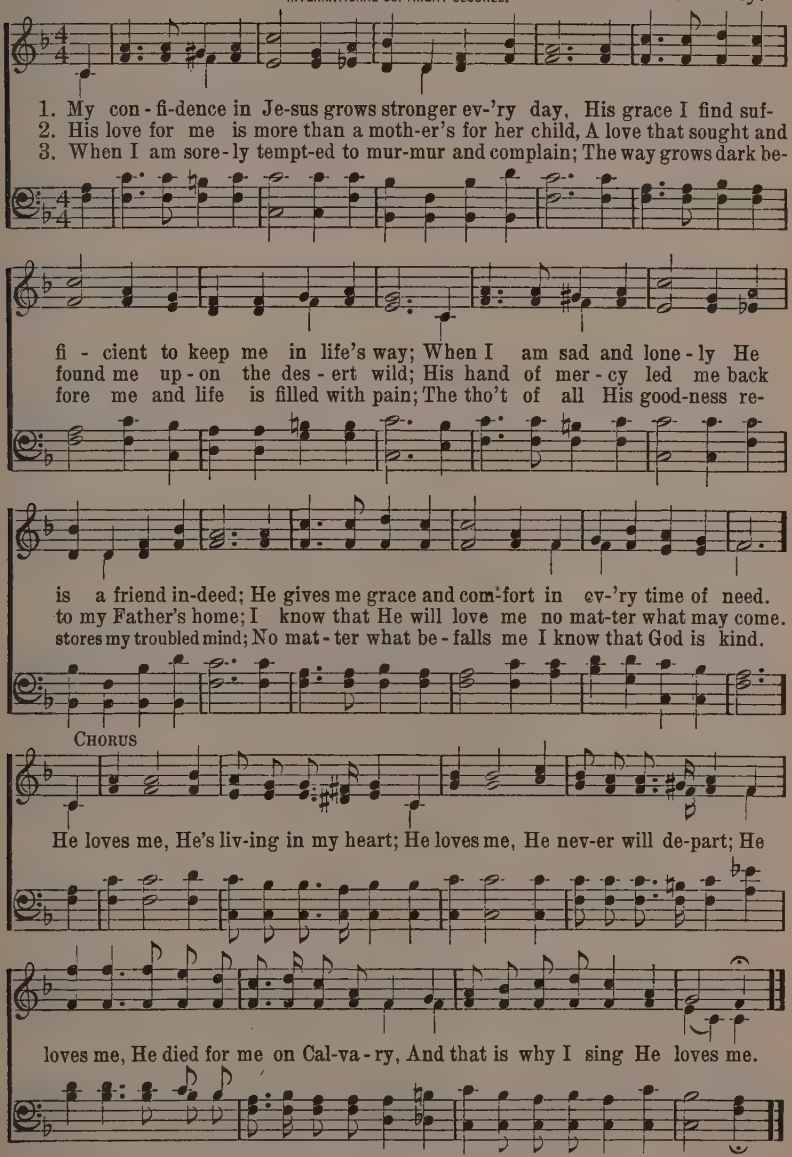
A. H. A. A. H. Ackley.


1. My con - fi-dence in Je-sus grows stronger ev-'ry day, His grace I find suf-
2. His love for me is more than a moth-er's for her child, A love that sought and
3. When I am sore-ly tempt-ed to mur-mur and complain; The way grows dark be-
fi - cient to keep me in life's way; When I am sad and lone - ly He
found me up - on the des - ert wild; His hand of mer - cy led me back
fore me and life is filled with pain; The tho't of all His good-ness re-
is a friend in-deed; He gives me grace and com-fort in ev-'ry time of need.
to my Father's home; I know that He will love me no mat-ter what may come.
stores my troubled mind; No mat - ter what be - falls me I know that God is kind.
CHORUS
He loves me, He's liv-ing in my heart; He loves me, He nev-er will de-part; He
loves me, He died for me on Cal-va - ry, And that is why I sing He loves me.

84 Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

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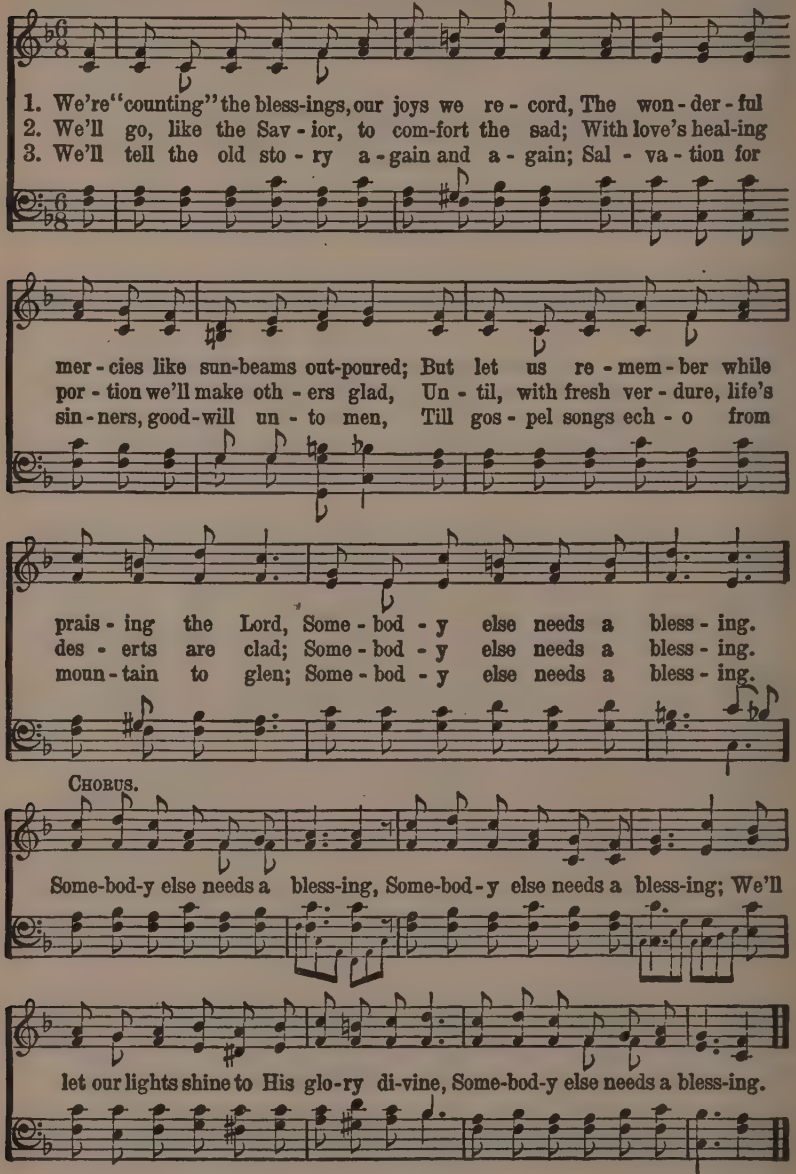
1. We're "counting" the bless-ings, our joys we re - cord, The won - der - ful
2. We'll go, like the Sav - ior, to com-fort the sad; With love's heal-ing
3. We'll tell the old sto - ry a - gain and a - gain; Sal - va - tion for
mer - cies like sun-beams out-poured; But let us re - mem - ber while
por - tion we'll make oth - ers glad, Un - til, with fresh ver - dure, life's
sin - ners, good-will un - to men, Till gos - pel songs ech - o from
prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
des - erts are clad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
moun - tain to glen; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
CHORUS.
Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing; We'll
let our lights shine to His glo-ry di-vine, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing.

85 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

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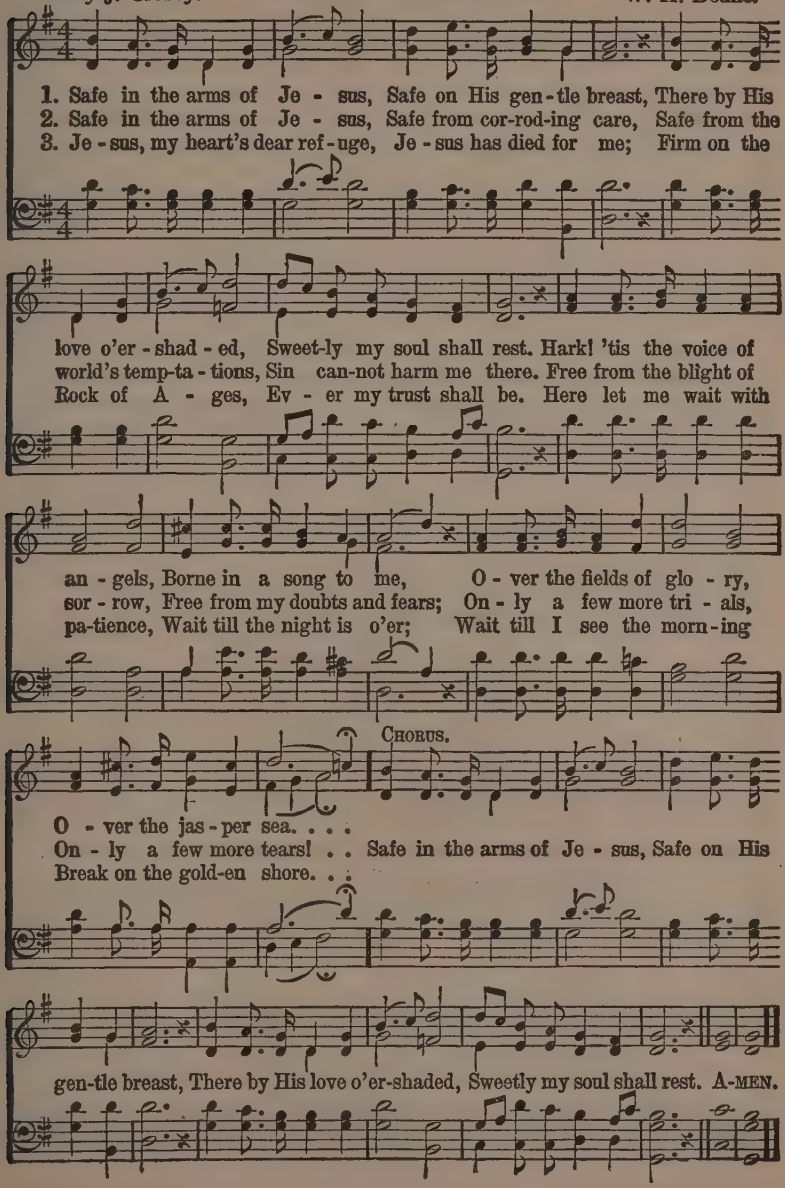
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the
love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of
Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with
an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn-ing
CHORUS.
O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .
On - ly a few more tears! . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
Break on the gold-en shore. . .
gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A-MEN.

86 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

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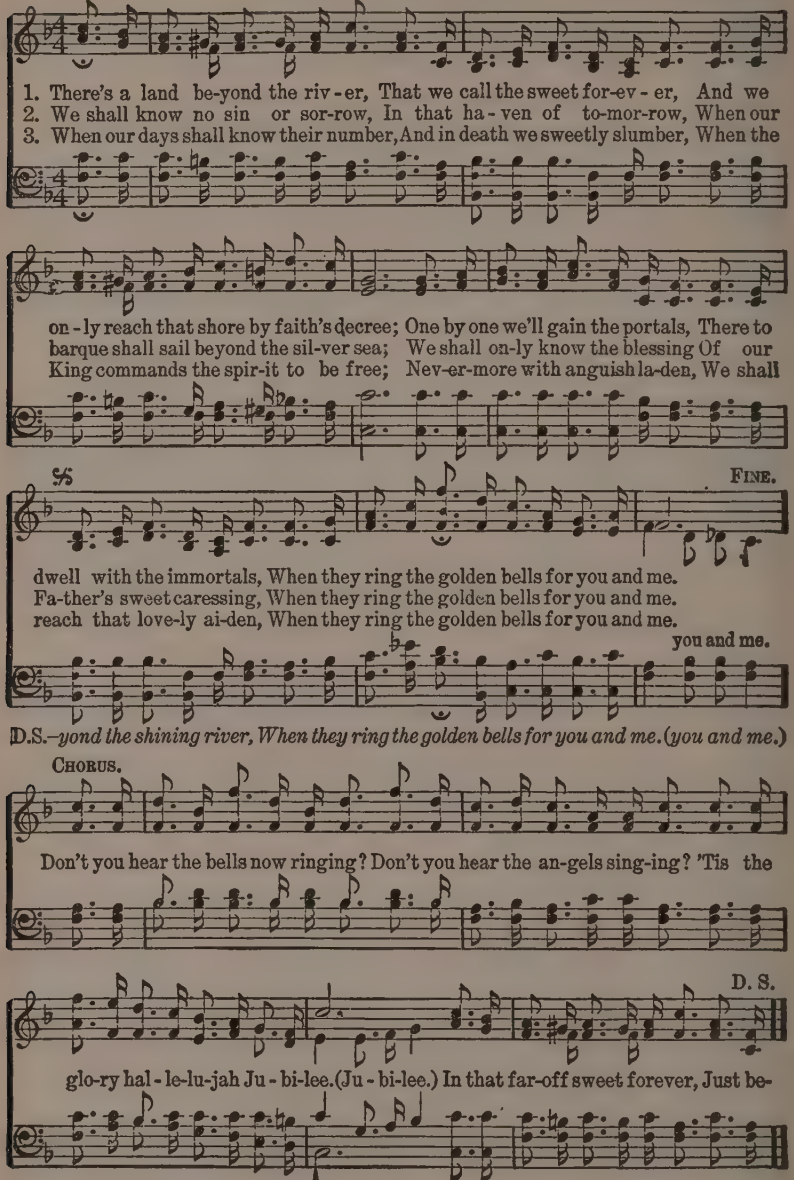
Dion De Marbelle.


1. There's a land be-yond the riv - er, That we call the sweet for-ev - er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha - ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber, When the
on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall
D.S.
FINE.
dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.
D.S.—yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me. (you and me.)
CHORUS.
Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the
D. S.
glo-ry hal - le-lu-jah Ju - bi-lee. (Ju - bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

87 He'll Make the Sun Shine Brightly.

E. L. C.

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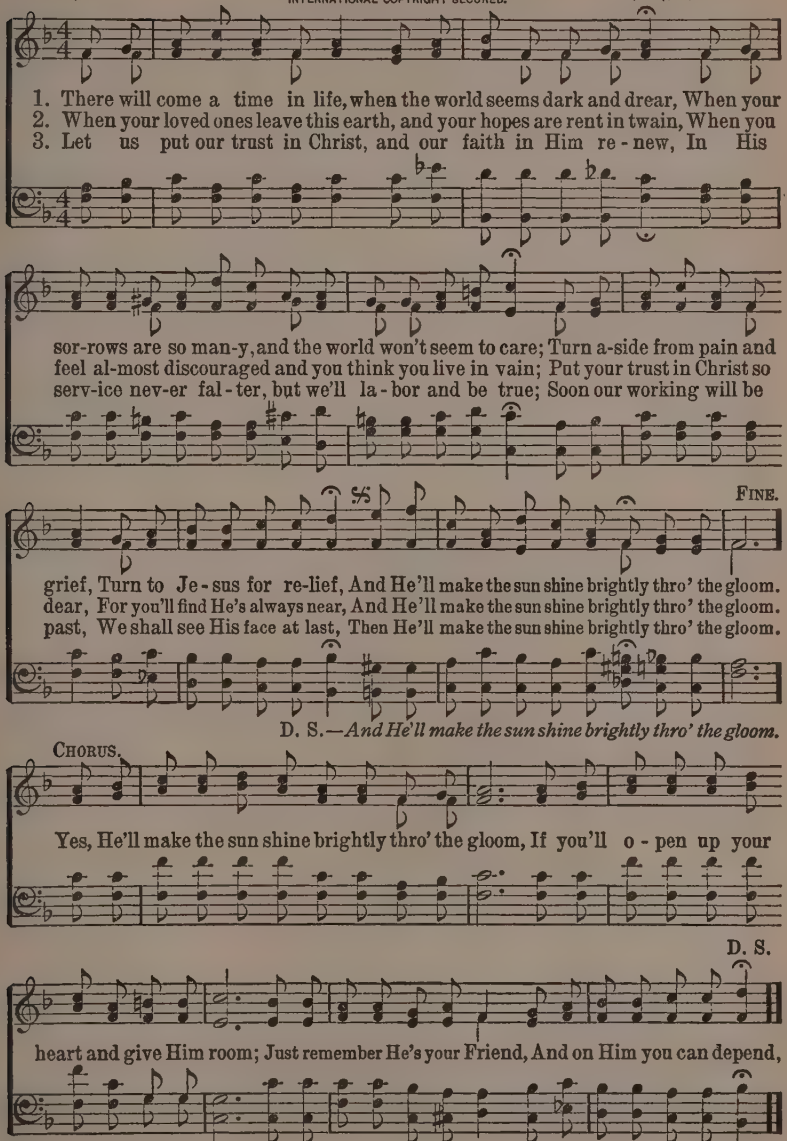
E. L. Carnett.


1. There will come a time in life, when the world seems dark and drear, When your
2. When your loved ones leave this earth, and your hopes are rent in twain, When you
3. Let us put our trust in Christ, and our faith in Him re-new, In His
sor-rows are so man-y, and the world won't seem to care; Turn a-side from pain and
feel al-most discouraged and you think you live in vain; Put your trust in Christ so
serv-ice nev-er fal-ter, but we'll la-bor and be true; Soon our working will be
FINE.
grief, Turn to Je-sus for re-lief, And He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom.
dear, For you'll find He's always near, And He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom.
past, We shall see His face at last, Then He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom.
D. S.—And He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom.
CHORUS.
Yes, He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom, If you'll o-pen up your
D. S.
heart and give Him room; Just remember He's your Friend, And on Him you can depend,

He Lives On High.

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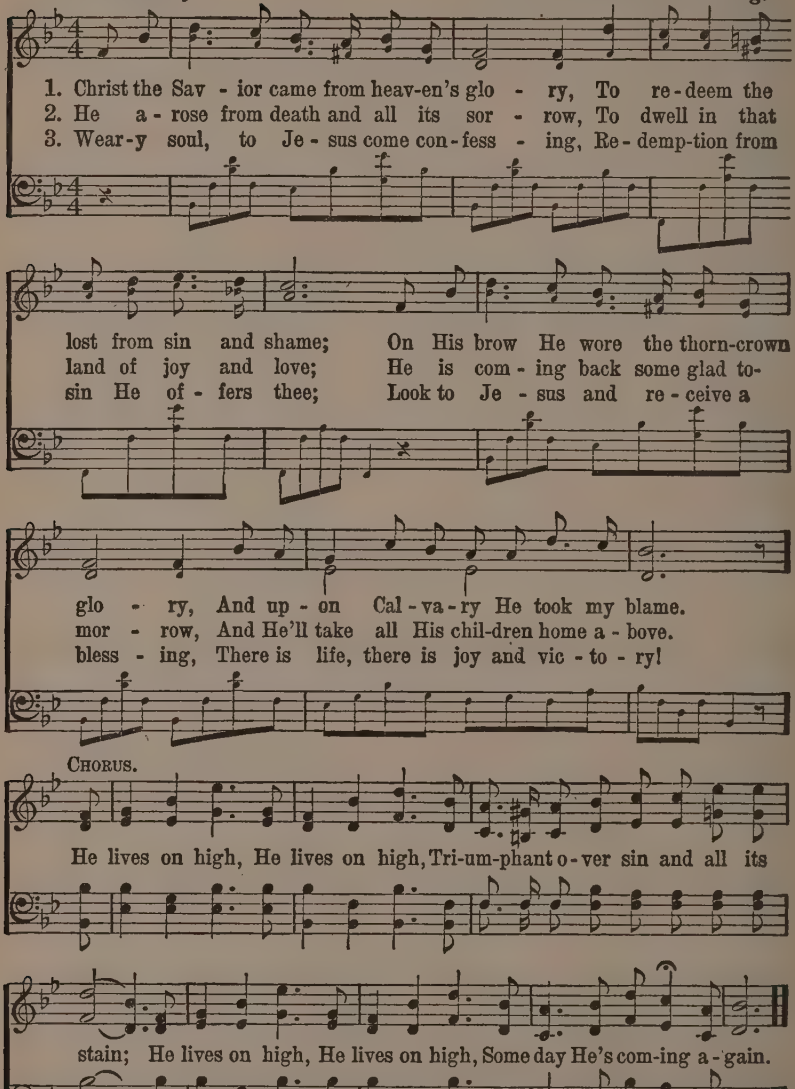
Words by
B. B. McKinney.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.
From Hawaiian Folk Song.


1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heav-en's glo - ry, To re-deem the
2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row, To dwell in that
3. Wear-y soul, to Je - sus come con-fess - ing, Re-demp-tion from
lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown
land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to-
sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - ceive a
glo - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.
mor - row, And He'll take all His chil-dren home a - bove.
bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry!
CHORUS.
He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri-um-phant o-ver sin and all its
stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com-ing a-gain.

Saved, Saved.

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J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend.. who is all to me,.... His
2. He saves me from.... ev-'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.... how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong.. on His
love He said to me, ..."Come un - to Me.... and I'll

lift - ed me....And what His grace can do for you.....
might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.

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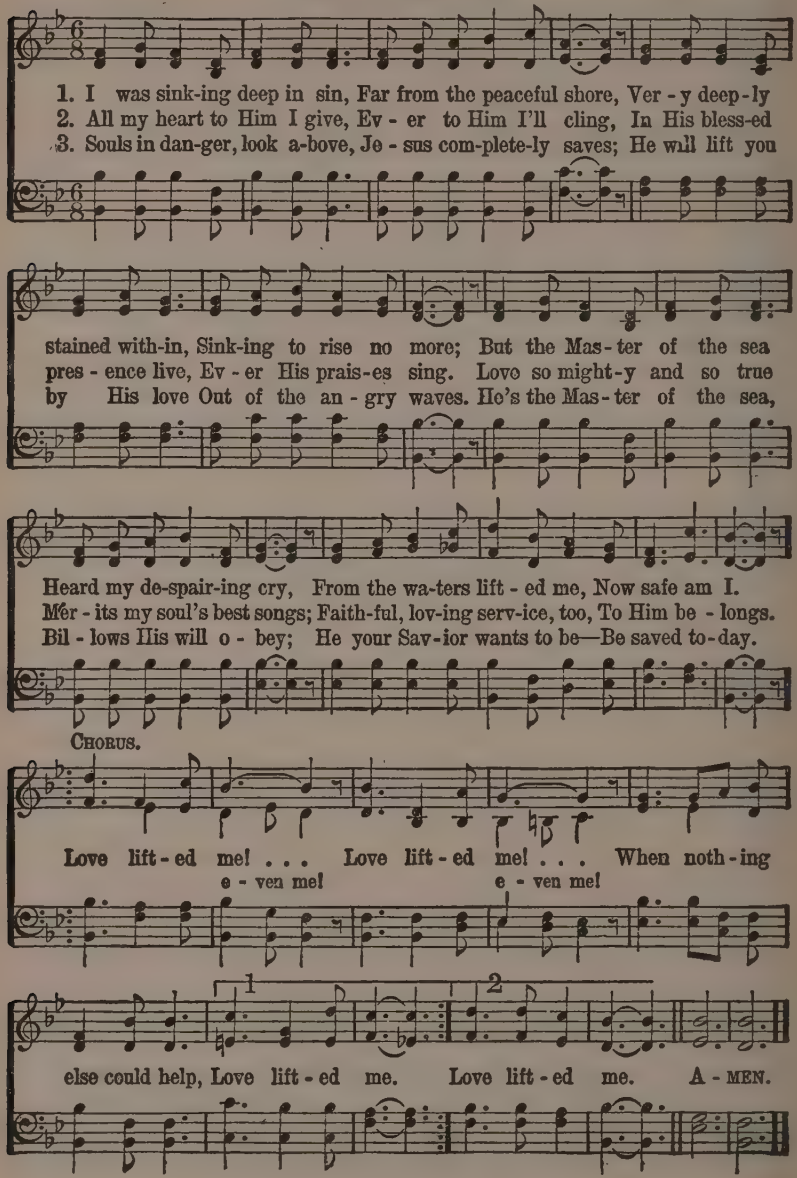
Howard E. Smith.


1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you
stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.
Chorus.
Love lift - ed me! . . . Love lift - ed me! . . . When noth - ing
e - ven me! e - ven me!
1
2
else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me. A - men.

91 Trust, Try and Prove Me.

L. S. L.

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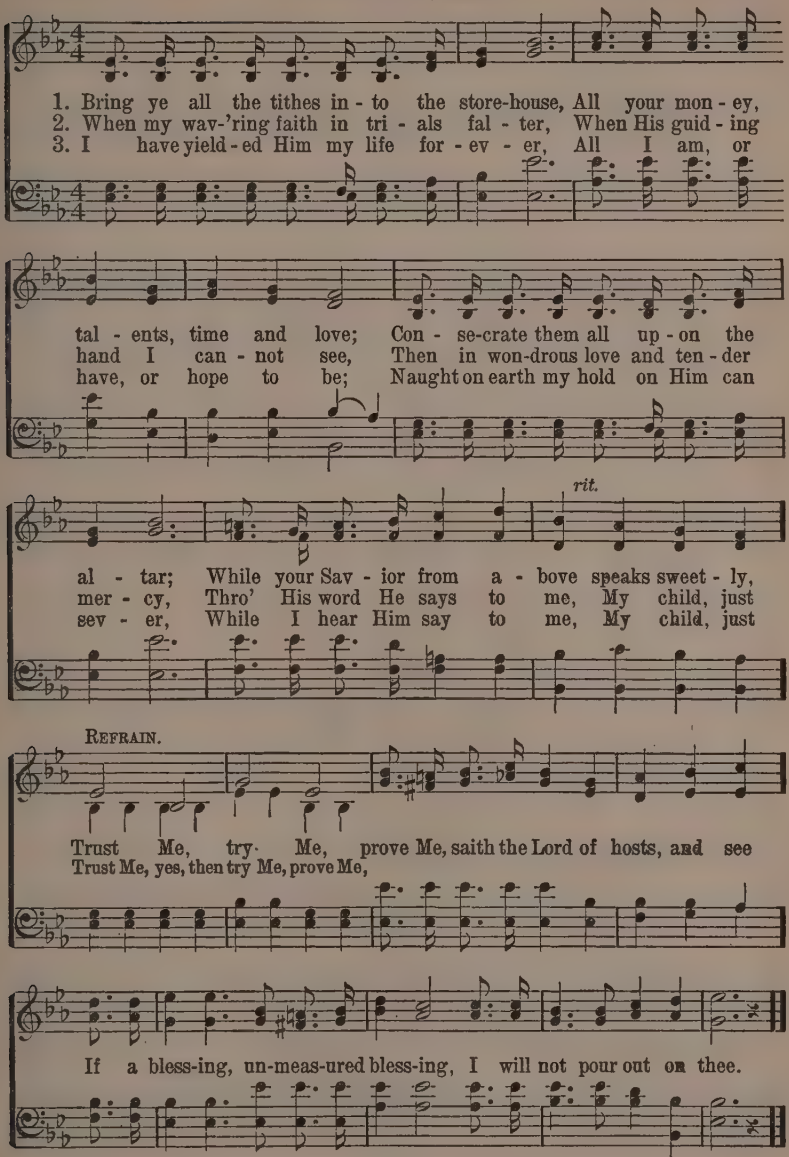
Lida Shivers Leech.

1. Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store-house, All your mon - ey,
2. When my wav-'ring faith in tri - als fal - ter, When His guid - ing
3. I have yield - ed Him my life for - ev - er, All I am, or
tal - ents, time and love; Con - se-crate them all up - on the
hand I can - not see, Then in won-drous love and ten - der
have, or hope to be; Naught on earth my hold on Him can
rit.
al - tar; While your Sav - ior from a - bove speaks sweet - ly,
mer - cy, Thro' His word He says to me, My child, just
sev - er, While I hear Him say to me, My child, just
REFRAIN.
Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, saith the Lord of hosts, and see
Trust Me, yes, then try Me, prove Me,
If a bless-ing, un-meas-ured bless-ing, I will not pour out on thee.

92 You Can Be a Blessing.

A. H. A.

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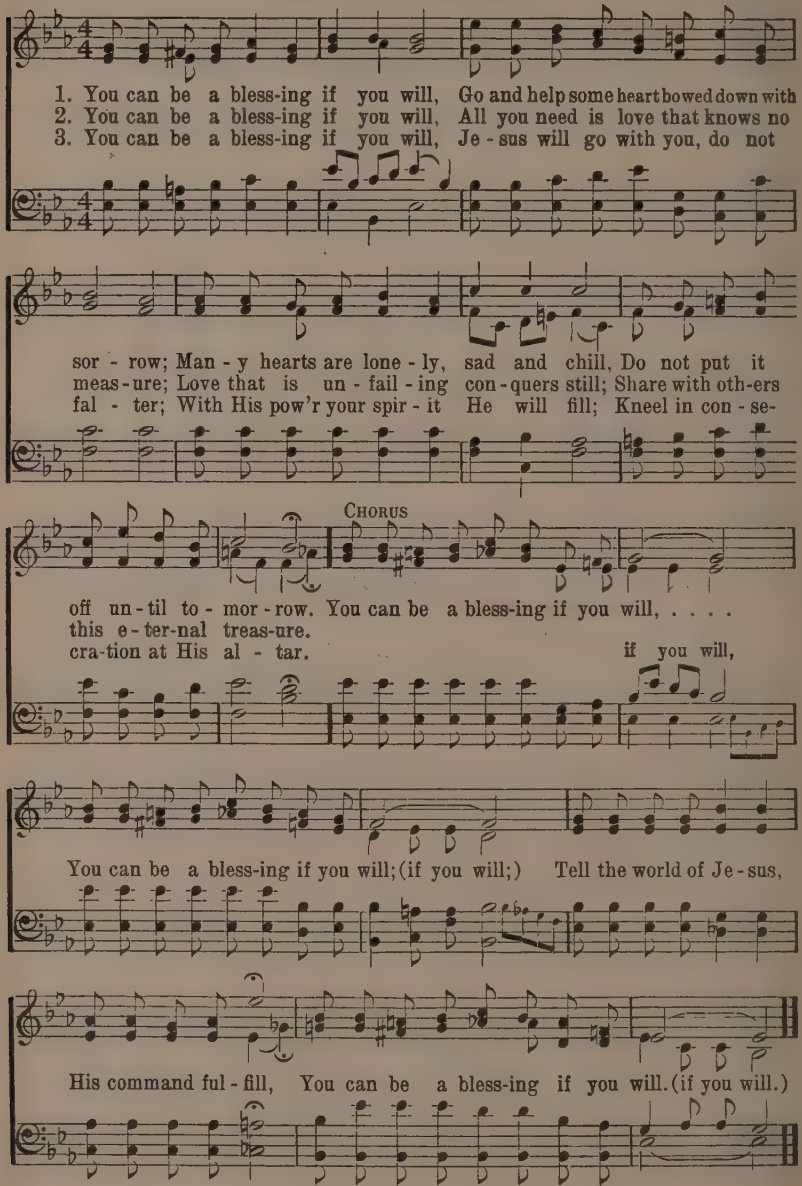
1. You can be a bless-ing if you will, Go and help some heart bowed down with
2. You can be a bless-ing if you will, All you need is love that knows no
3. You can be a bless-ing if you will, Je - sus will go with you, do not
sor - row; Man - y hearts are lone - ly, sad and chill. Do not put it
meas - ure; Love that is un - fail - ing con - quers still; Share with oth-ers
fal - ter; With His pow'r your spir - it He will fill; Kneel in con - se-
CHORUS
off un - til to - mor - row. You can be a bless-ing if you will, ...
this e - ter-nal treas-ure.
cra-tion at His al - tar.
if you will,
You can be a bless-ing if you will; (if you will;) Tell the world of Je - sus,
His command ful - fill, You can be a bless-ing if you will. (if you will.)

93 'Twill Not Be Long.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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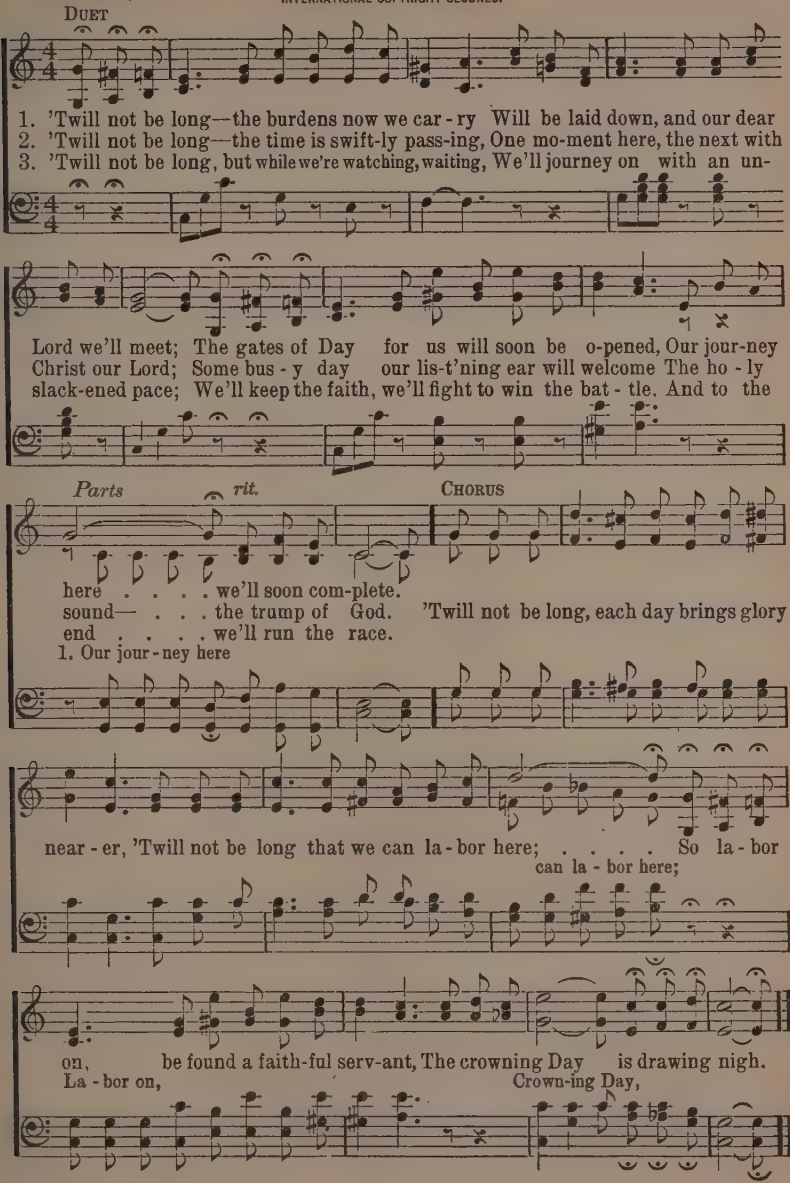
W. Stillman Martin.

DUET


1. 'Twill not be long—the burdens now we car - ry Will be laid down, and our dear
2. 'Twill not be long—the time is swift-ly pass-ing, One mo-ment here, the next with
3. 'Twill not be long, but while we're watching, waiting, We'll journey on with an un-
Lord we'll meet; The gates of Day for us will soon be o-pened, Our jour-ney
Christ our Lord; Some bus - y day our lis-t'ning ear will welcome The ho - ly
slack-ened pace; We'll keep the faith, we'll fight to win the bat - tle. And to the
Parts
rit.
CHORUS
here . . . . we'll soon com-plete.
sound— . . . the trump of God. 'Twill not be long, each day brings glory
end . . . . we'll run the race.
1. Our jour - ney here
near - er, 'Twill not be long that we can la - bor here; . . . . So la - bor
can la - bor here;
on, be found a faith-ful serv-ant, The crowning Day is drawing nigh.
La - bor on,
Crown-ing Day,

94 Some Day I Shall Understand.

A. H. A.

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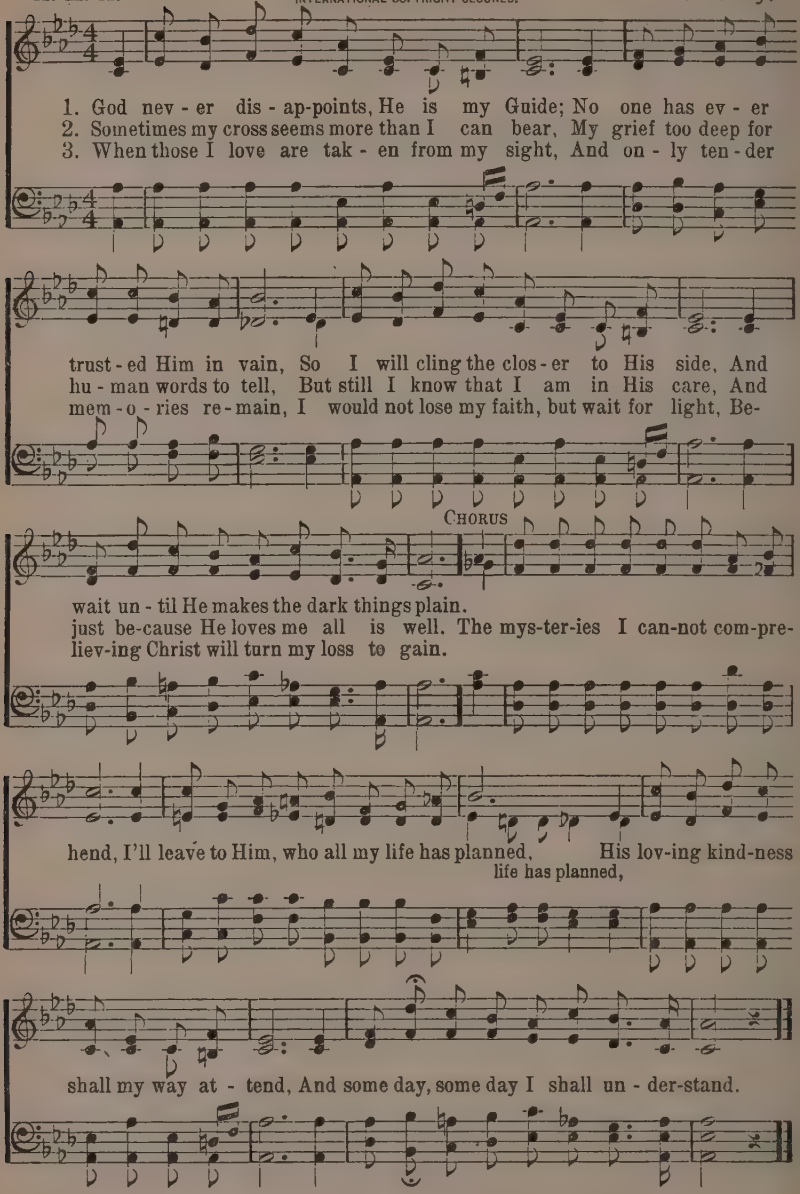
1. God nev - er dis - ap-points, He is my Guide; No one has ev - er
2. Sometimes my cross seems more than I can bear, My grief too deep for
3. When those I love are tak - en from my sight, And on - ly ten - der
trust - ed Him in vain, So I will cling the clos - er to His side, And
hu - man words to tell, But still I know that I am in His care, And
mem - o - ries re - main, I would not lose my faith, but wait for light, Be-
CHORUS
wait un - til He makes the dark things plain.
just be-cause He loves me all is well. The mys-ter-ies I can-not com-pre-
liev-ing Christ will turn my loss to gain.
hend, I'll leave to Him, who all my life has planned, His lov-ing kind-ness
life has planned,
shall my way at - tend, And some day, some day I shall un - der-stand.

95 "Crusade With Christ."

H. D. L.

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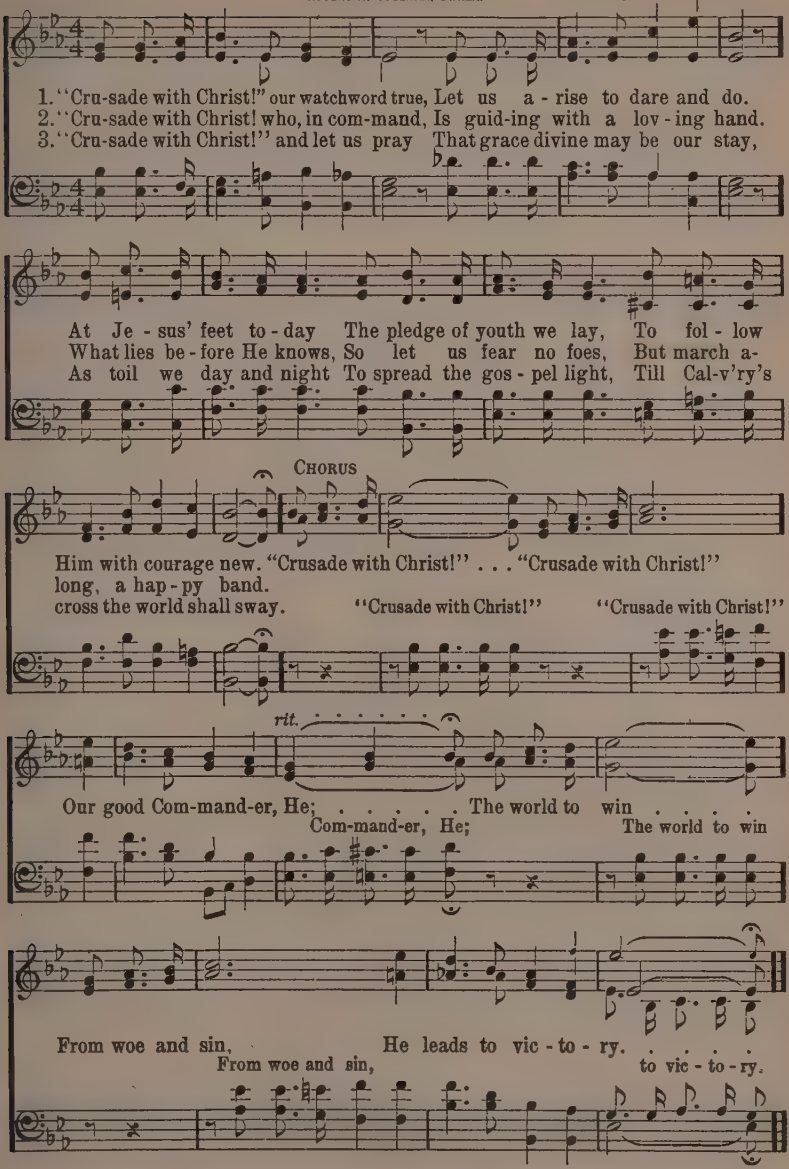
1. "Cru-sade with Christ!" our watchword true, Let us a - rise to dare and do.
2. "Cru-sade with Christ! who, in com-mand, Is guid-ing with a lov - ing hand.
3. "Cru-sade with Christ!" and let us pray That grace divine may be our stay,
At Je - sus' feet to - day The pledge of youth we lay, To fol - low
What lies be - fore He knows, So let us fear no foes, But march a-
As toil we day and night To spread the gos - pel light, Till Cal-v'ry's
CHORUS
Him with courage new. "Crusade with Christ!" . . . "Crusade with Christ!"
long, a hap - py band.
cross the world shall sway.
"Crusade with Christ!"
"Crusade with Christ!"
rit.
Our good Com-mand-er, He; . . . . . The world to win . . . .
Com-mand-er, He;
The world to win
From woe and sin, He leads to vic - to - ry.
From woe and sin, to vic - to - ry.

96 No Longer Lonely.

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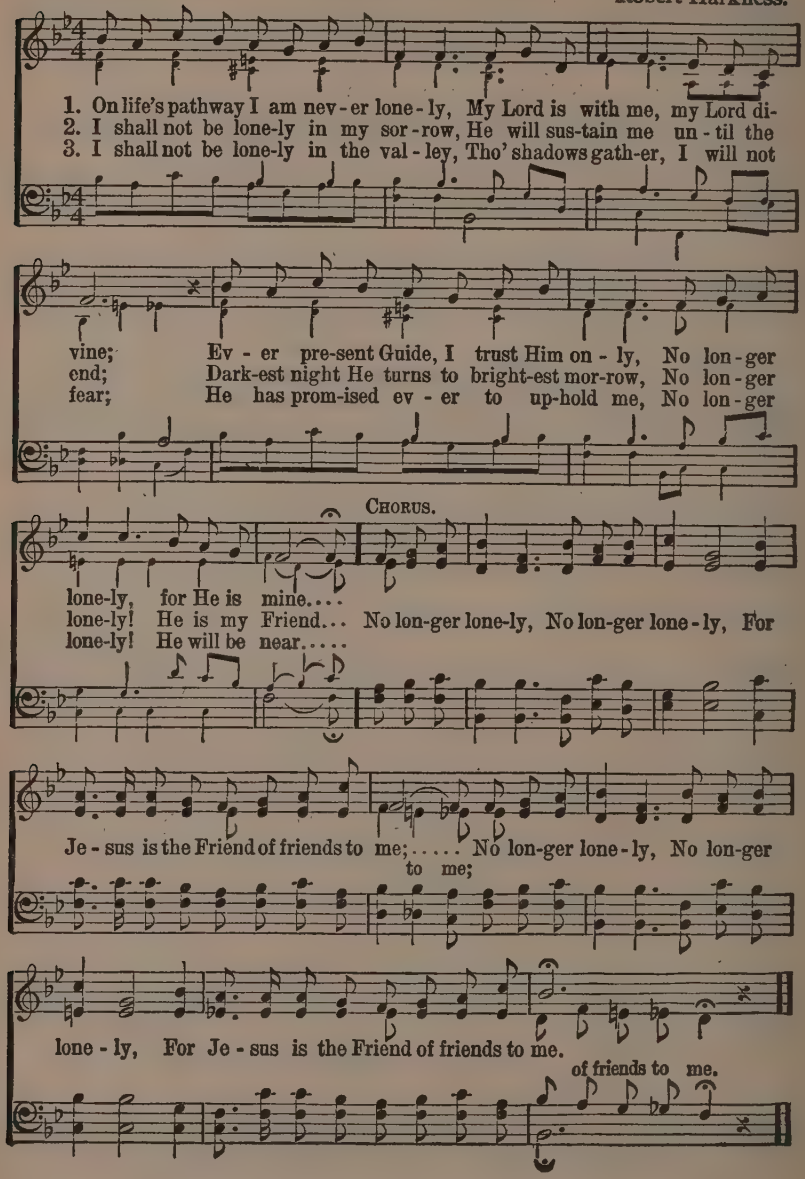
1. On life's pathway I am nev - er lone - ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord di-
2. I shall not be lone-ly in my sor - row, He will sus-tain me un - til the
3. I shall not be lone-ly in the val - ley, Tho' shadows gath-er, I will not
vine; Ev - er pre-sent Guide, I trust Him on - ly, No lon - ger
end; Dark-est night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon - ger
fear; He has prom-ised ev - er to up-hold me, No lon - ger
Chorus.
lone-ly, for He is mine....
lone-ly! He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone - ly, For
lone-ly! He will be near.....
Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me;..... No lon-ger lone - ly, No lon-ger
to me;
lone - ly, For Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me.
of friends to me.

97 'Neath The Old Olive Trees.

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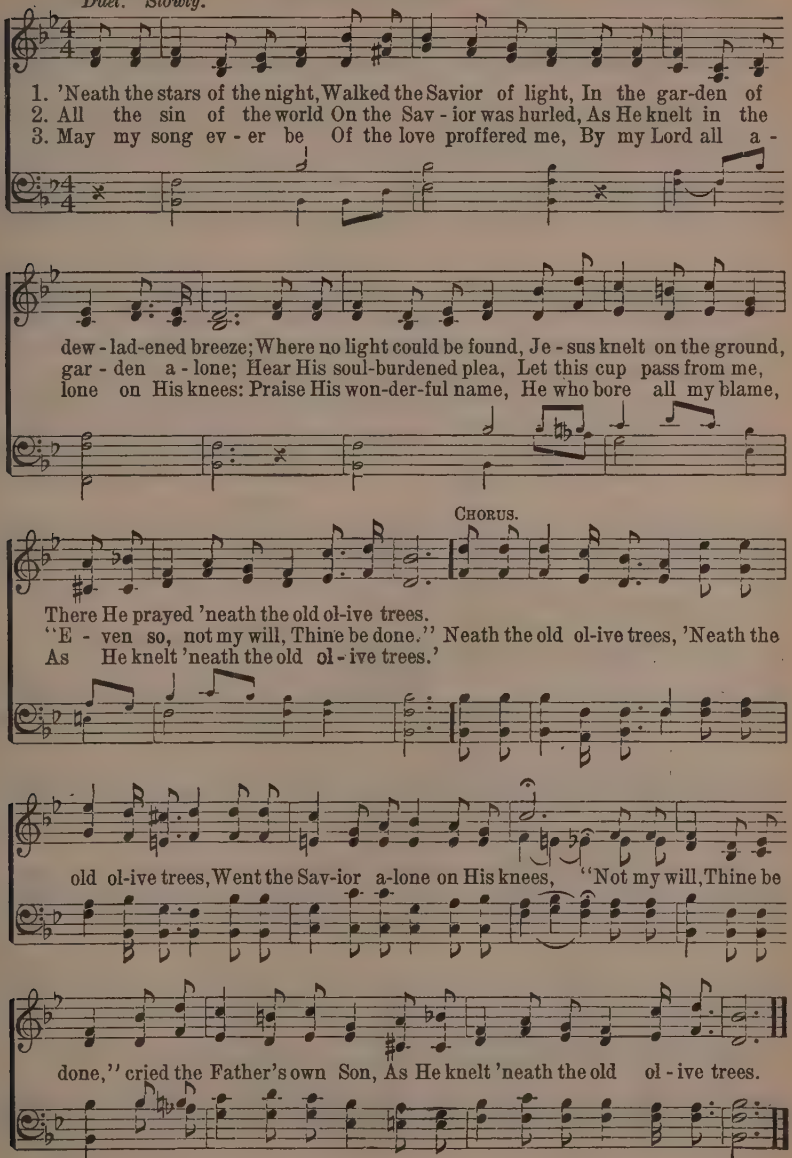
B. B. McK. B. B. McKinney.

Duet. Slowly.


1. 'Neath the stars of the night, Walked the Savior of light, In the gar-den of
2. All the sin of the world On the Sav - ior was hurled, As He knelt in the
3. May my song ev - er be Of the love proffered me, By my Lord all a -
dew - lad-ened breeze; Where no light could be found, Je - sus knelt on the ground,
gar - den a - lone; Hear His soul-burdened plea, Let this cup pass from me,
lone on His knees: Praise His won-der-ful name, He who bore all my blame,
CHORUS.
There He prayed 'neath the old ol-ive trees.
"E - ven so, not my will, Thine be done." Neath the old ol-ive trees, 'Neath the
As He knelt 'neath the old ol - ive trees.'
old ol-ive trees, Went the Sav-ior a-lone on His knees, "Not my will, Thine be
done," cried the Father's own Son, As He knelt 'neath the old ol - ive trees.

98 His Way With Thee.

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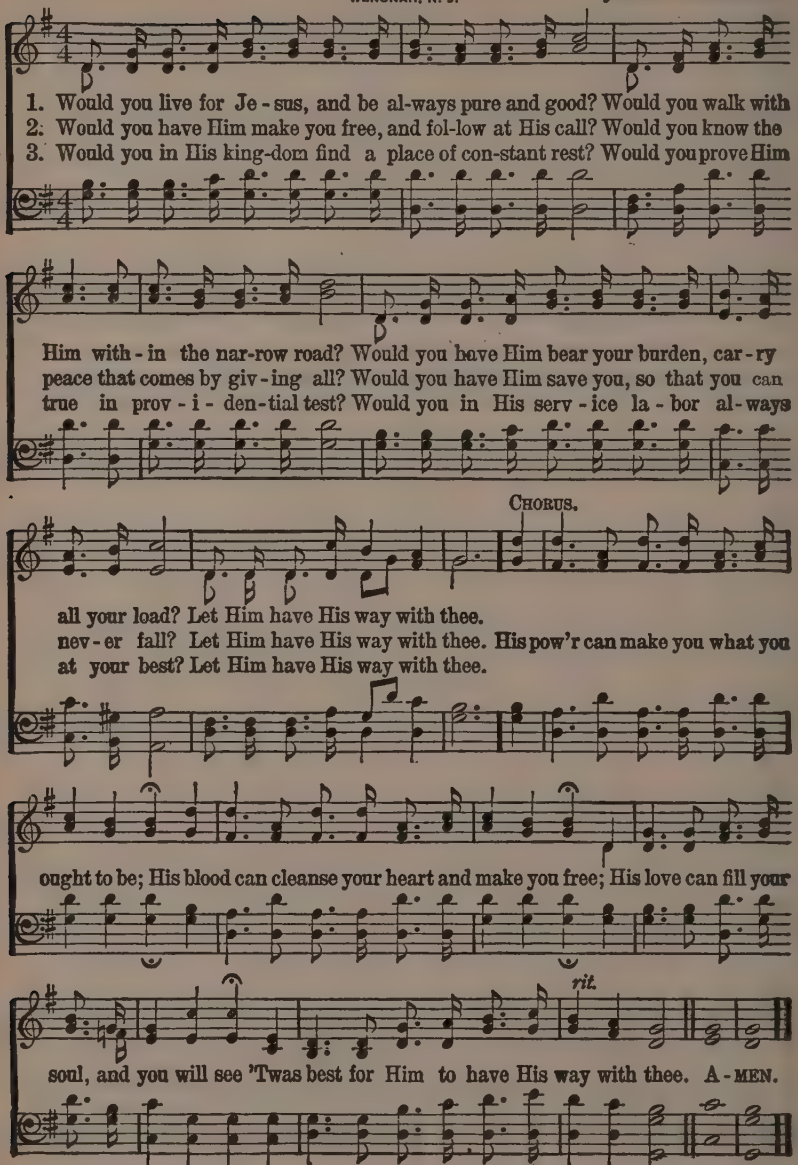
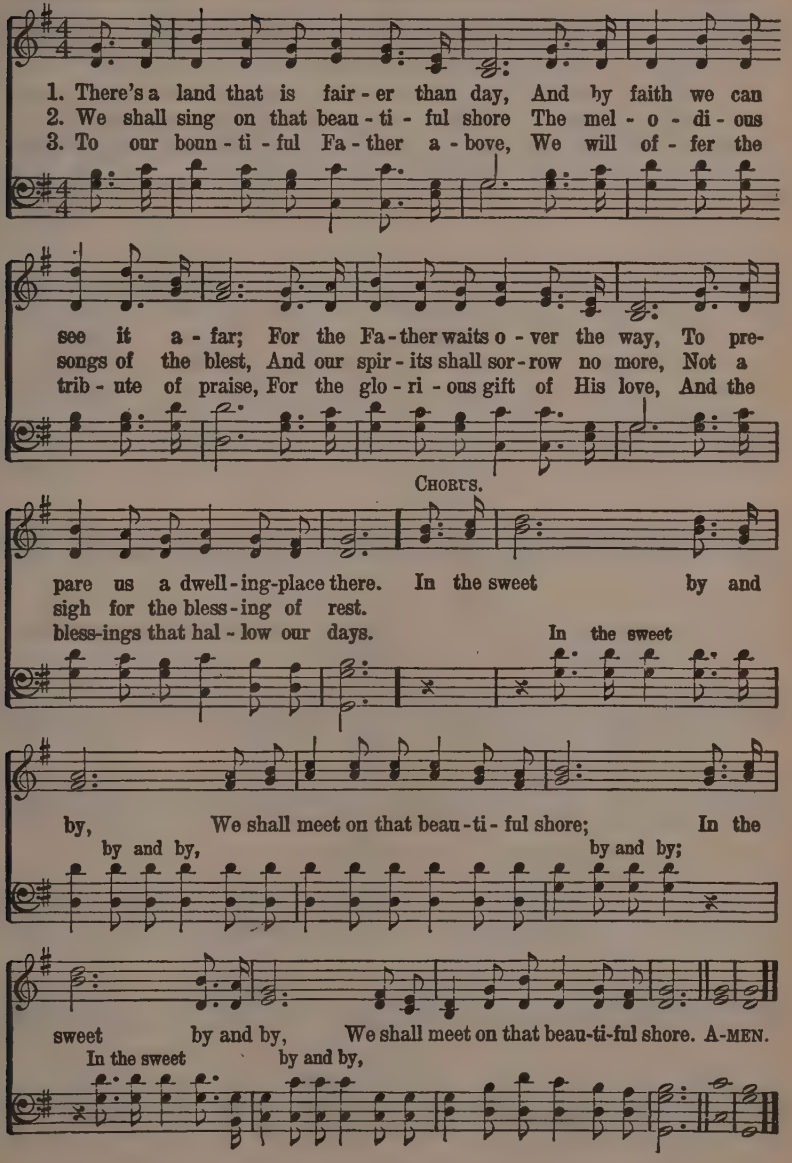

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can
true in prov - i - den-tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al-ways
CHORUS.
all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your
rit.
soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

Sweet By and By.

S. F. Bennett. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER. J. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the
see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the
CHORUS.
pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days.
In the sweet
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
by and by, by and by;
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore. A-MEN.
In the sweet by and by,

100 What a Wonderful Time That Will Be.

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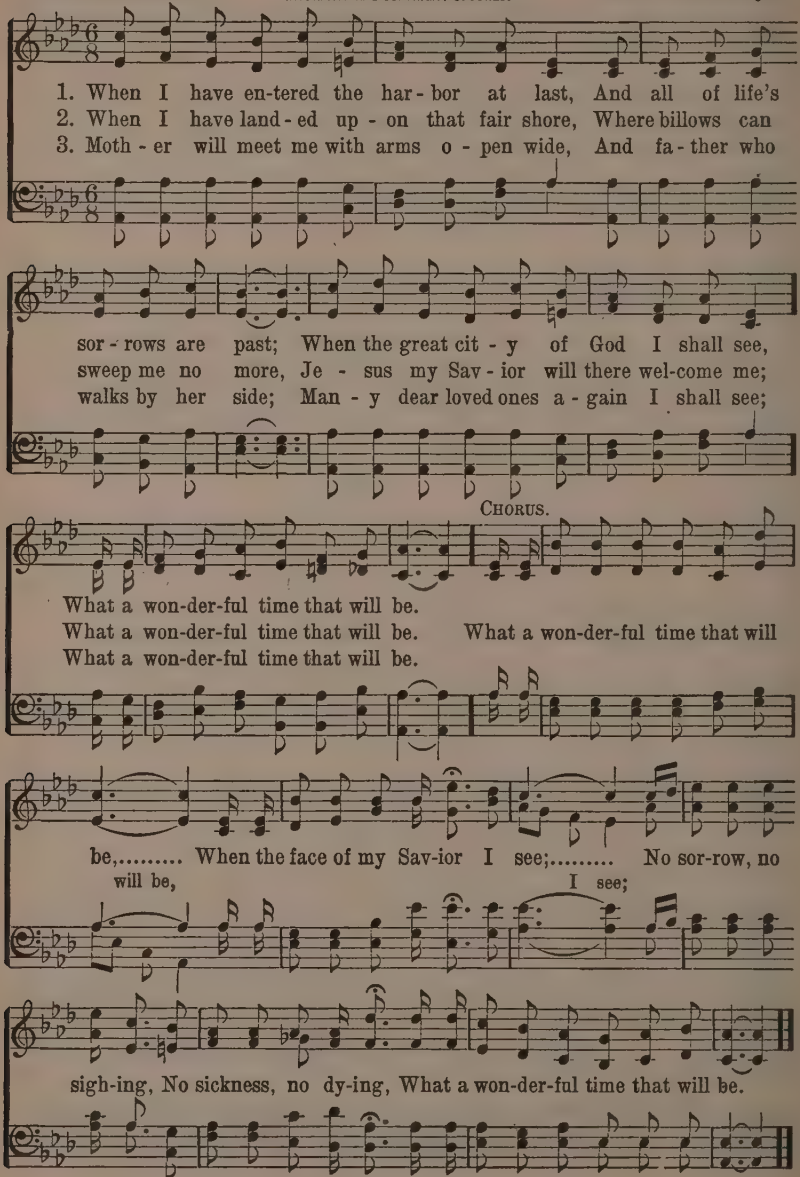
1. When I have en-tered the har-bor at last, And all of life's
2. When I have land-ed up-on that fair shore, Where billows can
3. Moth-er will meet me with arms o-pen wide, And fa-ther who
sor-rows are past; When the great cit-y of God I shall see,
sweep me no more, Je-sus my Sav-ior will there wel-come me;
walks by her side; Man-y dear loved ones a-gain I shall see;
CHORUS.
What a won-der-ful time that will be.
What a won-der-ful time that will be. What a won-der-ful time that will
What a won-der-ful time that will be.
be,..... When the face of my Sav-ior I see;..... No sor-row, no
will be, I see;
sigh-ing, No sickness, no dy-ing, What a won-der-ful time that will be.

101 Get God's Sunshine.

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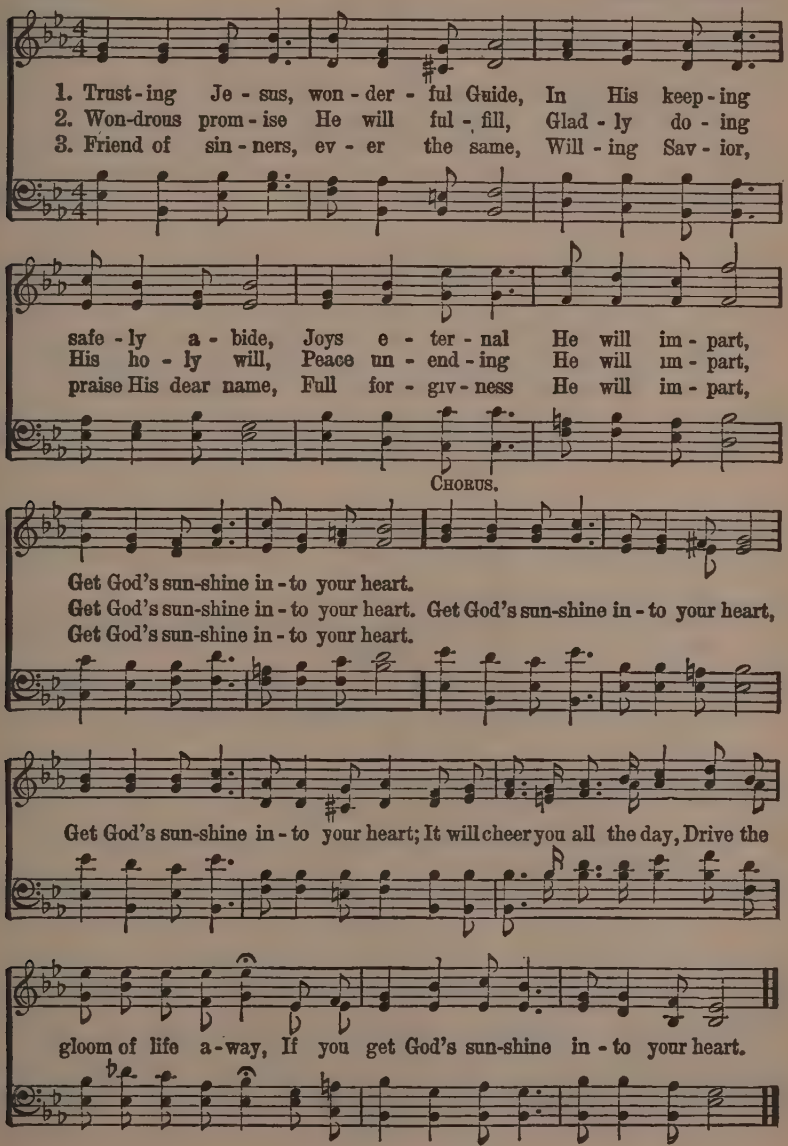
1. Trust - ing Je - sus, won - der - ful Guide, In His keep - ing
2. Won-drous prom - ise He will ful - fill, Glad - ly do - ing
3. Friend of sin - ners, ev - er the same, Will - ing Sav - ior,
safe - ly a - bide, Joys e - ter - nal He will im - part,
His ho - ly will, Peace un - end - ing He will im - part,
praise His dear name, Full for - giv - ness He will im - part,
Chorus.
Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart.
Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart. Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart,
Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart.
Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart; It will cheer you all the day, Drive the
gloom of life a - way, If you get God's sun-shine in - to your heart.

102 No Setting Sun.

E. E. Hewitt.

SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.

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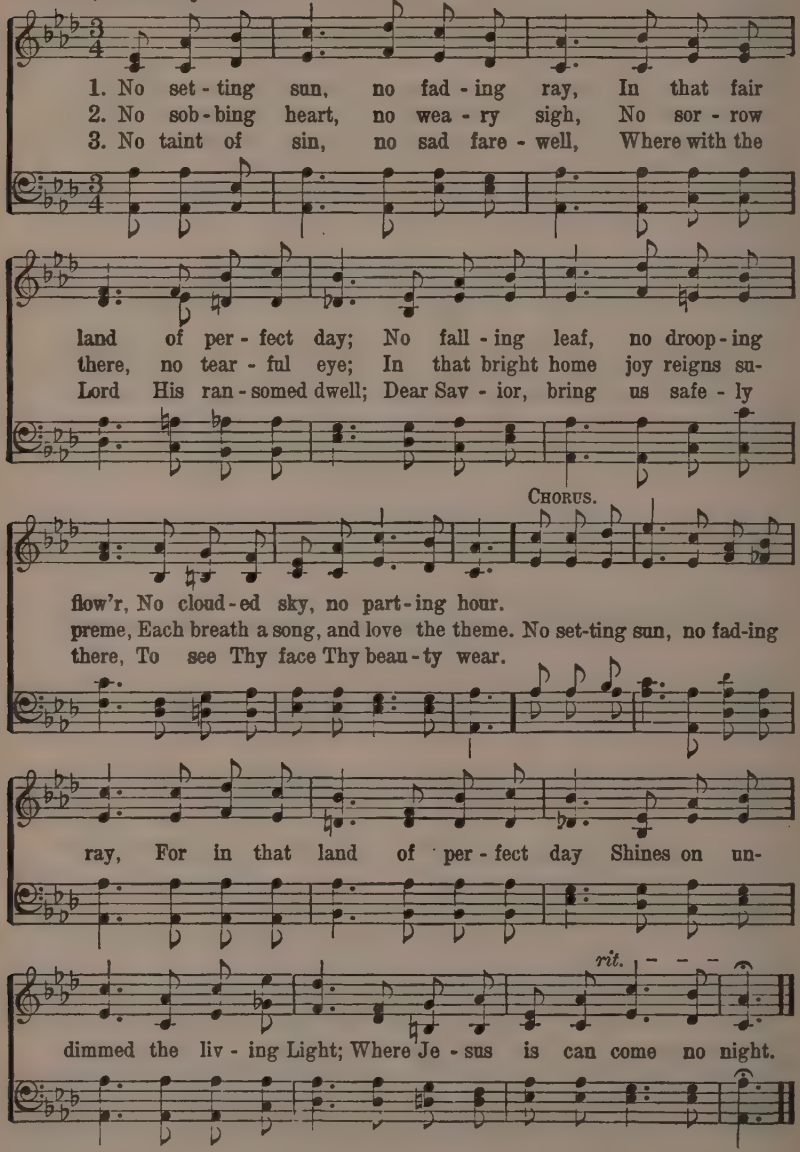
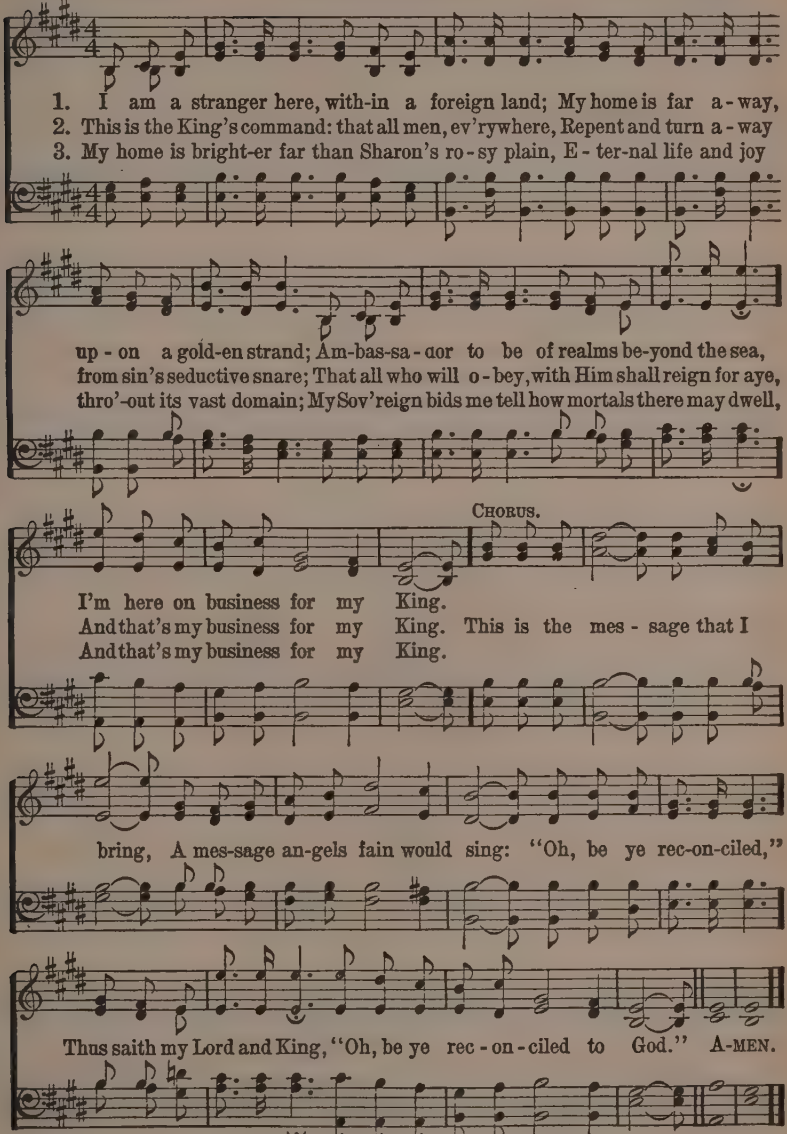

1. No set - ting sun, no fad - ing ray, In that fair
2. No sob - bing heart, no wea - ry sigh, No sor - row
3. No taint of sin, no sad fare - well, Where with the
land of per - fect day; No fall - ing leaf, no droop - ing
there, no tear - ful eye; In that bright home joy reigns su-
Lord His ran - somed dwell; Dear Sav - ior, bring us safe - ly
CHORUS.
flow'r, No cloud - ed sky, no part - ing hour.
preme, Each breath a song, and love the theme. No set-ting sun, no fad-ing
there, To see Thy face Thy beau - ty wear.
ray, For in that land of per - fect day Shines on un-
rit.
dimmed the liv - ing Light; Where Je - sus is can come no night.

103 The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. Flora H. Cassel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy
up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea,
from sin's seductive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye,
thro'-out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,
CHORUS.
I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
And that's my business for my King.
bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled,"
Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God." A-MEN.

In the Garden.

C. A. M.

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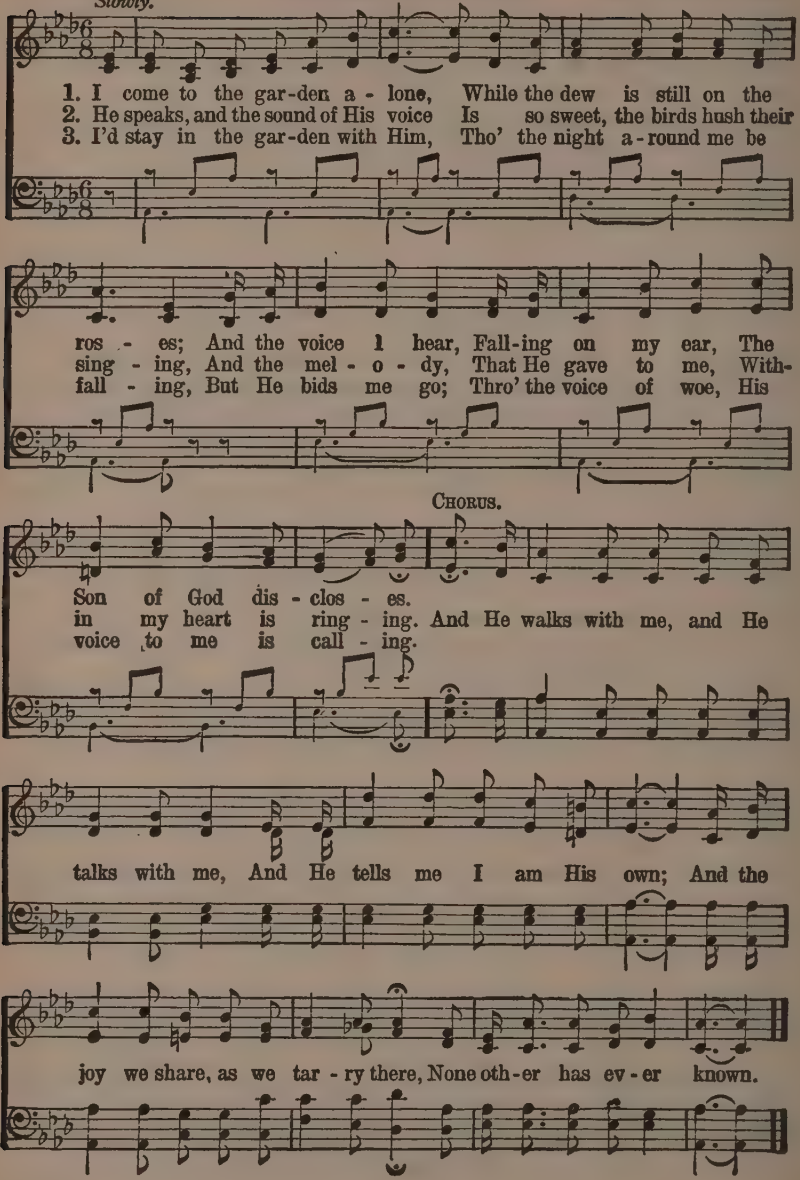
C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.


1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With-
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His
Chorus.
Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the
joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

105 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

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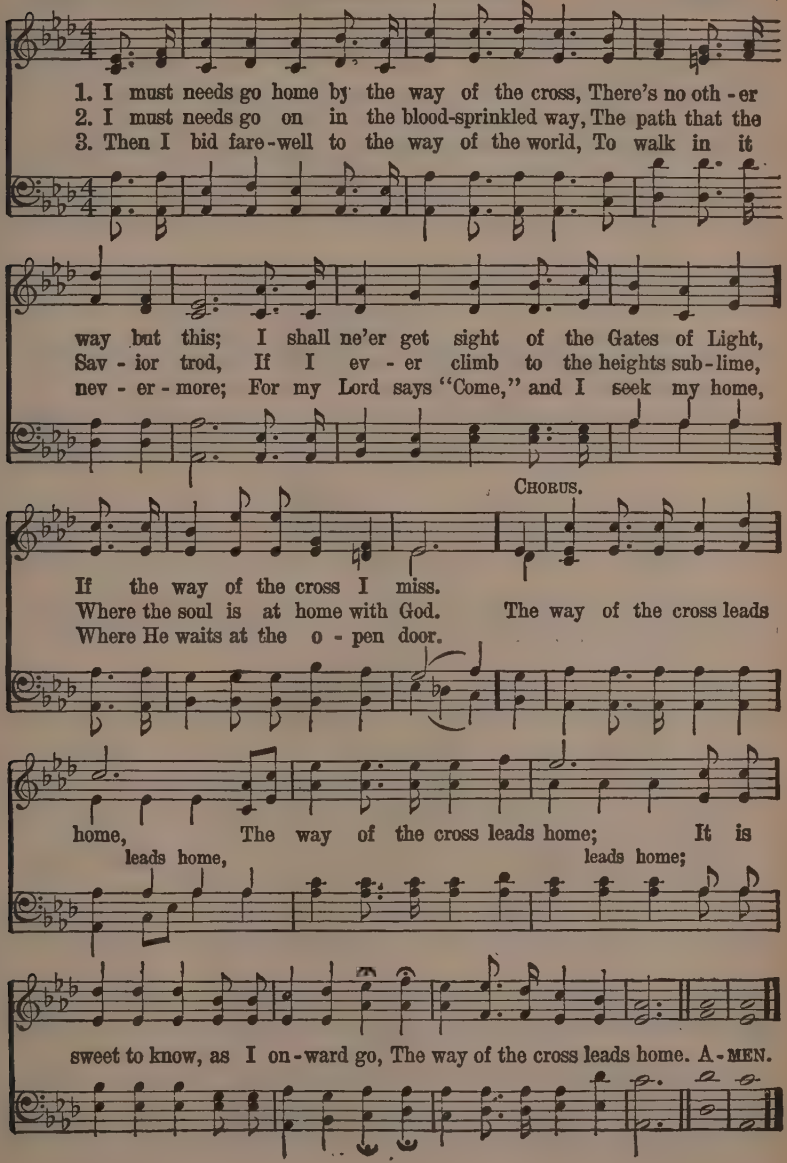
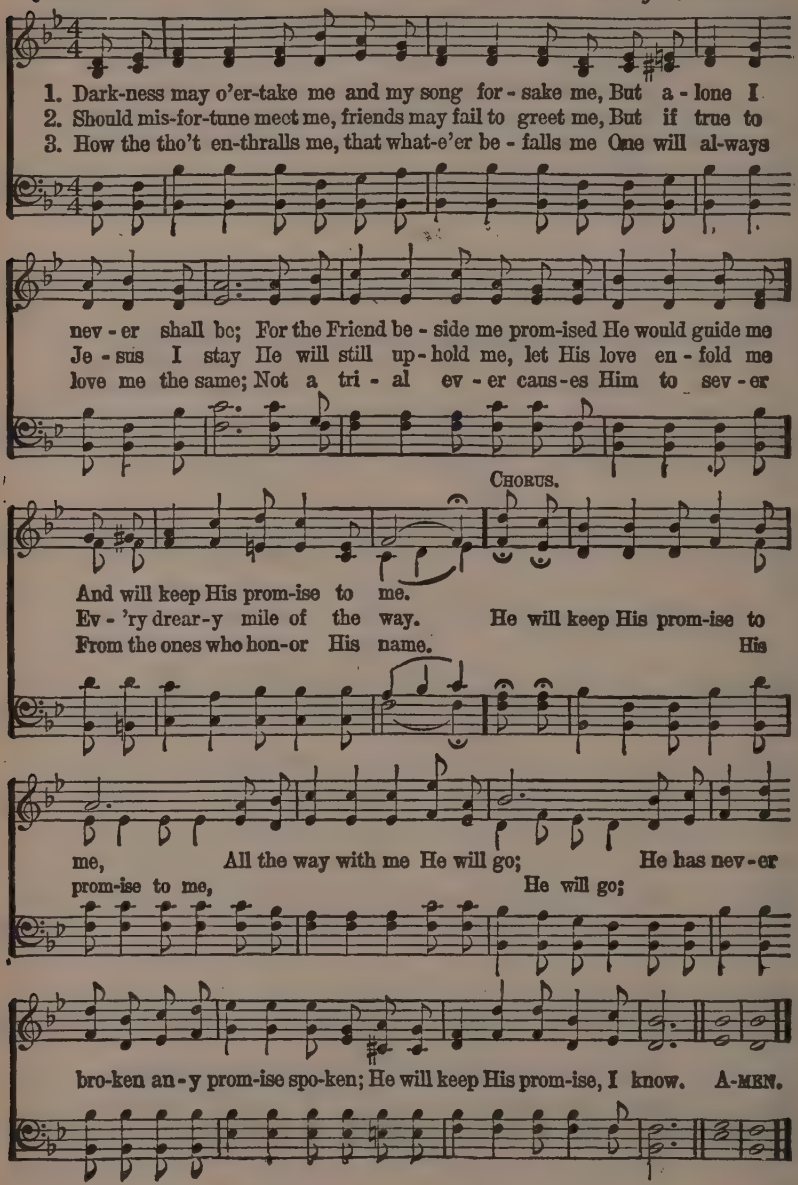

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I on-ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A-MEN.
leads home,
leads home;

106 His Promise To Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Henry P. Morton.


1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song for - sake me, But a - lone I
2. Should mis-for-tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er be - falls me One will al-ways
nev - er shall be; For the Friend be - side me prom-ised He would guide me
Je - sus I stay He will still up - hold me, let His love en - fold me
love me the same; Not a tri - al ev - er caus-es Him to sev - er
CHORUS.
And will keep His prom-ise to me.
Ev - 'ry drear-y mile of the way. He will keep His prom-ise to
From the ones who hon-or His name. His
me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev - er
prom-ise to me, He will go;
bro-ken an - y prom-ise spo-ken; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-MEN.

107 Since His Love Came Shining Through.

Gene Routh.

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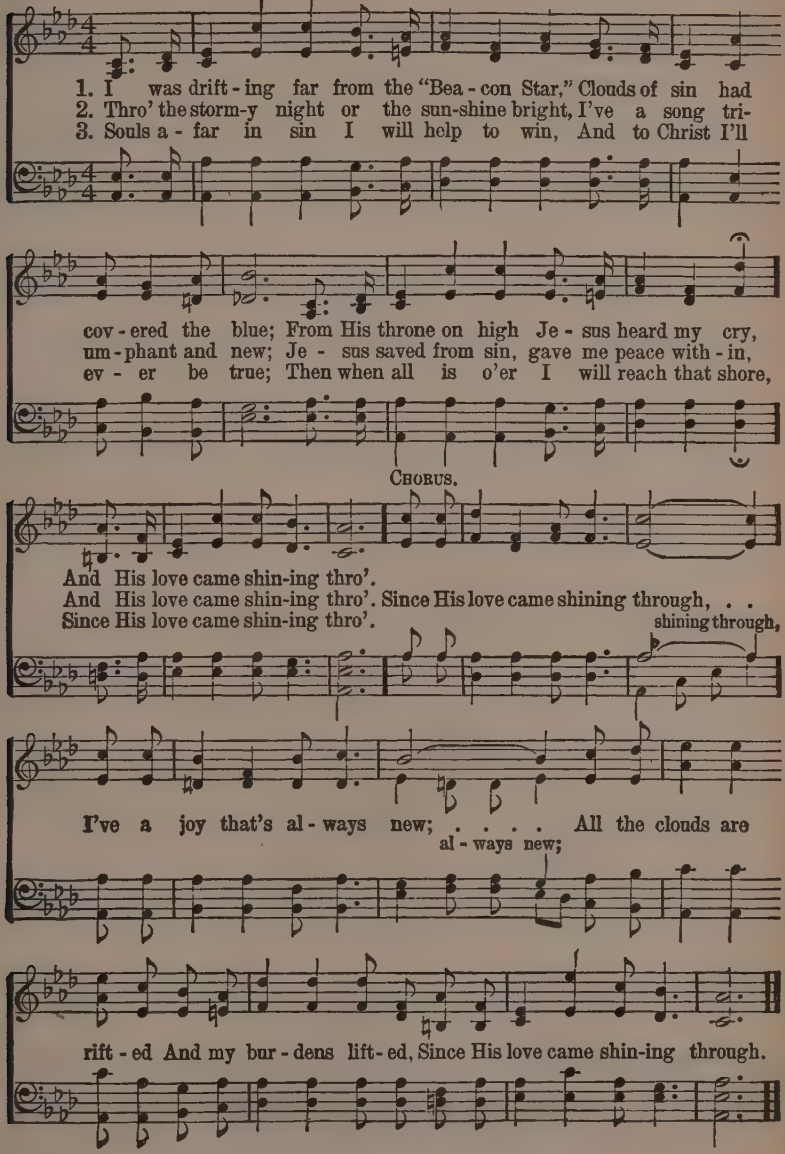
1. I was drift - ing far from the "Bea - con Star," Clouds of sin had
2. Thro' the storm-y night or the sun-shine bright, I've a song tri-
3. Souls a - far in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll
cov - ered the blue; From His throne on high Je - sus heard my cry,
um - phant and new; Je - sus saved from sin, gave me peace with - in,
ev - er be true; Then when all is o'er I will reach that shore,
Chorus.
And His love came shin-ing thro'.
And His love came shin-ing thro'. Since His love came shining through, . .
Since His love came shin-ing thro'.
shining through,
I've a joy that's al - ways new; . . . . All the clouds are
al - ways new;
rift - ed And my bur - dens lift - ed, Since His love came shin-ing through.

108 Our Best.

S. C. Kirk.

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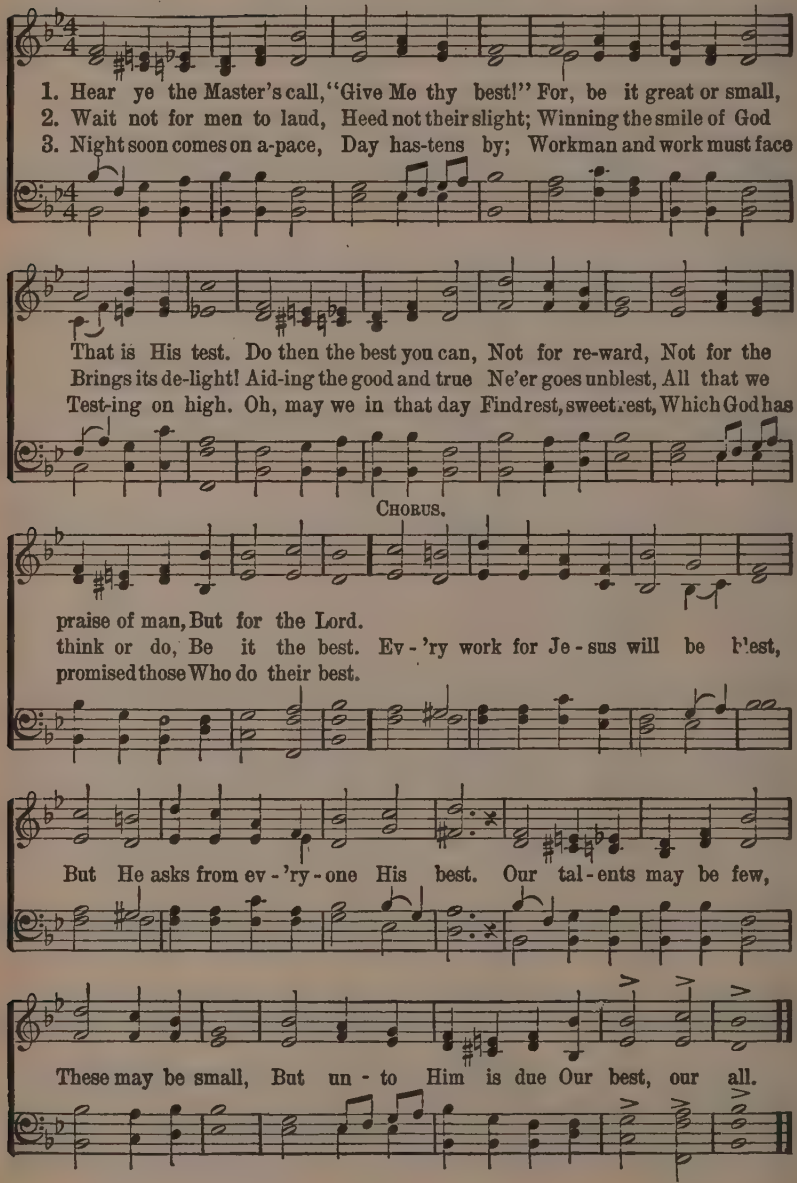
1. Hear ye the Master's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
2. Wait not for men to laud, Heed not their slight; Winning the smile of God
3. Night soon comes on a-pace, Day has-tens by; Workman and work must face
That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re-ward, Not for the
Brings its de-light! Aid-ing the good and true Ne'er goes unblest, All that we
Test-ing on high. Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweet rest, Which God has
Chorus.
praise of man, But for the Lord.
think or do, Be it the best. Ev-'ry work for Je-sus will be blest,
promised those Who do their best.
But He asks from ev-'ry-one His best. Our tal-ents may be few,
These may be small, But un-to Him is due Our best, our all.

109 Beyond the Shadows.

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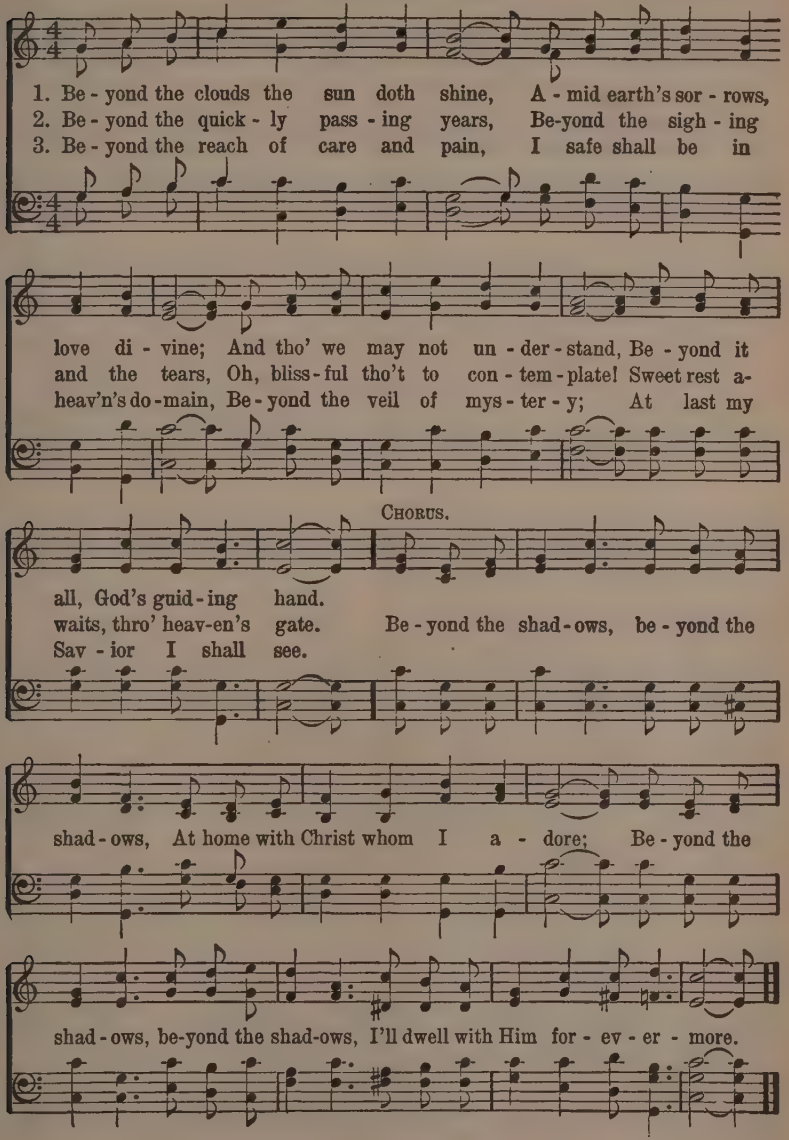
1. Be - yond the clouds the sun doth shine, A - mid earth's sor - rows,
2. Be - yond the quick - ly pass - ing years, Be-yond the sigh - ing
3. Be - yond the reach of care and pain, I safe shall be in
love di - vine; And tho' we may not un - der - stand, Be - yond it
and the tears, Oh, bliss - ful tho't to con - tem - plate! Sweet rest a-
heav'n's do - main, Be - yond the veil of mys - ter - y; At last my
CHORUS.
all, God's guid - ing hand.
waits, thro' heav-en's gate. Be - yond the shad - ows, be - yond the
Sav - ior I shall see.
shad - ows, At home with Christ whom I a - dore; Be - yond the
shad - ows, be-yond the shad-ows, I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er - more.

110 Whisper a Prayer.

S. L.

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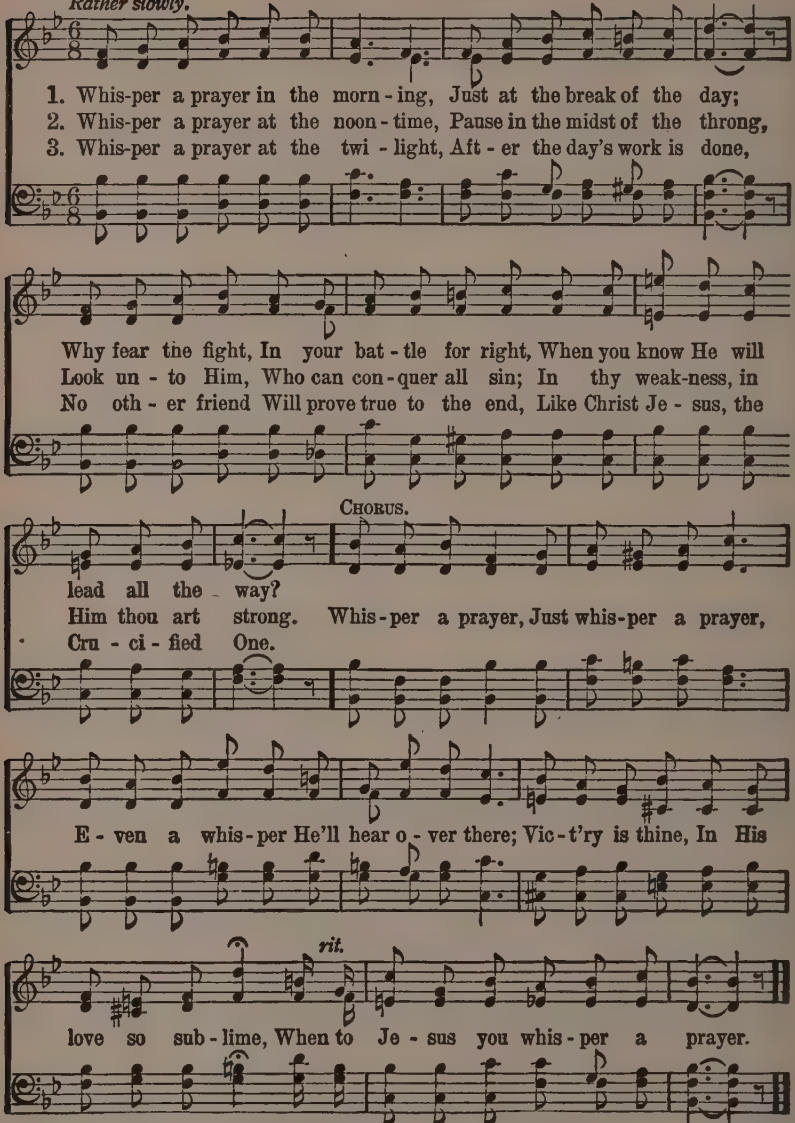
Scott Lawrence.

Rather slowly.


1. Whis-per a prayer in the morn - ing, Just at the break of the day;
2. Whis-per a prayer at the noon - time, Pause in the midst of the throng,
3. Whis-per a prayer at the twi - light, Aft - er the day's work is done,
Why fear the fight, In your bat - tle for right, When you know He will
Look un - to Him, Who can con - quer all sin; In thy weak-ness, in
No oth - er friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Je - sus, the
Chorus.
lead all the way?
Him thou art strong. Whis-per a prayer, Just whis-per a prayer,
Cru - ci - fied One.
E - ven a whis-per He'll hear o - ver there; Vic-t'ry is thine, In His
rit.
love so sub - lime, When to Je - sus you whis - per a prayer.

111 I Need Jesus.

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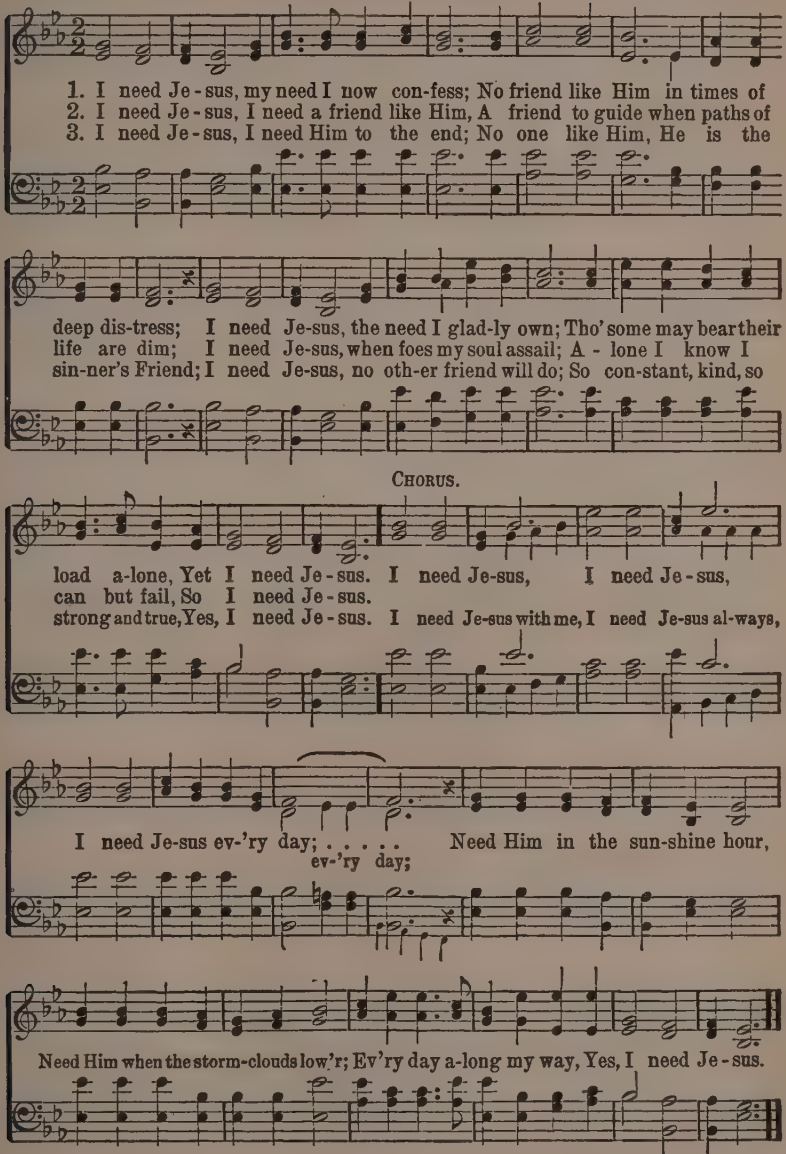
1. I need Je - sus, my need I now con-fess; No friend like Him in times of
2. I need Je - sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when paths of
3. I need Je - sus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him, He is the
deep dis-tress; I need Je-sus, the need I glad-ly own; Tho' some may bear their
life are dim; I need Je-sus, when foes my soul assail; A - lone I know I
sin-ner's Friend; I need Je-sus, no oth-er friend will do; So con-stant, kind, so
CHORUS.
load a-lone, Yet I need Je - sus. I need Je-sus, I need Je - sus,
can but fail, So I need Je - sus.
strong and true, Yes, I need Je - sus. I need Je-sus with me, I need Je-sus al-ways,
I need Je-sus ev-'ry day; . . . . . Need Him in the sun-shine hour,
ev-'ry day;
Need Him when the storm-clouds low'r; Ev'ry day a-long my way, Yes, I need Je - sus.

112 At the End of the Way is Jesus.

W. C. Poole.

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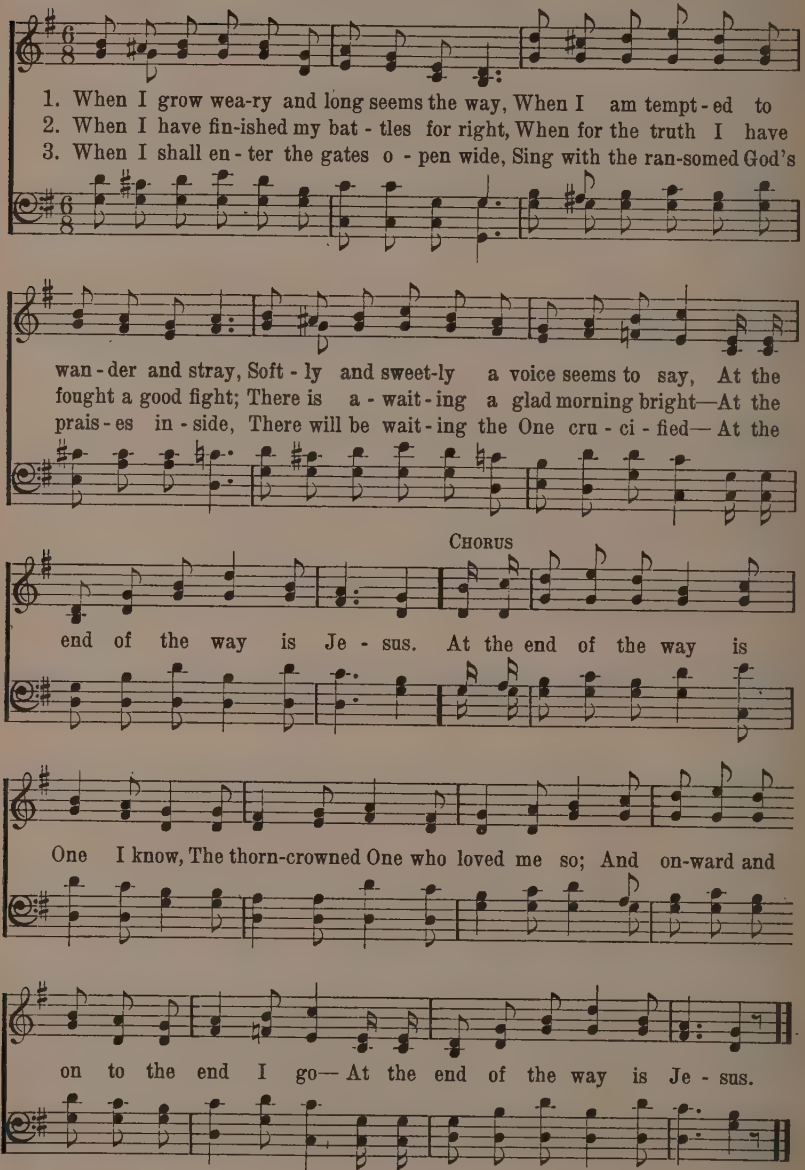
1. When I grow wea-ry and long seems the way, When I am tempt-ed to
2. When I have fin-ished my bat-tles for right, When for the truth I have
3. When I shall en-ter the gates o-pen wide, Sing with the ran-somed God's
wan-der and stray, Soft-ly and sweet-ly a voice seems to say, At the
fought a good fight; There is a-wait-ing a glad morning bright—At the
prais-es in-side, There will be wait-ing the One cru-ci-fied— At the
Chorus
end of the way is Je-sus. At the end of the way is
One I know, The thorn-crowned One who loved me so; And on-ward and
on to the end I go— At the end of the way is Je-sus.

113 What Is Your Life.

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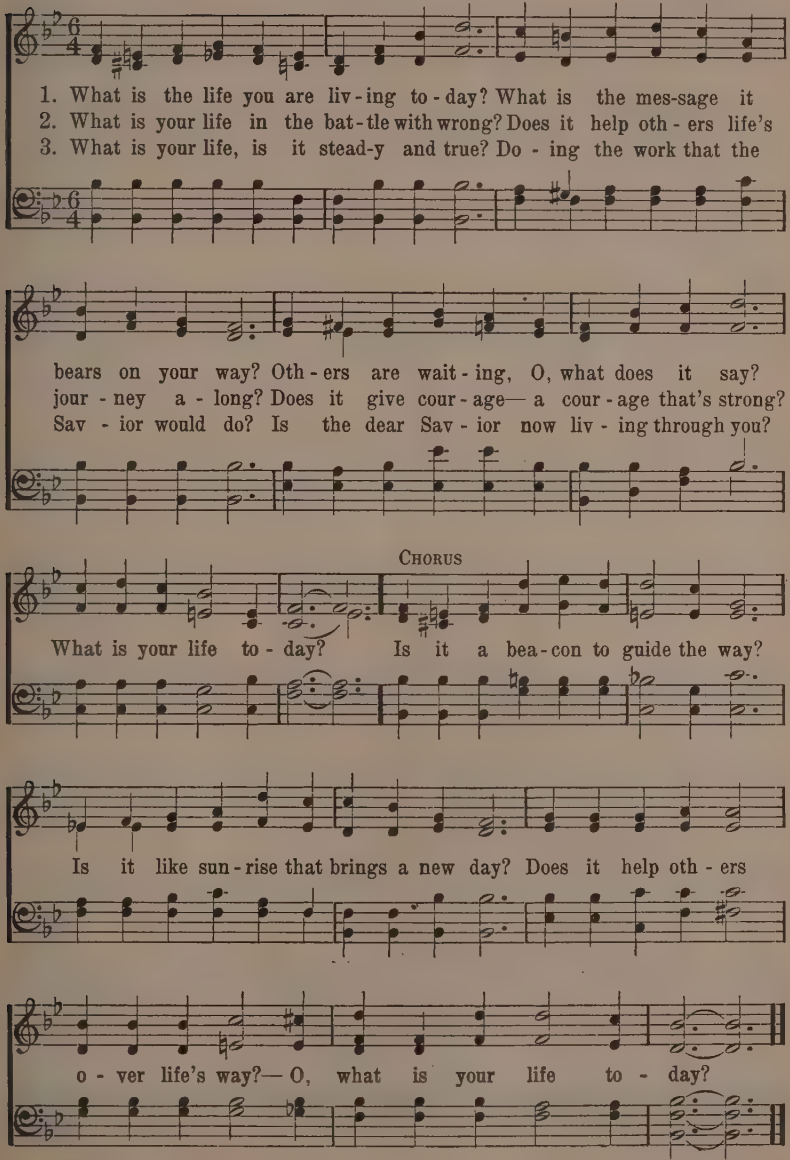
1. What is the life you are liv - ing to - day? What is the mes-sage it
2. What is your life in the bat - tle with wrong? Does it help oth - ers life's
3. What is your life, is it stead-y and true? Do - ing the work that the
bears on your way? Oth - ers are wait - ing, O, what does it say?
jour - ney a - long? Does it give cour - age— a cour - age that's strong?
Sav - ior would do? Is the dear Sav - ior now liv - ing through you?
Chorus
What is your life to - day? Is it a bea - con to guide the way?
Is it like sun - rise that brings a new day? Does it help oth - ers
o - ver life's way?— O, what is your life to - day?

114 Sunrise.

W. C. Poole.

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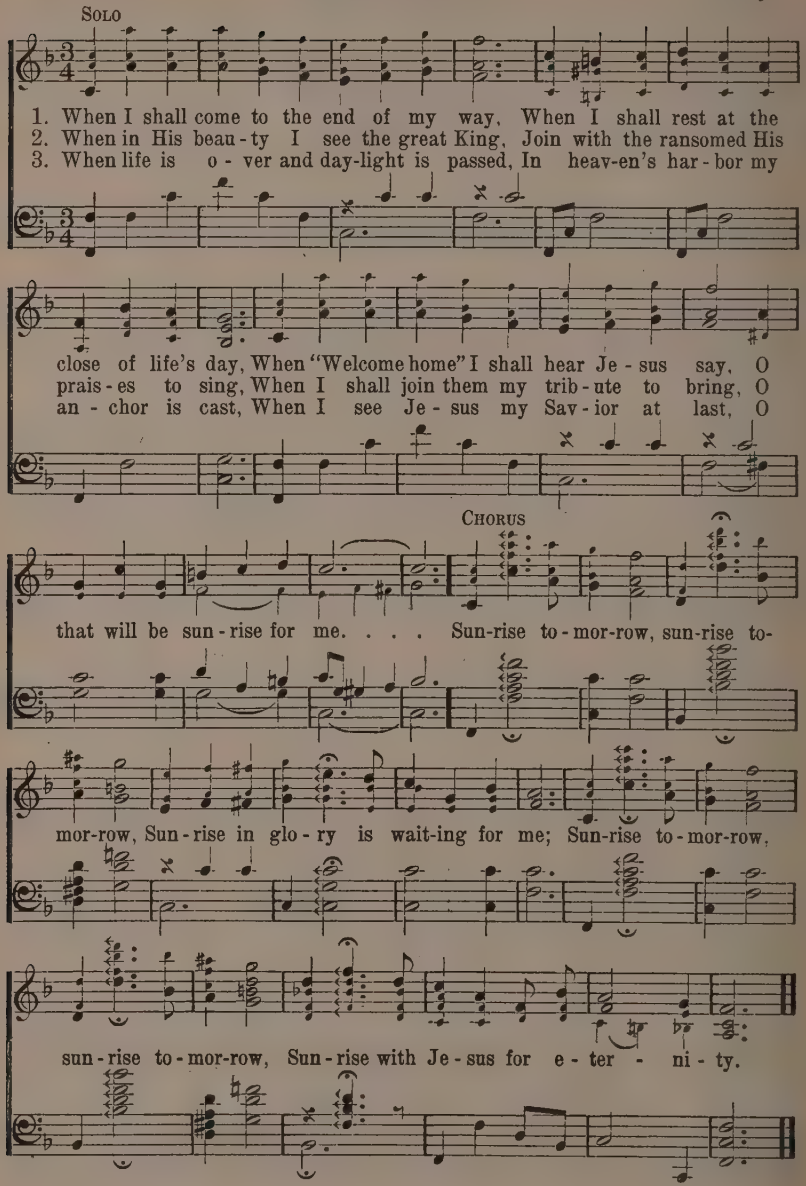
Solo
1. When I shall come to the end of my way, When I shall rest at the
2. When in His beau-ty I see the great King, Join with the ransomed His
3. When life is o-ver and day-light is passed, In heav-en's har-bor my
close of life's day, When "Welcome home" I shall hear Je-sus say, O
prais-es to sing, When I shall join them my trib-ute to bring, O
an-chor is cast, When I see Je-sus my Sav-ior at last, O
Chorus
that will be sun-rise for me. . . . Sun-rise to-mor-row, sun-rise to-
mor-row, Sun-rise in glo-ry is wait-ing for me; Sun-rise to-mor-row,
sun-rise to-mor-row, Sun-rise with Je-sus for e-ter-ni-ty.

115 God's To-morrow.

A. H. A.

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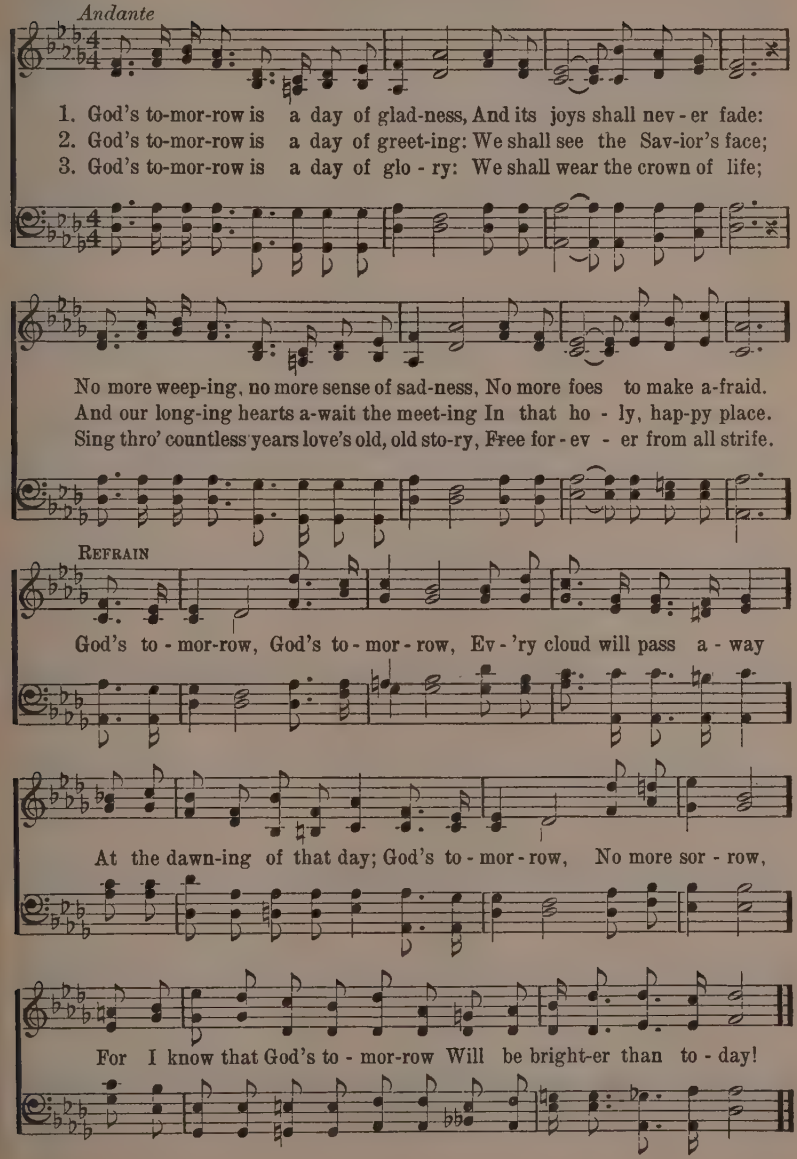
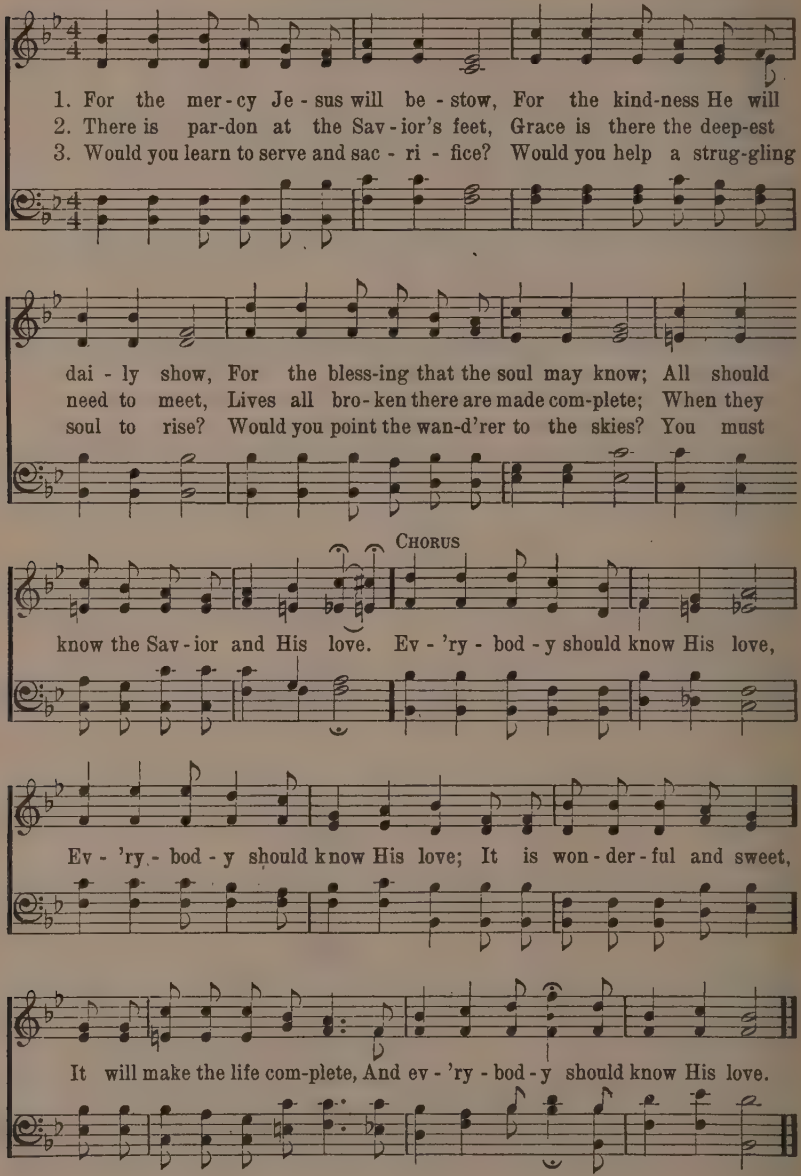
Andante

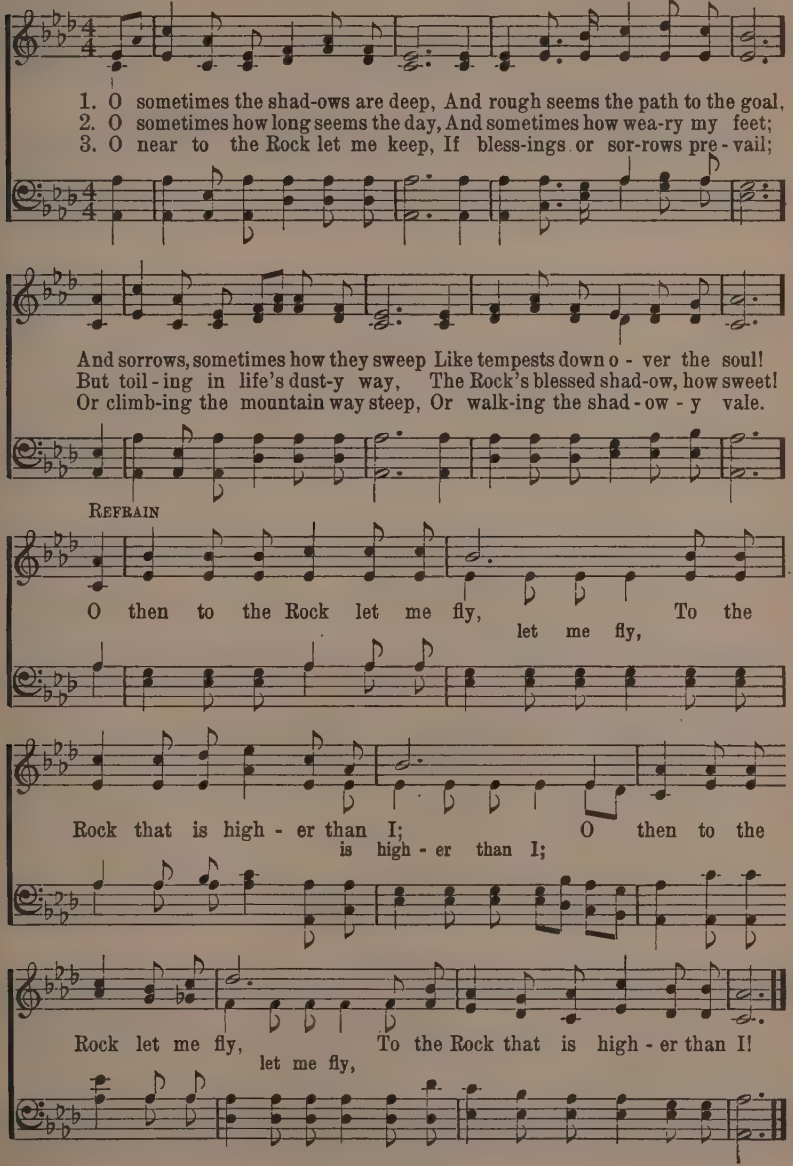

1. God's to-mor-row is a day of glad-ness, And its joys shall nev - er fade:
2. God's to-mor-row is a day of greet-ing: We shall see the Sav-ior's face;
3. God's to-mor-row is a day of glo - ry: We shall wear the crown of life;
No more weep-ing, no more sense of sad-ness, No more foes to make a-fraid.
And our long-ing hearts a-wait the meet-ing In that ho - ly, hap-py place.
Sing thro' countless years love's old, old sto-ry, Free for - ev - er from all strife.
REFRAIN
God's to - mor-row, God's to - mor - row, Ev - 'ry cloud will pass a - way
At the dawn-ing of that day; God's to - mor - row, No more sor - row,
For I know that God's to - mor-row Will be bright-er than to - day!

116 Everybody Should Know His Love.

William M. Runyan. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. T. HILDEBRAND, ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Harry Dixon Loes.


1. For the mer-cy Je-sus will be-stow, For the kind-ness He will
2. There is par-don at the Sav-ior's feet, Grace is there the deep-est
3. Would you learn to serve and sac-ri-fice? Would you help a strug-gling
dai-ly show, For the bless-ing that the soul may know; All should
need to meet, Lives all bro-ken there are made com-plete; When they
soul to rise? Would you point the wan-d'rer to the skies? You must
CHORUS
know the Sav-ior and His love. Ev-'ry-bod-y should know His love,
Ev-'ry-bod-y should know His love; It is won-der-ful and sweet,
It will make the life com-plete, And ev-'ry-bod-y should know His love.

117 The Rock That Is Higher Than I.

E. Johnson. William G. Fischer.

1. O sometimes the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail;
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o-ver the soul!
But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shad-ow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.
Refrain
O then to the Rock let me fly, To the
let me fly,
Rock that is high-er than I; O then to the
is high-er than I;
Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I!
let me fly,

118 His Arms Are Around Me.

A. H. A.

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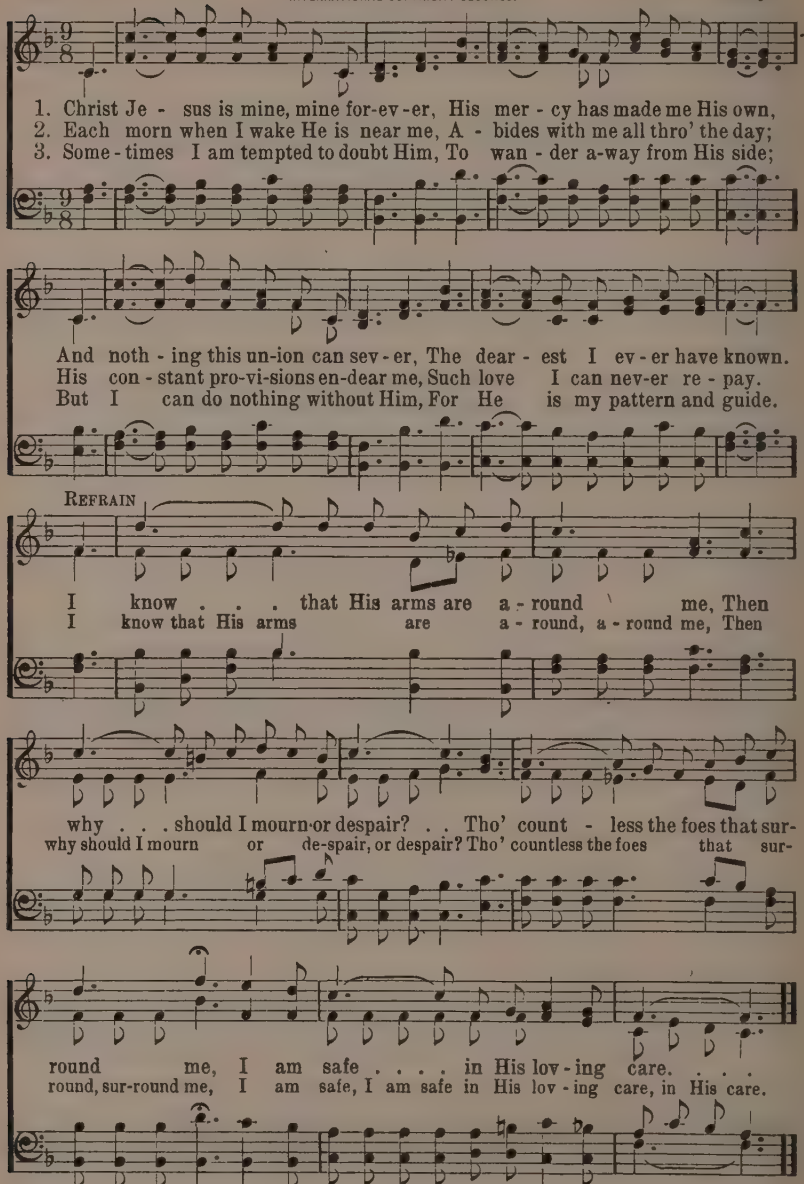
1. Christ Je - sus is mine, mine for-ev-er, His mer - cy has made me His own,
2. Each morn when I wake He is near me, A - bides with me all thro' the day;
3. Some - times I am tempted to doubt Him, To wan - der a-way from His side;
And noth - ing this un-ion can sev - er, The dear - est I ev - er have known.
His con - stant pro-vi-sions en-dear me, Such love I can nev-er re - pay.
But I can do nothing without Him, For He is my pattern and guide.
REFRAIN
I know . . . that His arms are a - round me, Then
I know that His arms are a - round, a - round me, Then
why . . . should I mourn or despair? . . Tho' count - less the foes that sur-
why should I mourn or de-spair, or despair? Tho' countless the foes that sur-
round me, I am safe . . . . in His lov - ing care. . . .
round, sur-round me, I am safe, I am safe in His lov - ing care, in His care.

119 Only a Little Way Home.

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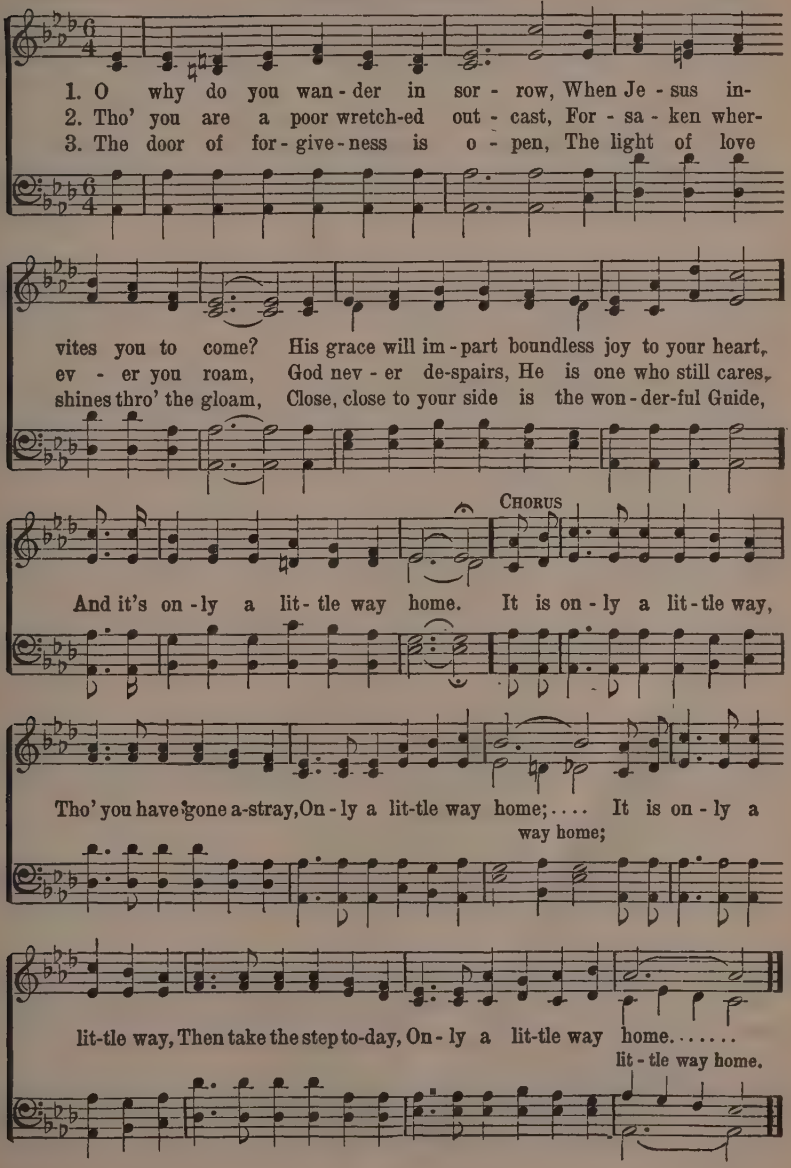
1. O why do you wan - der in sor - row, When Je - sus in-
2. Tho' you are a poor wretch-ed out - cast, For - sa - ken wher-
3. The door of for - give - ness is o - pen, The light of love
vites you to come? His grace will im - part boundless joy to your heart,
ev - er you roam, God nev - er de-spairs, He is one who still cares,
shines thro' the gloam, Close, close to your side is the won - der-ful Guide,
Chorus
And it's on - ly a lit - tle way home. It is on - ly a lit - tle way,
Tho' you have gone a-stray, On - ly a lit-tle way home; .... It is on - ly a way home;
lit-tle way, Then take the step to-day, On - ly a lit-tle way home. .....
lit - tle way home.

120 Speak To My Heart.

Gene Routh.

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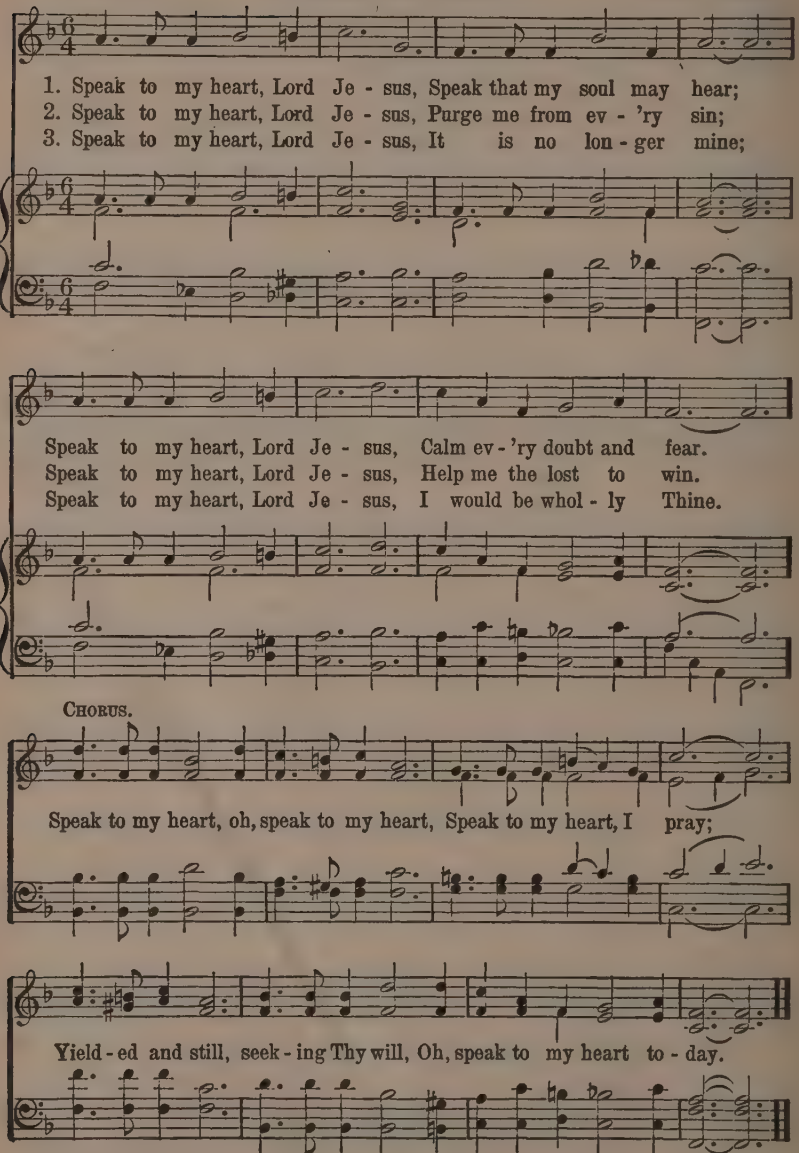
1. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Speak that my soul may hear;
2. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Purge me from ev - 'ry sin;
3. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, It is no lon - ger mine;
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Calm ev - 'ry doubt and fear.
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Help me the lost to win.
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, I would be whol - ly Thine.
Chorus.
Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart, Speak to my heart, I pray;
Yield - ed and still, seek - ing Thy will, Oh, speak to my heart to - day.

121 Why Should He Love Me So?

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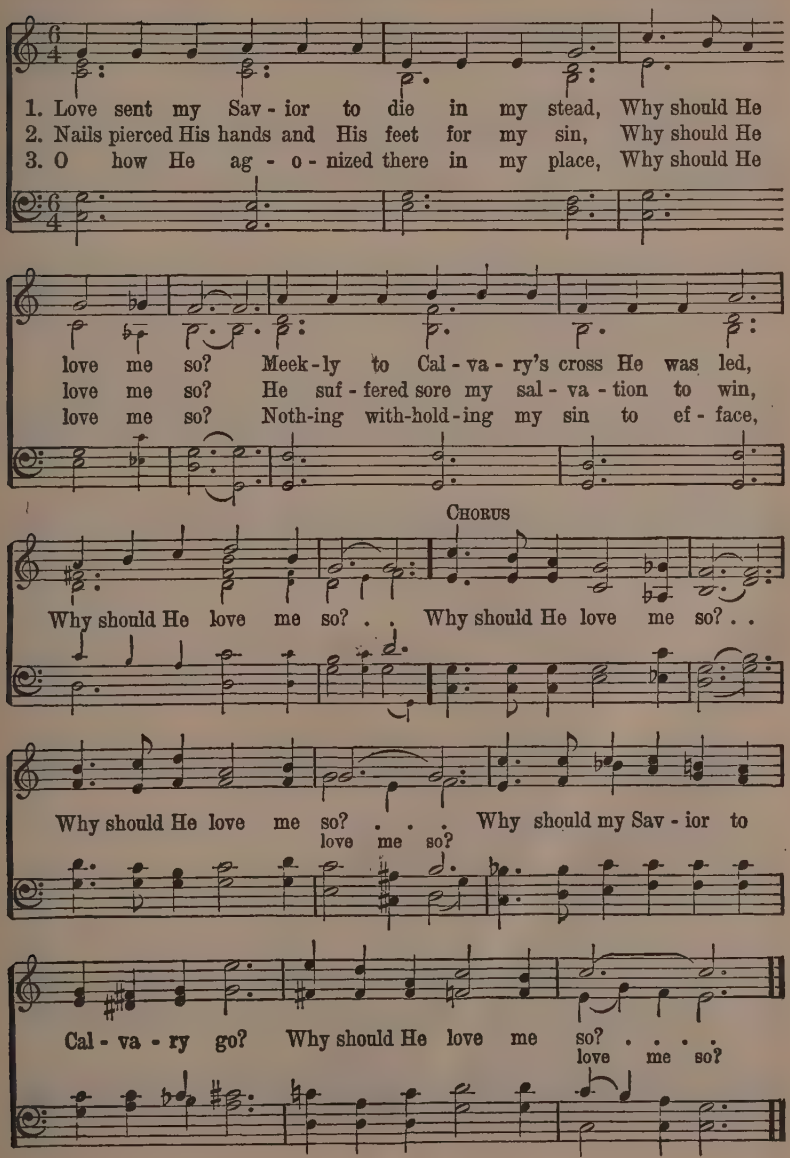
1. Love sent my Sav - ior to die in my stead, Why should He
2. Nails pierced His hands and His feet for my sin, Why should He
3. O how He ag - o - nized there in my place, Why should He
love me so? Meek - ly to Cal - va - ry's cross He was led,
love me so? He suf - fered sore my sal - va - tion to win,
love me so? Noth-ing with-hold - ing my sin to ef - face,
Chorus
Why should He love me so? . . Why should He love me so? . .
Why should He love me so? . . . Why should my Sav - ior to
love me so?
Cal - va - ry go? Why should He love me so? . . . .
love me so?

122 His Love Won My Heart.

J. P. S.

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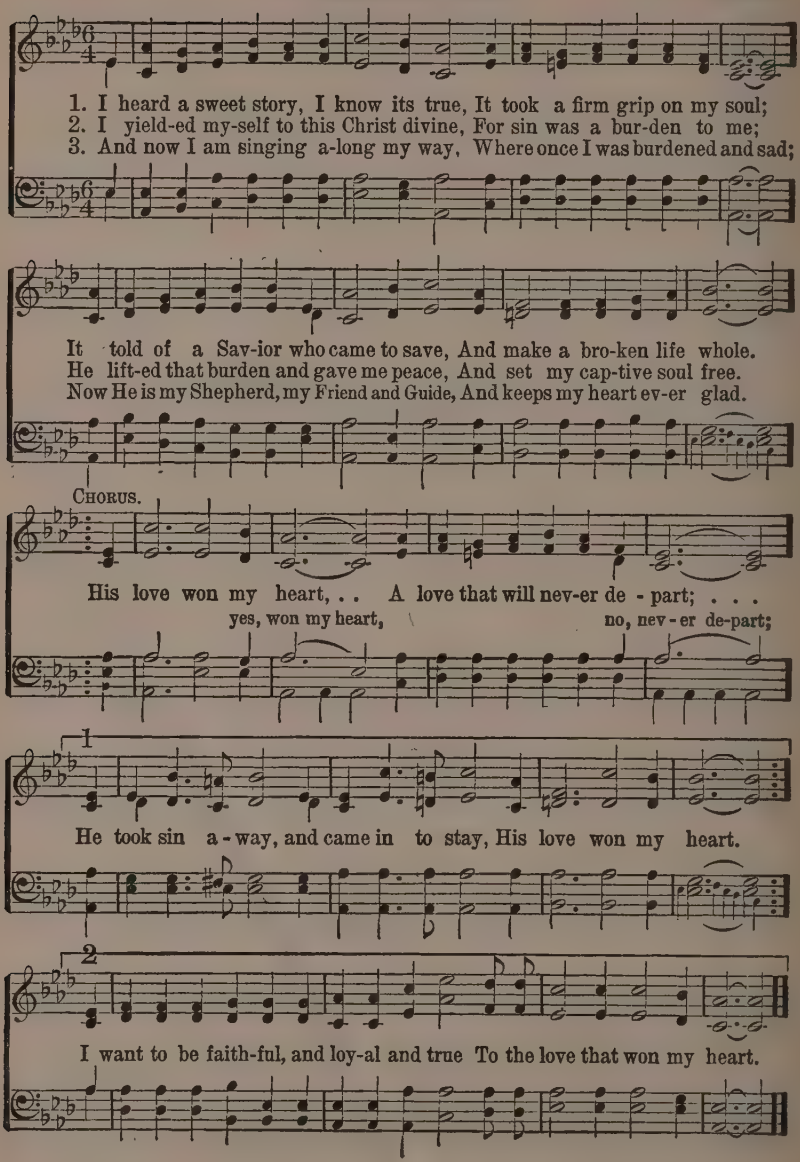
1. I heard a sweet story, I know its true, It took a firm grip on my soul;
2. I yield-ed my-self to this Christ divine, For sin was a bur-den to me;
3. And now I am singing a-long my way, Where once I was burdened and sad;
It told of a Sav-ior who came to save, And make a bro-ken life whole.
He lift-ed that burden and gave me peace, And set my cap-tive soul free.
Now He is my Shepherd, my Friend and Guide, And keeps my heart ev-er glad.
Chorus.
His love won my heart, . . A love that will nev-er de - part; . . .
yes, won my heart, no, nev - er de-part;
1
He took sin a - way, and came in to stay, His love won my heart.
2
I want to be faith-ful, and loy-al and true To the love that won my heart.

123 Just a Little Better Every Day.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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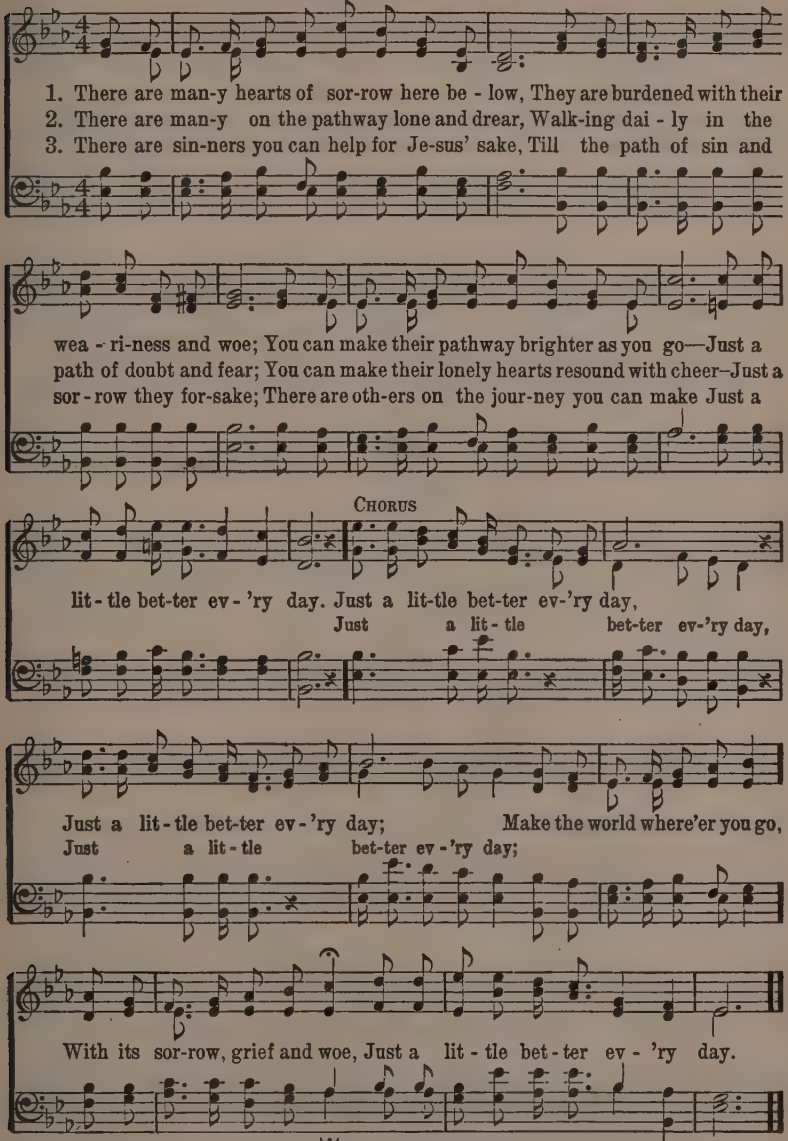
1. There are man-y hearts of sor-row here be - low, They are burdened with their
2. There are man-y on the pathway lone and drear, Walk-ing dai - ly in the
3. There are sin-ners you can help for Je-sus' sake, Till the path of sin and
wea - ri-ness and woe; You can make their pathway brighter as you go—Just a
path of doubt and fear; You can make their lonely hearts resound with cheer—Just a
sor - row they for-sake; There are oth-ers on the jour-ney you can make Just a
Chorus
lit - tle bet-ter ev - 'ry day. Just a lit-tle bet-ter ev-'ry day,
Just a lit - tle bet-ter ev-'ry day,
Just a lit - tle bet-ter ev - 'ry day; Make the world where'er you go,
Just a lit - tle bet-ter ev - 'ry day;
With its sor-row, grief and woe, Just a lit - tle bet - ter ev - 'ry day.

124 The Old Road.

B. B. McK.

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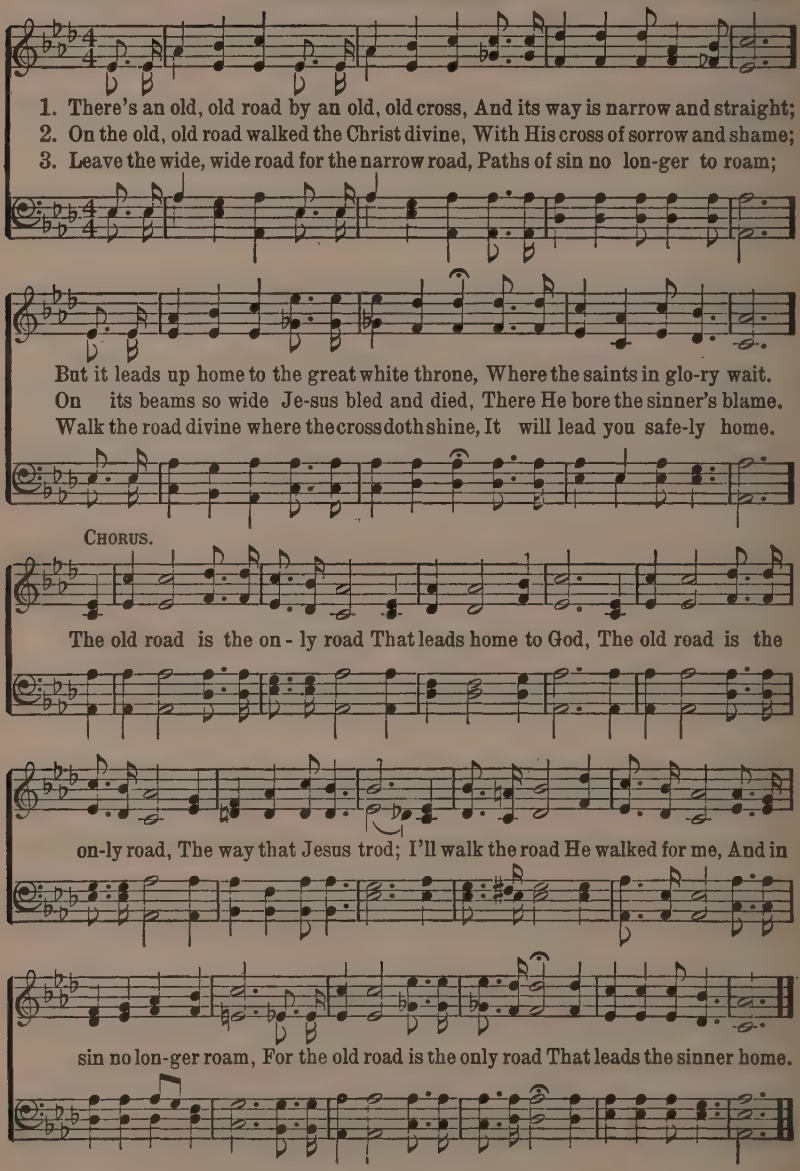
B. B. McKinney.


1. There's an old, old road by an old, old cross, And its way is narrow and straight;
2. On the old, old road walked the Christ divine, With His cross of sorrow and shame;
3. Leave the wide, wide road for the narrow road, Paths of sin no lon-ger to roam;
But it leads up home to the great white throne, Where the saints in glo-ry wait.
On its beams so wide Je-sus bled and died, There He bore the sinner's blame.
Walk the road divine where the cross doth shine, It will lead you safe-ly home.
CHORUS.
The old road is the on - ly road That leads home to God, The old road is the
on-ly road, The way that Jesus trod; I'll walk the road He walked for me, And in
sin no lon-ger roam, For the old road is the only road That leads the sinner home.

125 He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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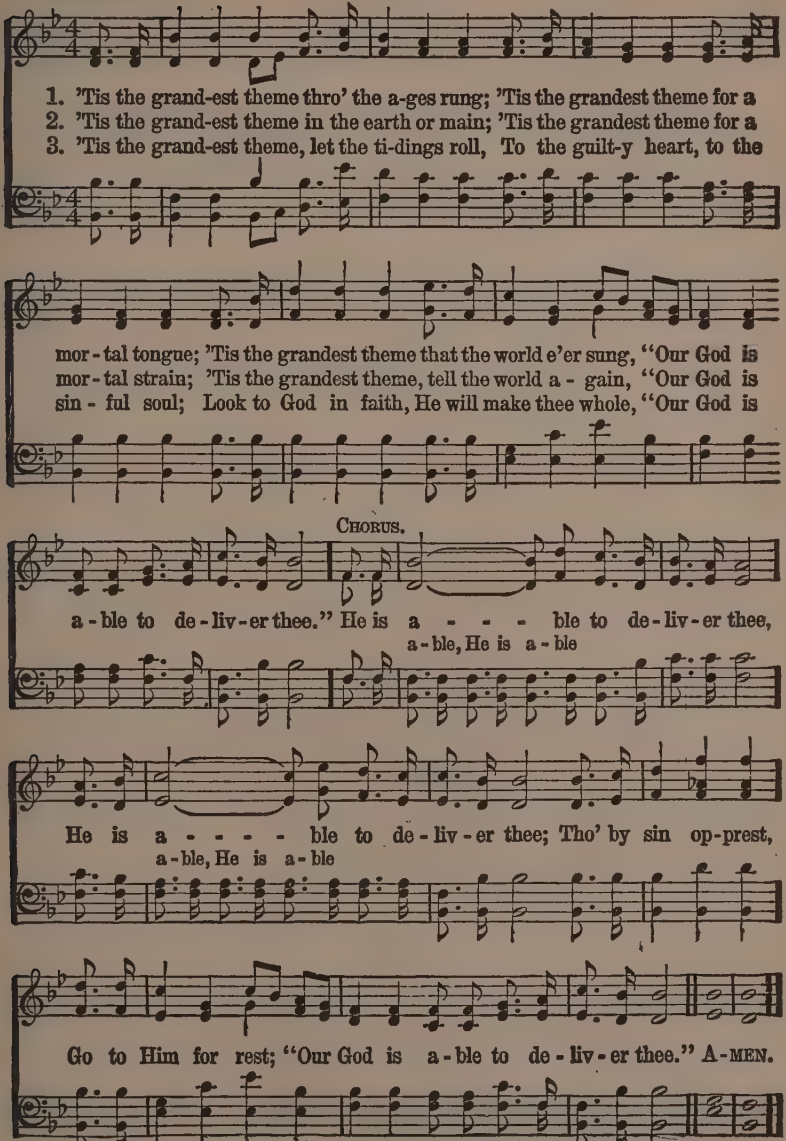
W. A. Ogden.


1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the
mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a-gain, "Our God is
sin-ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is
Chorus.
a-ble to de-liv-er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-liv-er thee,
a-ble, He is a-ble
He is a - - - - ble to de-liv-er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a-ble, He is a-ble
Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee." A-men.

126 His Wonderful Love.

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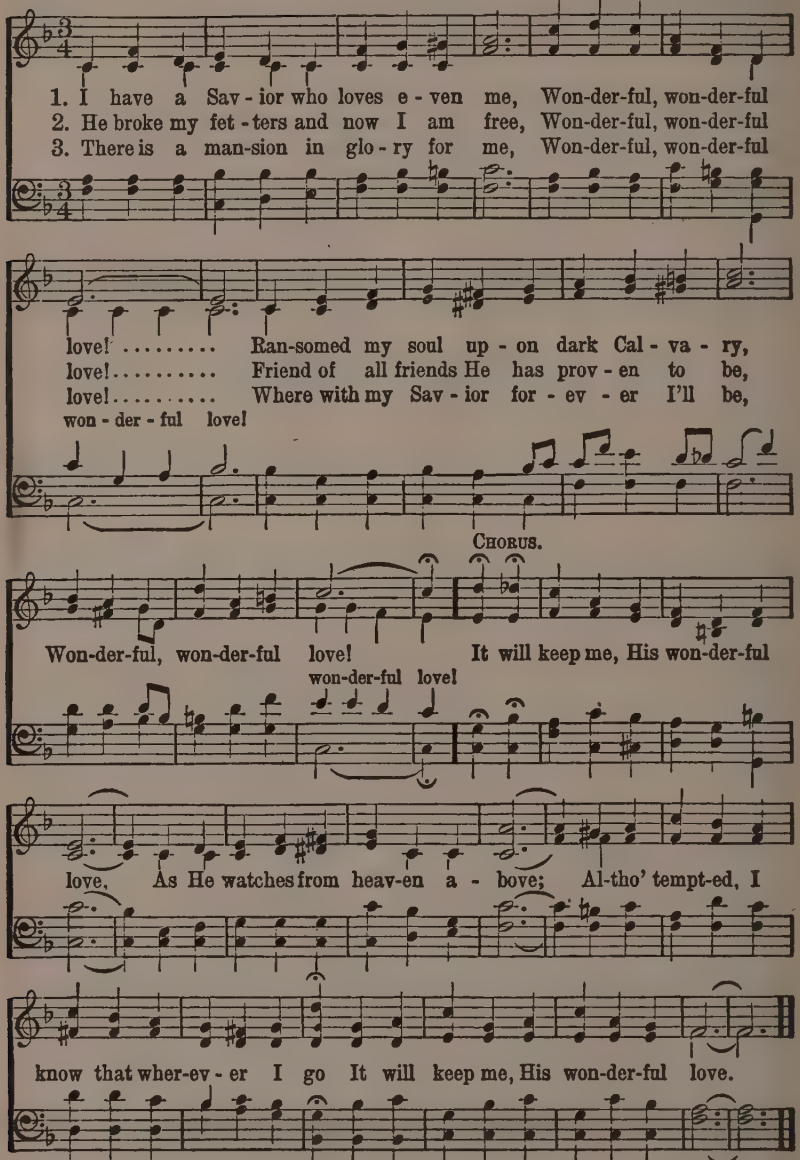
S. L. Scott Lawrence.


1. I have a Sav - ior who loves e - ven me, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful
2. He broke my fet - ters and now I am free, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful
3. There is a man-sion in glo - ry for me, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful
love! ..... Ran-somed my soul up - on dark Cal - va - ry,
love! ..... Friend of all friends He has prov - en to be,
love! ..... Where with my Sav - ior for - ev - er I'll be,
won - der - ful love!
Chorus.
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love! It will keep me, His won-der-ful
won-der-ful love!
love, As He watches from heav-en a - bove; Al-tho' tempt-ed, I
know that wher-ev - er I go It will keep me, His won-der-ful love.

127 How Long Must We Wait?

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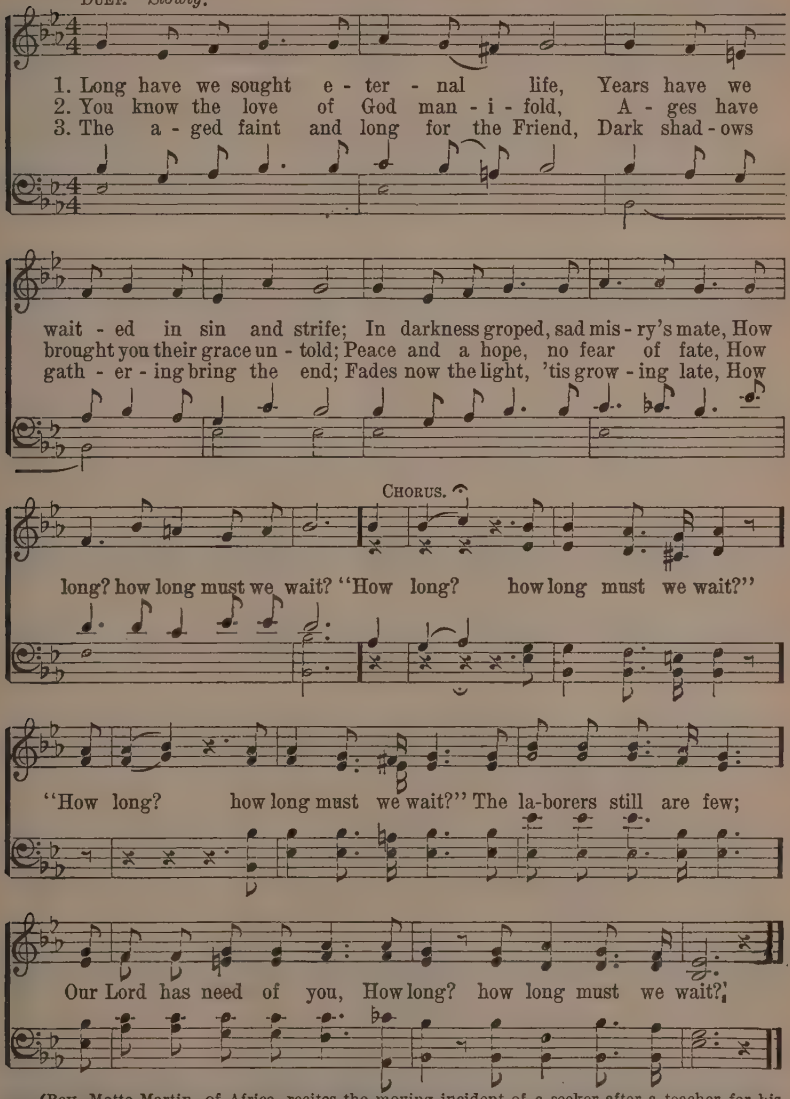
Rev. S. M. Glasgow. Rev. C. T. Caldwell.

DUET. *Slowly.*


1. Long have we sought e - ter - nal life, Years have we
2. You know the love of God man - i - fold, A - ges have
3. The a - ged faint and long for the Friend, Dark shad - ows
wait - ed in sin and strife; In darkness groped, sad mis - ry's mate, How
brought you their grace un - told; Peace and a hope, no fear of fate, How
gath - er - ing bring the end; Fades now the light, 'tis grow - ing late, How
CHORUS.
long? how long must we wait? "How long? how long must we wait?"
"How long? how long must we wait?" The la-borers still are few;
Our Lord has need of you, How long? how long must we wait?

(Rev. Motte Martin, of Africa, recites the moving incident of a seeker after a teacher for his distant village who, when thrice refused, there being none to send, cried out in his brokenheartedness, in response to the answer, "You must wait:" "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT? Oh, Teacher, ask the white man in your land, "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT?")

128 The Sweetest Story Ever Told.

J. P. S.

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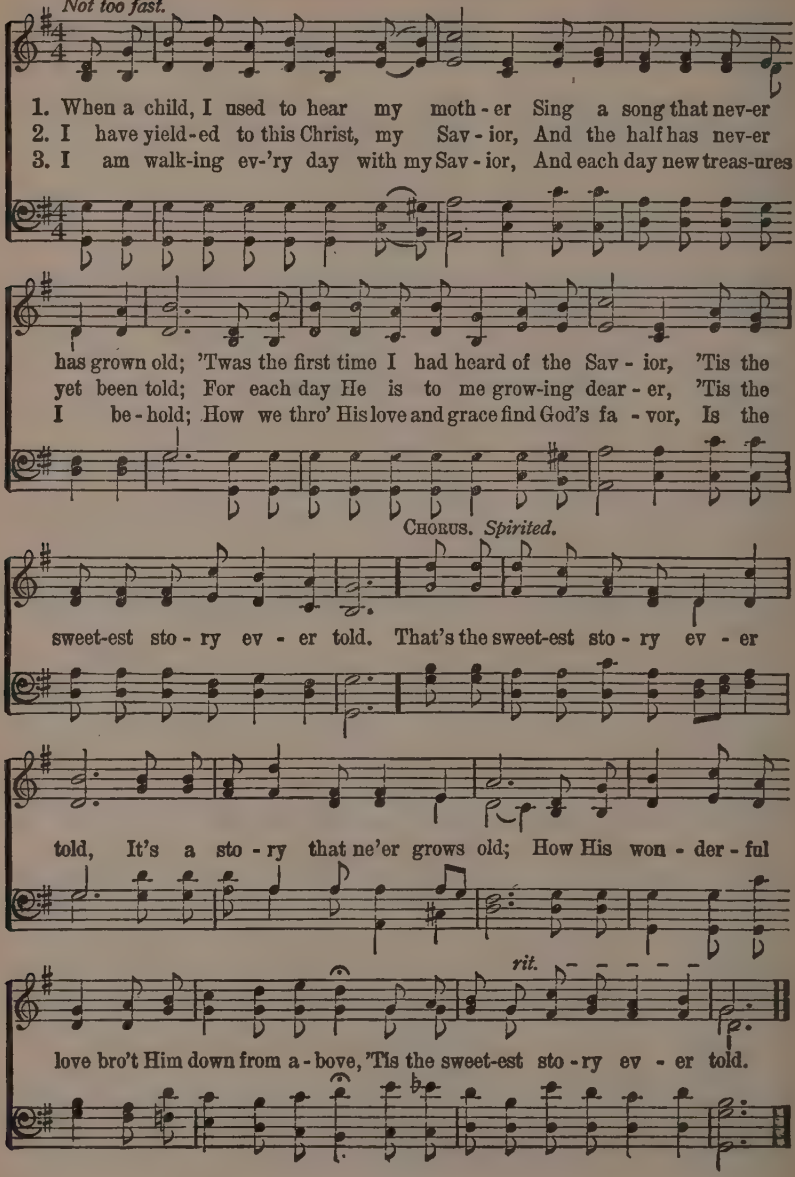
J. P. Scholfield.

Not too fast.


1. When a child, I used to hear my moth - er Sing a song that nev-er
2. I have yield-ed to this Christ, my Sav - ior, And the half has nev-er
3. I am walk-ing ev-'ry day with my Sav - ior, And each day new treas-ures
has grown old; 'Twas the first time I had heard of the Sav - ior, 'Tis the
yet been told; For each day He is to me grow-ing dear - er, 'Tis the
I be - hold; How we thro' His love and grace find God's fa - vor, Is the
CHORUS. *Spirited.*
sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told. That's the sweet-est sto - ry ev - er
told, It's a sto - ry that ne'er grows old; How His won - der - ful
rit.
love bro't Him down from a - bove, 'Tis the sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told.

129 Christ Arose.

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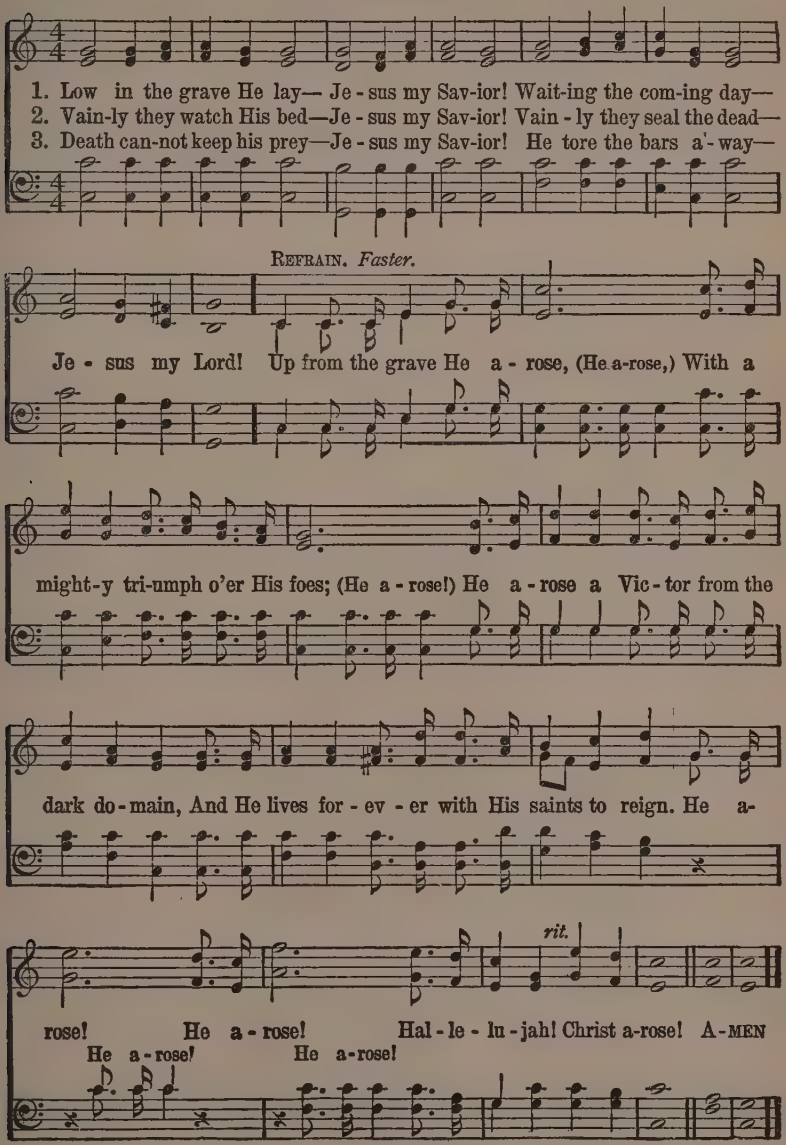
1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav-ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can-not keep his prey—Je - sus my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a'- way—
REFRAIN. Faster.
Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a
might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a - rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-
rit.
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a-rose! A - MEN
He a - rose! He a - rose!

130 You Can Know Him Now.

A. H. A.

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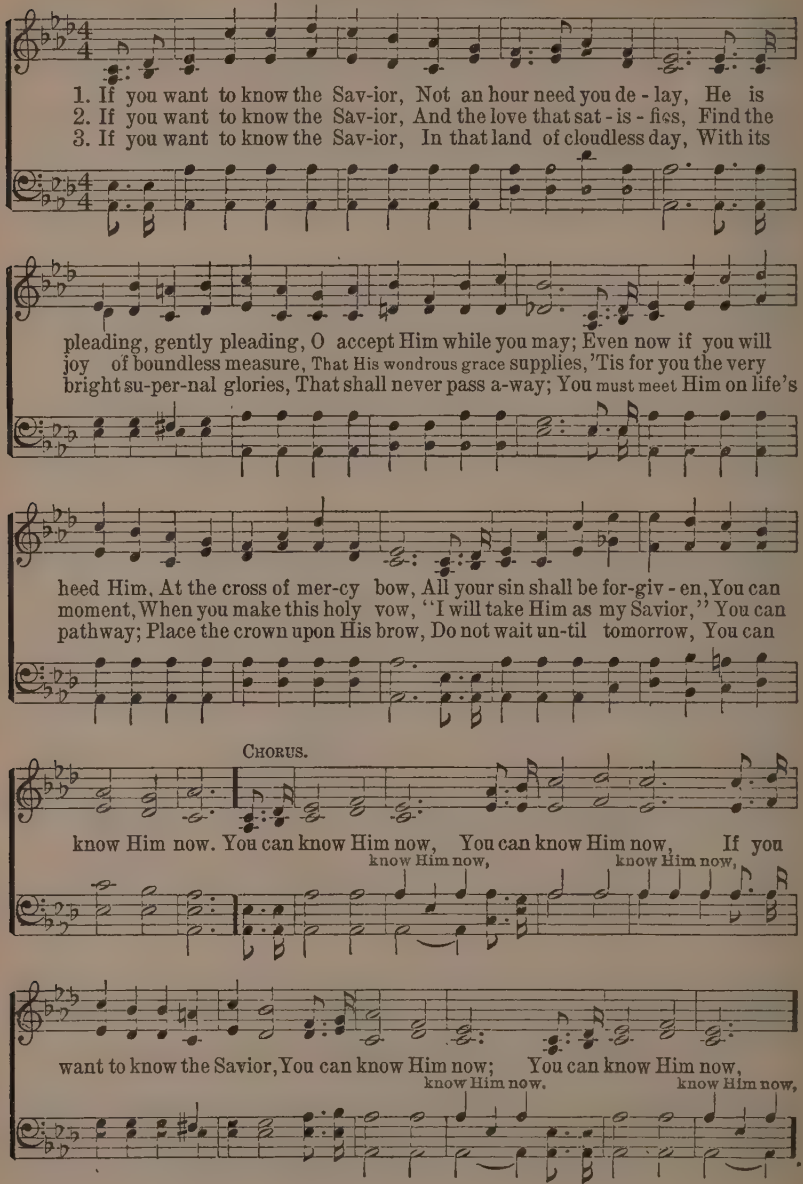
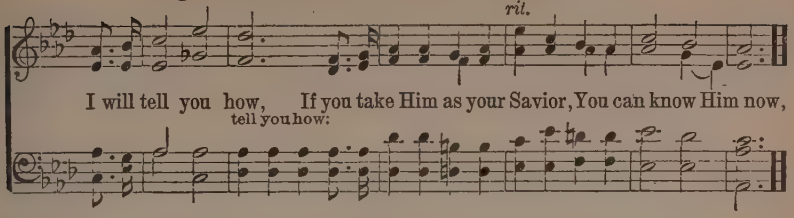

1. If you want to know the Sav-ior, Not an hour need you de - lay, He is
2. If you want to know the Sav-ior, And the love that sat - is - fies, Find the
3. If you want to know the Sav-ior, In that land of cloudless day, With its
pleading, gently pleading, O accept Him while you may; Even now if you will
joy of boundless measure, That His wondrous grace supplies, 'Tis for you the very
bright su-per-nal glories, That shall never pass a-way; You must meet Him on life's
heed Him, At the cross of mer-cy bow, All your sin shall be for-giv - en, You can
moment, When you make this holy vow, "I will take Him as my Savior," You can
pathway; Place the crown upon His brow, Do not wait un-til tomorrow, You can
CHORUS.
know Him now. You can know Him now, You can know Him now, If you
know Him now, know Him now,
want to know the Savior, You can know Him now; You can know Him now,
know Him now. know Him now,

You Can Know Him Now.



131 The Face of the Master.

Mrs. R. W. Leader.

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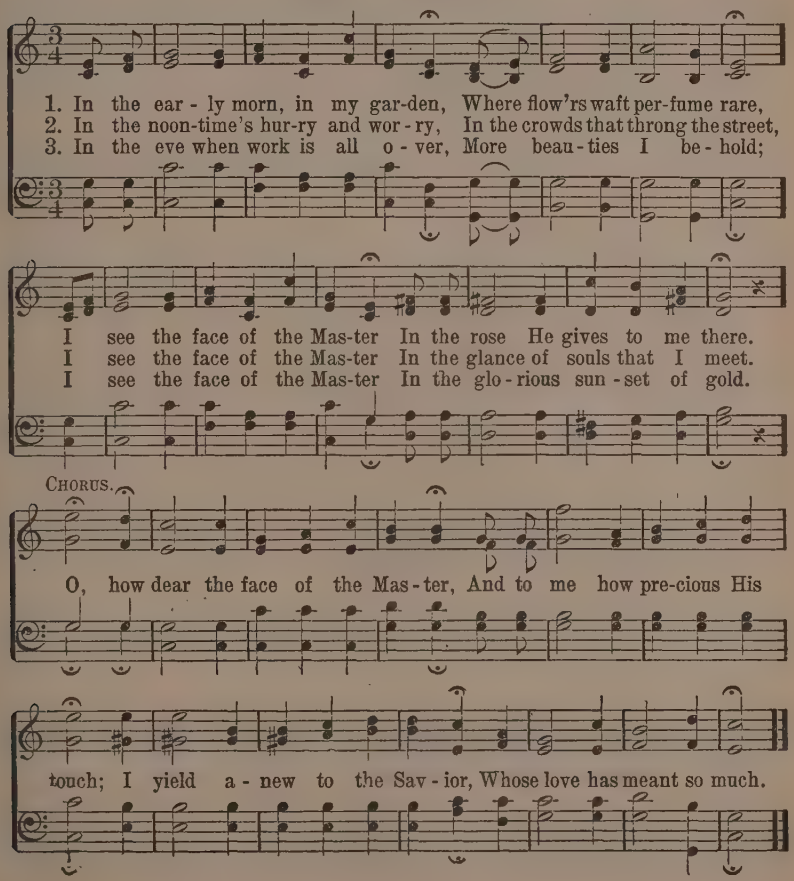
1. In the ear - ly morn, in my gar-den, Where flow'rs waft per-fume rare,
2. In the noon-time's hur-ry and wor - ry, In the crowds that throng the street,
3. In the eve when work is all o - ver, More beau - ties I be - hold;
I see the face of the Mas-ter In the rose He gives to me there.
I see the face of the Mas-ter In the glance of souls that I meet.
I see the face of the Mas-ter In the glo - rious sun - set of gold.
Chorus.
O, how dear the face of the Mas - ter, And to me how pre-cious His
touch; I yield a - new to the Sav - ior, Whose love has meant so much.

132 A Voice Comes to Me.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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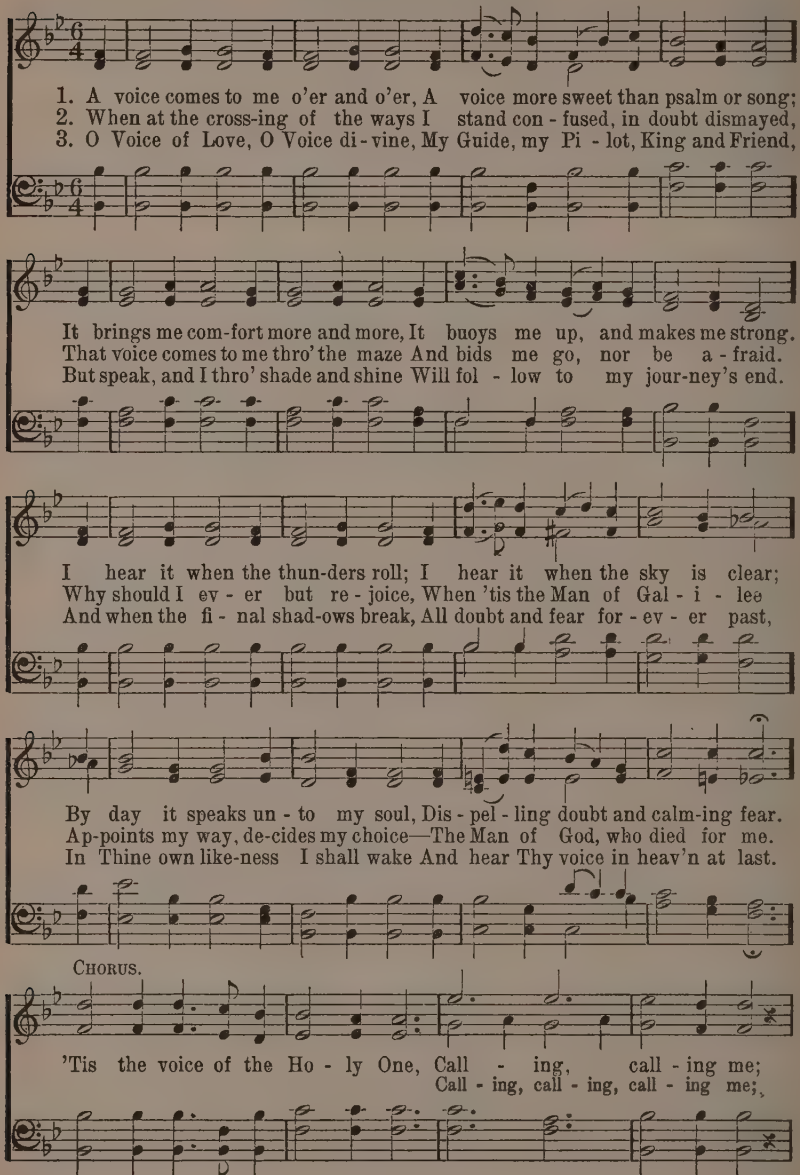
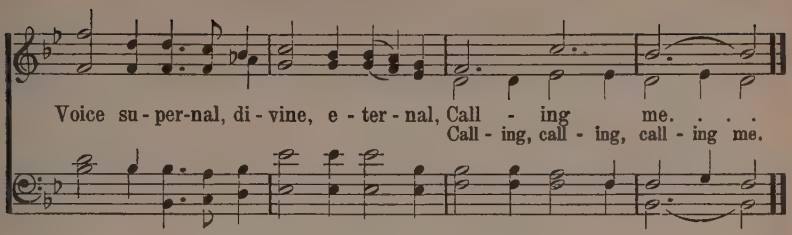
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A voice comes to me o'er and o'er, A voice more sweet than psalm or song;
2. When at the cross-ing of the ways I stand con - fused, in doubt dismayed,
3. O Voice of Love, O Voice di - vine, My Guide, my Pi - lot, King and Friend,
It brings me com-fort more and more, It buoys me up, and makes me strong.
That voice comes to me thro' the maze And bids me go, nor be a - fraid.
But speak, and I thro' shade and shine Will fol - low to my jour-ney's end.
I hear it when the thun-ders roll; I hear it when the sky is clear;
Why should I ev - er but re - joice, When 'tis the Man of Gal - i - lee
And when the fi - nal shad-ows break, All doubt and fear for - ev - er past,
By day it speaks un - to my soul, Dis - pel - ling doubt and calm-ing fear.
Ap-points my way, de-cides my choice—The Man of God, who died for me.
In Thine own like-ness I shall wake And hear Thy voice in heav'n at last.
CHORUS.
'Tis the voice of the Ho - ly One, Call - ing, call - ing me;
Call - ing, call - ing, call - ing me;

A Voice Comes to Me.



133 Lord, I Know Not.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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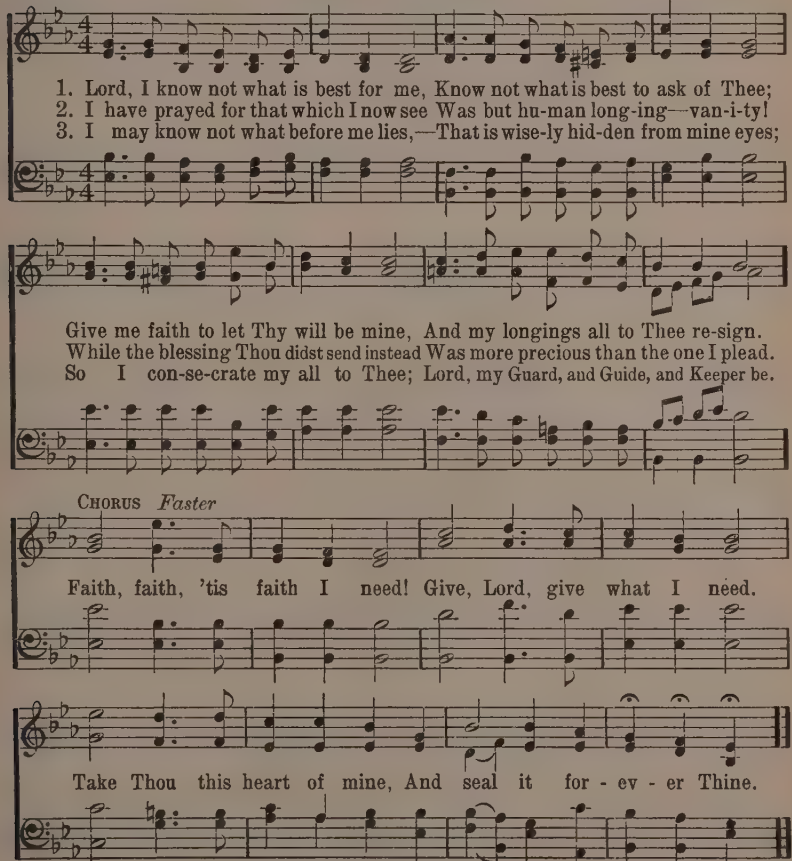
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Lord, I know not what is best for me, Know not what is best to ask of Thee;
2. I have prayed for that which I now see Was but hu-man long-ing—van-i-ty!
3. I may know not what before me lies,—That is wise-ly hid-den from mine eyes;
Give me faith to let Thy will be mine, And my longings all to Thee re-sign.
While the blessing Thou didst send instead Was more precious than the one I plead.
So I con-se-crate my all to Thee; Lord, my Guard, and Guide, and Keeper be.
CHORUS *Faster*
Faith, faith, 'tis faith I need! Give, Lord, give what I need.
Take Thou this heart of mine, And seal it for - ev - er Thine.

134 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B.

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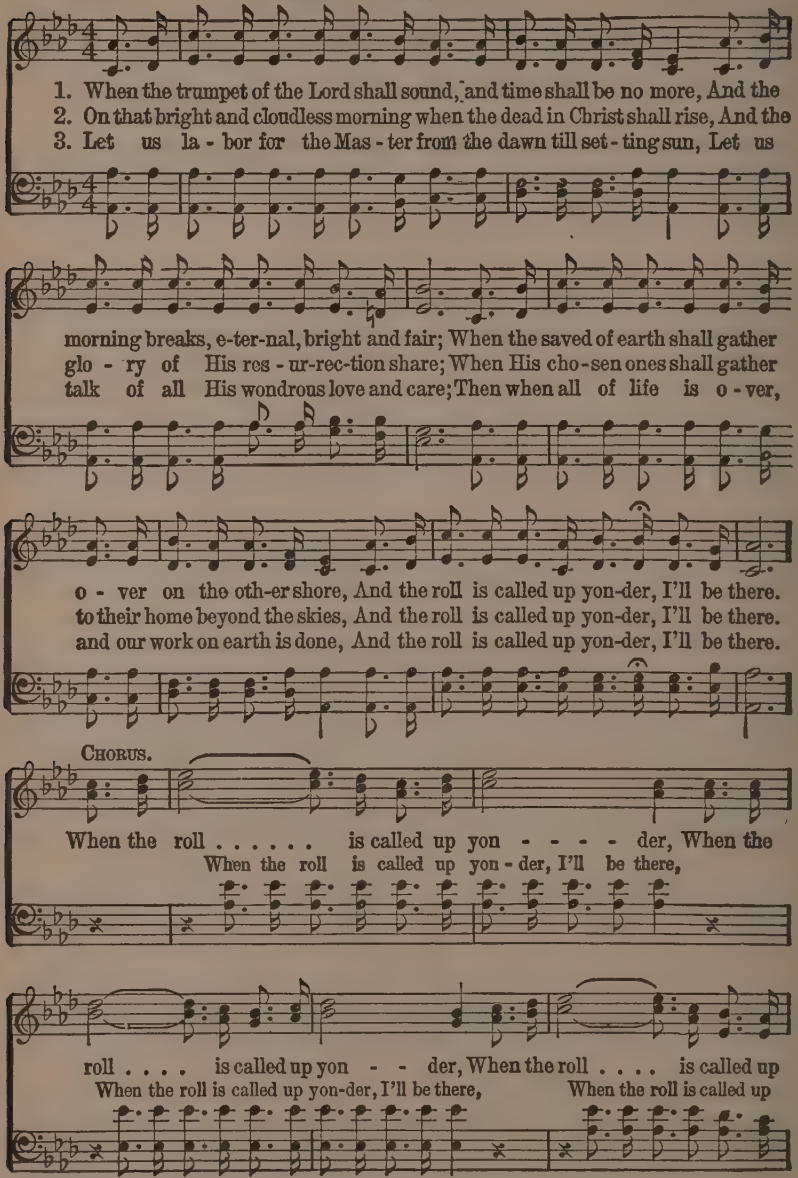
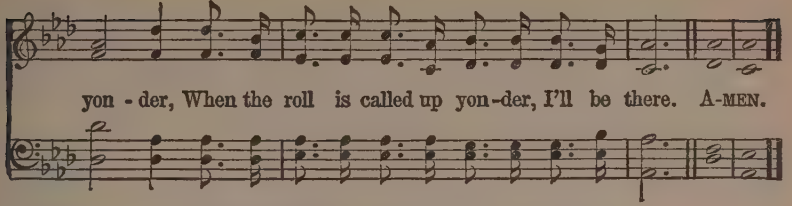
J. M. Black.

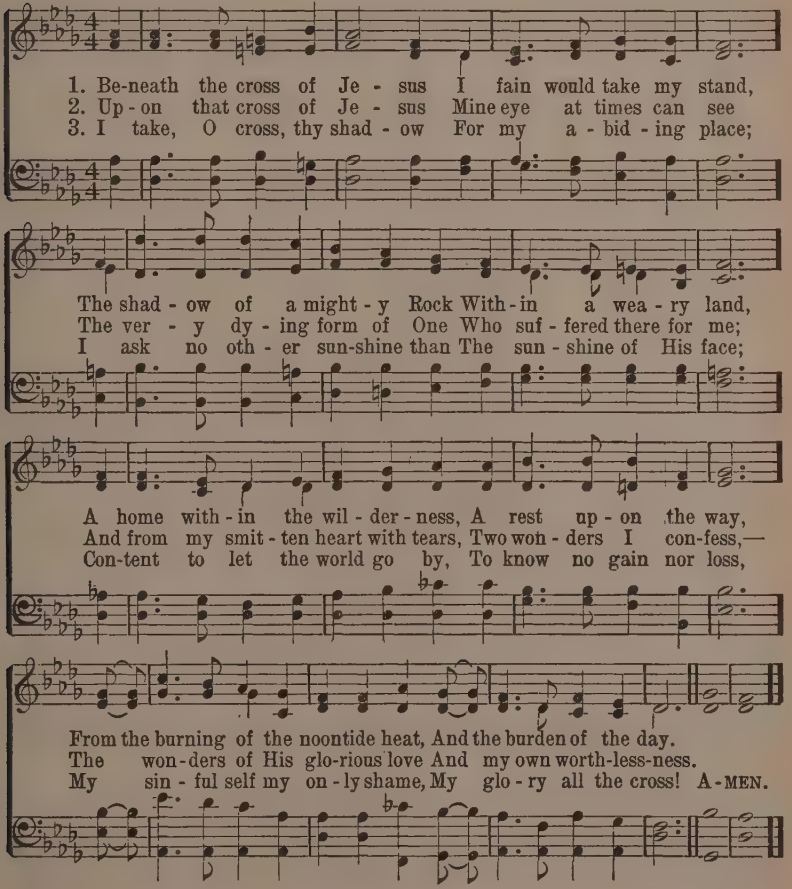

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us
morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,
o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
Chorus.
When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,
roll . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



135 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. *St. Christopher.* Frederick C. Maker.


1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land,
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of His face;
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart with tears, Two won - ders I con-fess,—
Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,
From the burning of the noontide heat, And the burden of the day.
The won-ders of His glo-rious love And my own worth-less-ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross! A-MEN.

136 Believe! Believe!

B. B. McK.

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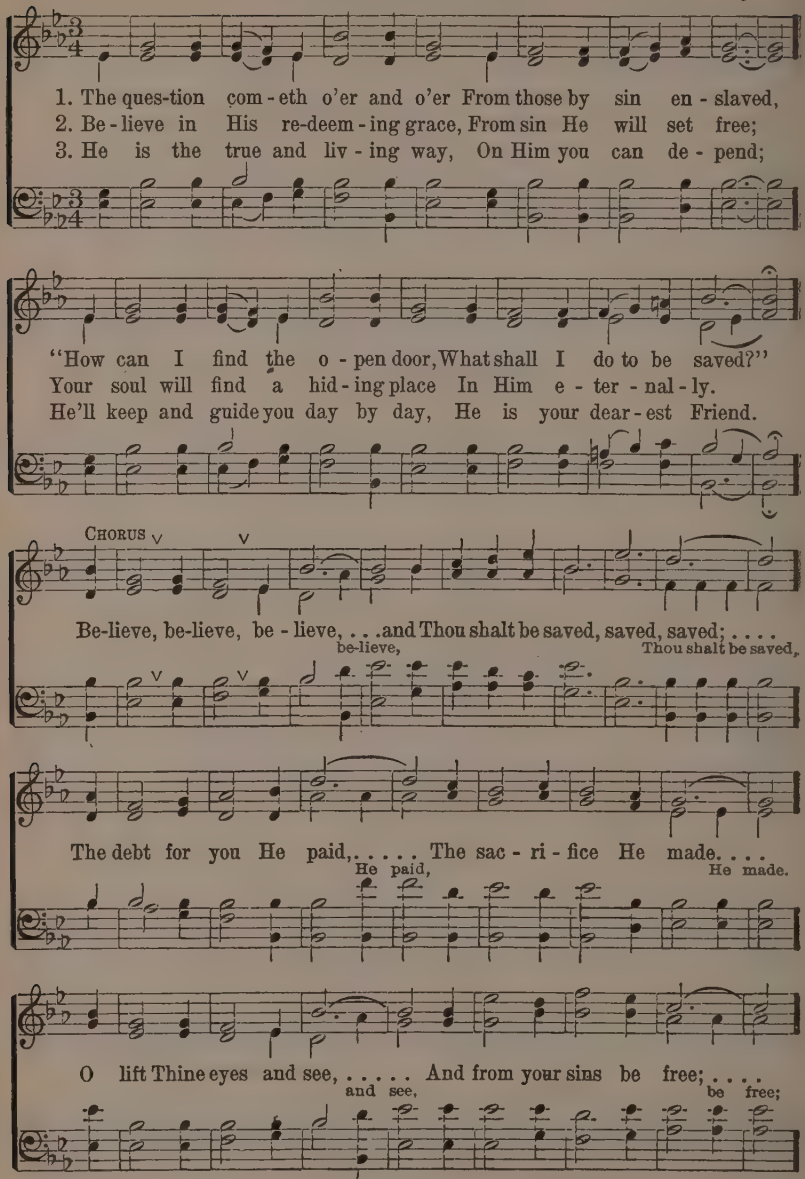
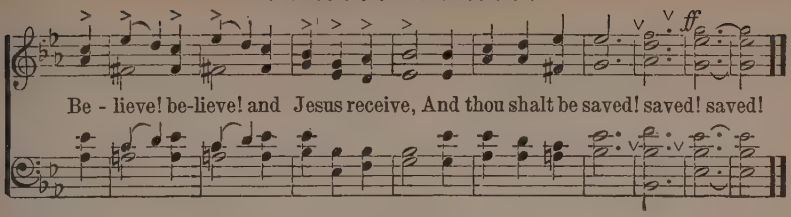
B. B. McKinney.


1. The ques-tion com-eth o'er and o'er From those by sin en-slaved,
2. Be-lieve in His re-deem-ing grace, From sin He will set free;
3. He is the true and liv-ing way, On Him you can de-pend;
"How can I find the o-pen door, What shall I do to be saved?"
Your soul will find a hid-ing place In Him e-ter-nal-ly.
He'll keep and guide you day by day, He is your dear-est Friend.
Chorus
Be-lieve, be-lieve, be-lieve, . . . and Thou shalt be saved, saved, saved; . . . .
be-lieve,
Thou shalt be saved,
The debt for you He paid, ... The sac-ri-fice He made. . . .
He paid,
He made.
O lift Thine eyes and see, ... And from your sins be free; . . . .
and see,
be free;

Believe! Believe!



137 My Prayer.

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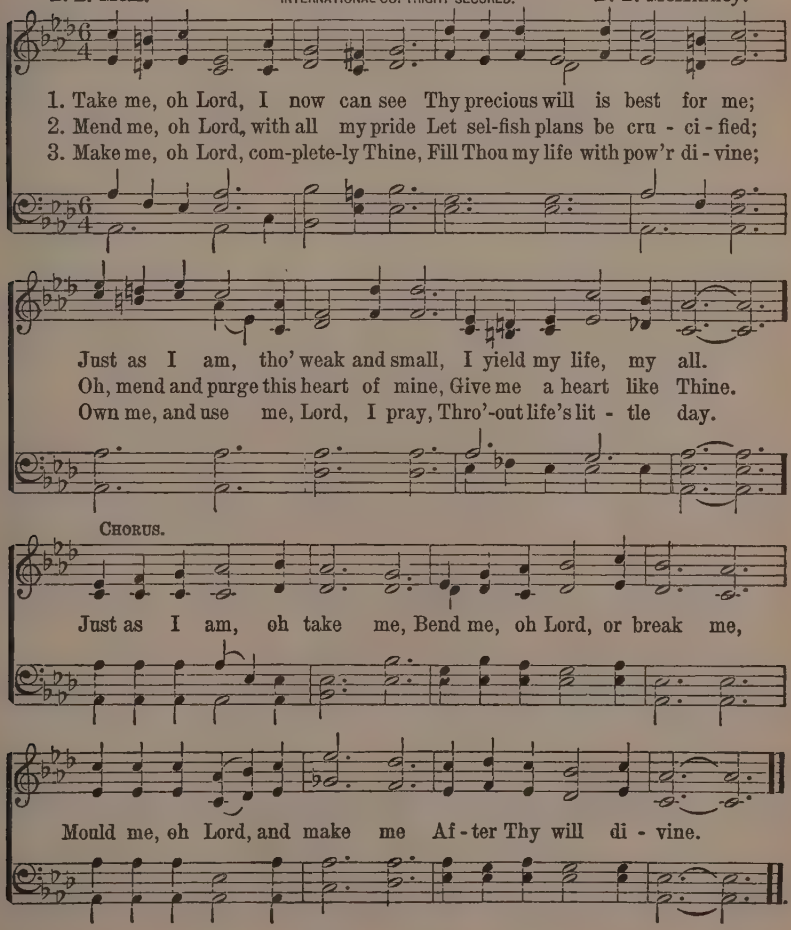
B. B. McK. B. B. McKinney.


1. Take me, oh Lord, I now can see Thy precious will is best for me;
2. Mend me, oh Lord, with all my pride Let sel-fish plans be cru - ci - fied;
3. Make me, oh Lord, com-plete-ly Thine, Fill Thou my life with pow'r di - vine;
Just as I am, tho' weak and small, I yield my life, my all.
Oh, mend and purge this heart of mine, Give me a heart like Thine.
Own me, and use me, Lord, I pray, Thro'-out life's lit - tle day.
Chorus.
Just as I am, oh take me, Bend me, oh Lord, or break me,
Mould me, oh Lord, and make me Af - ter Thy will di - vine.

138 My Friend.

Lucile Lincoln.

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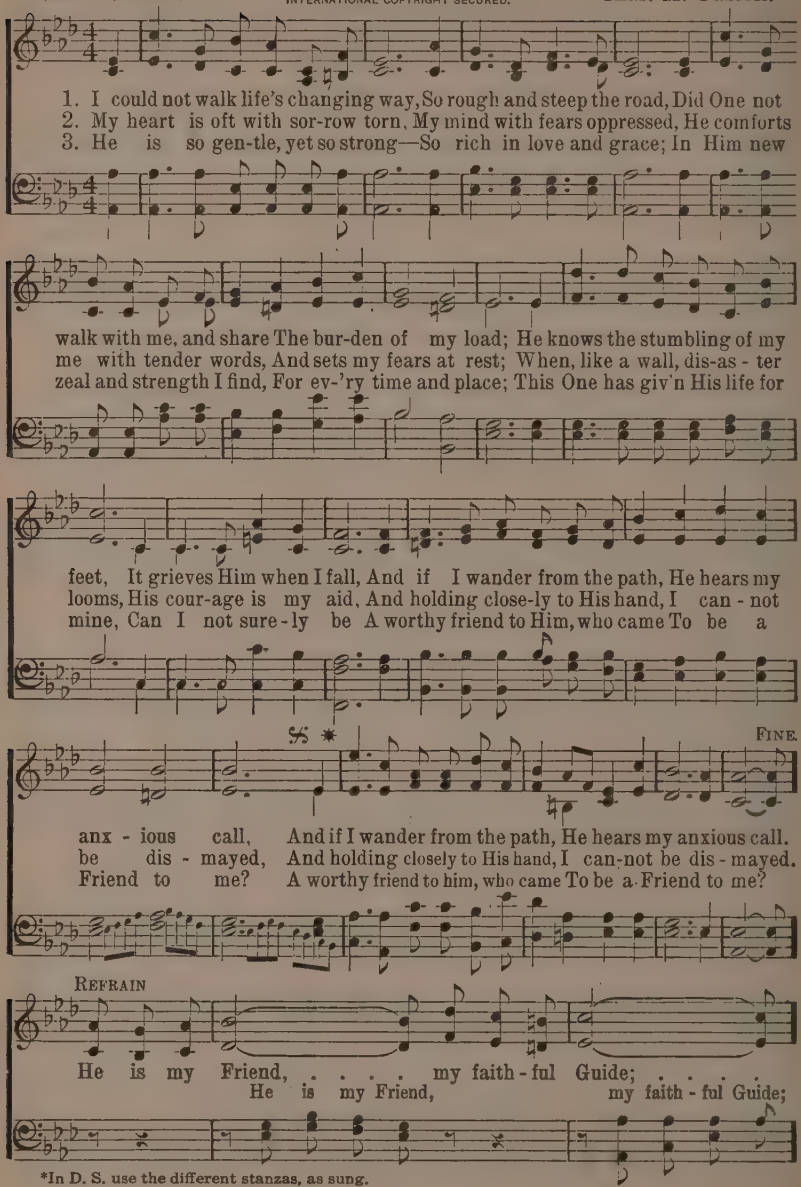
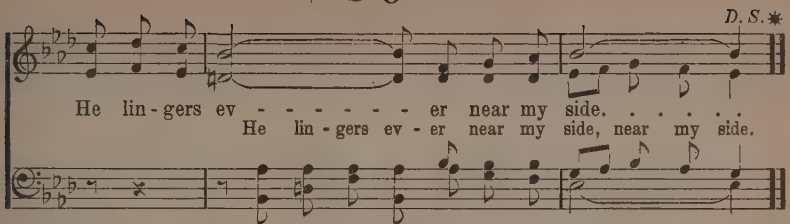
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I could not walk life's changing way, So rough and steep the road, Did One not
2. My heart is oft with sor-row torn, My mind with fears oppressed, He comforts
3. He is so gen-tle, yet so strong—So rich in love and grace; In Him new
walk with me, and share The bur-den of my load; He knows the stumbling of my
me with tender words, And sets my fears at rest; When, like a wall, dis-as - ter
zeal and strength I find, For ev-'ry time and place; This One has giv'n His life for
feet, It grieves Him when I fall, And if I wander from the path, He hears my
looms, His cour-age is my aid, And holding close-ly to His hand, I can - not
mine, Can I not sure - ly be A worthy friend to Him, who came To be a
FINE.
anx - ious call, And if I wander from the path, He hears my anxious call.
be dis - mayed, And holding closely to His hand, I can-not be dis - mayed.
Friend to me? A worthy friend to him, who came To be a Friend to me?
REFRAIN
He is my Friend, ... my faith - ful Guide; . . . .
He is my Friend, my faith - ful Guide;

*In D. S. use the different stanzas, as sung.

My Friend.



139 More Than I Can Tell.

A. H. A.

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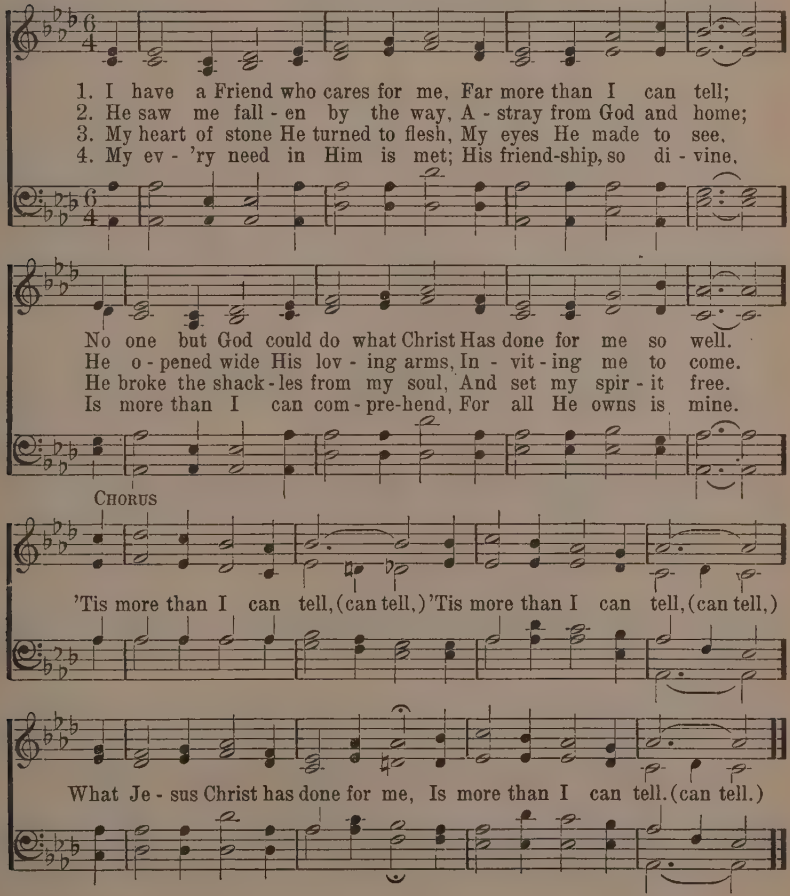
A. H. Ackley.


1. I have a Friend who cares for me, Far more than I can tell;
2. He saw me fall - en by the way, A - stray from God and home;
3. My heart of stone He turned to flesh, My eyes He made to see.
4. My ev - 'ry need in Him is met; His friend-ship, so di - vine,
No one but God could do what Christ Has done for me so well.
He o - pened wide His lov - ing arms, In - vit - ing me to come.
He broke the shack - les from my soul, And set my spir - it free.
Is more than I can com - pre-hend, For all He owns is mine.
CHORUS
'Tis more than I can tell, (can tell,) 'Tis more than I can tell, (can tell,)
What Je - sus Christ has done for me, Is more than I can tell. (can tell.)

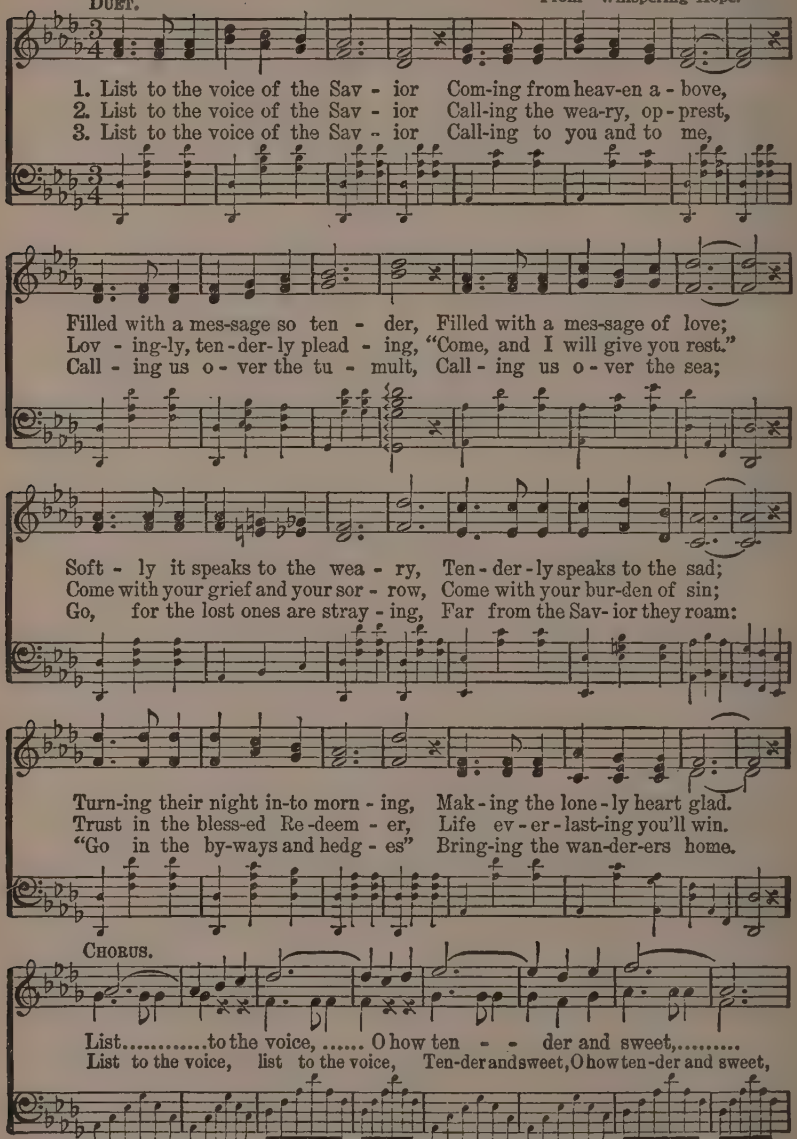
140 List to the Voice.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY ROBERT. H. COLEMAN.

B. B. McK. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

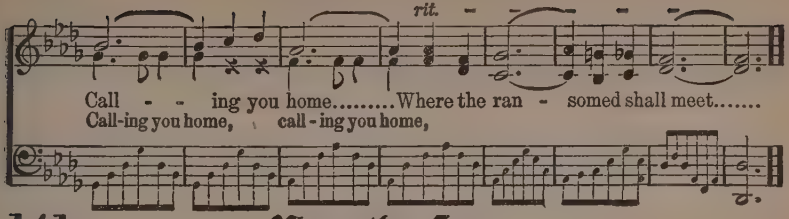
From "Whispering Hope."

DUET.


1. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Com-ing from heav-en a - bove,
2. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing the wea-ry, op - prest,
3. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing to you and to me,
Filled with a mes-sage so ten - der, Filled with a mes-sage of love;
Lov - ing-ly, ten-der-ly plead - ing, "Come, and I will give you rest."
Call - ing us o - ver the tu - mult, Call - ing us o - ver the sea;
Soft - ly it speaks to the wea - ry, Ten - der - ly speaks to the sad;
Come with your grief and your sor - row, Come with your bur-den of sin;
Go, for the lost ones are stray - ing, Far from the Sav- ior they roam:
Turn-ing their night in-to morn - ing, Mak - ing the lone - ly heart glad.
Trust in the bless-ed Re-deem - er, Life ev - er - last-ing you'll win.
"Go in the by-ways and hedg - es" Bring-ing the wan-der-ers home.

CHORUS.

List to the Voice.



141 Near the Cross

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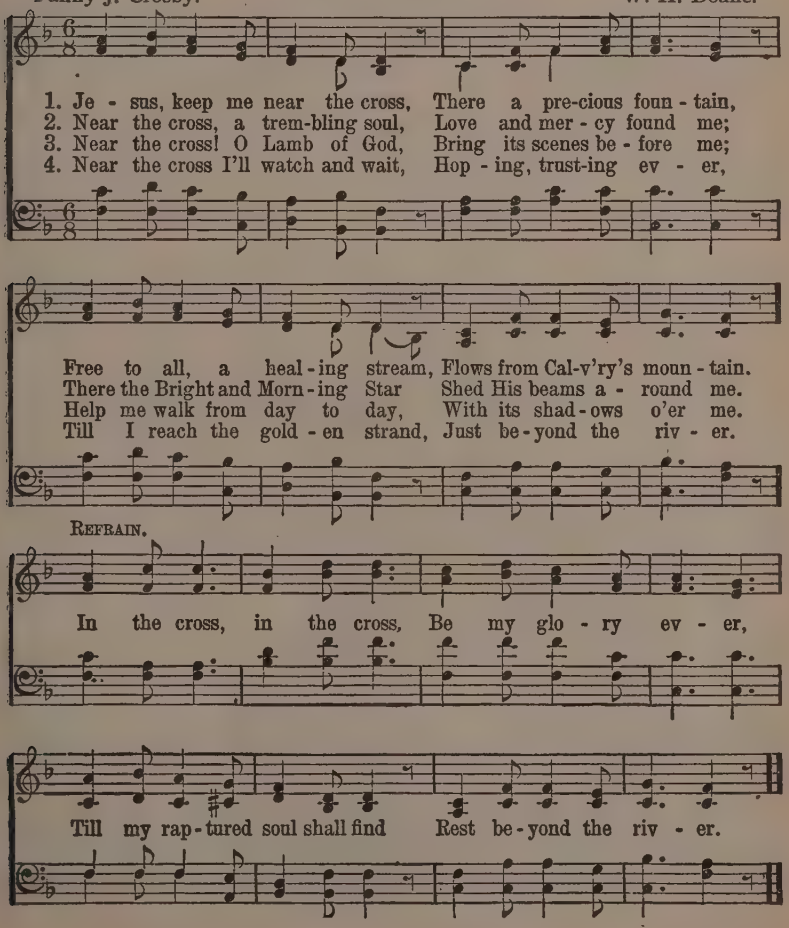
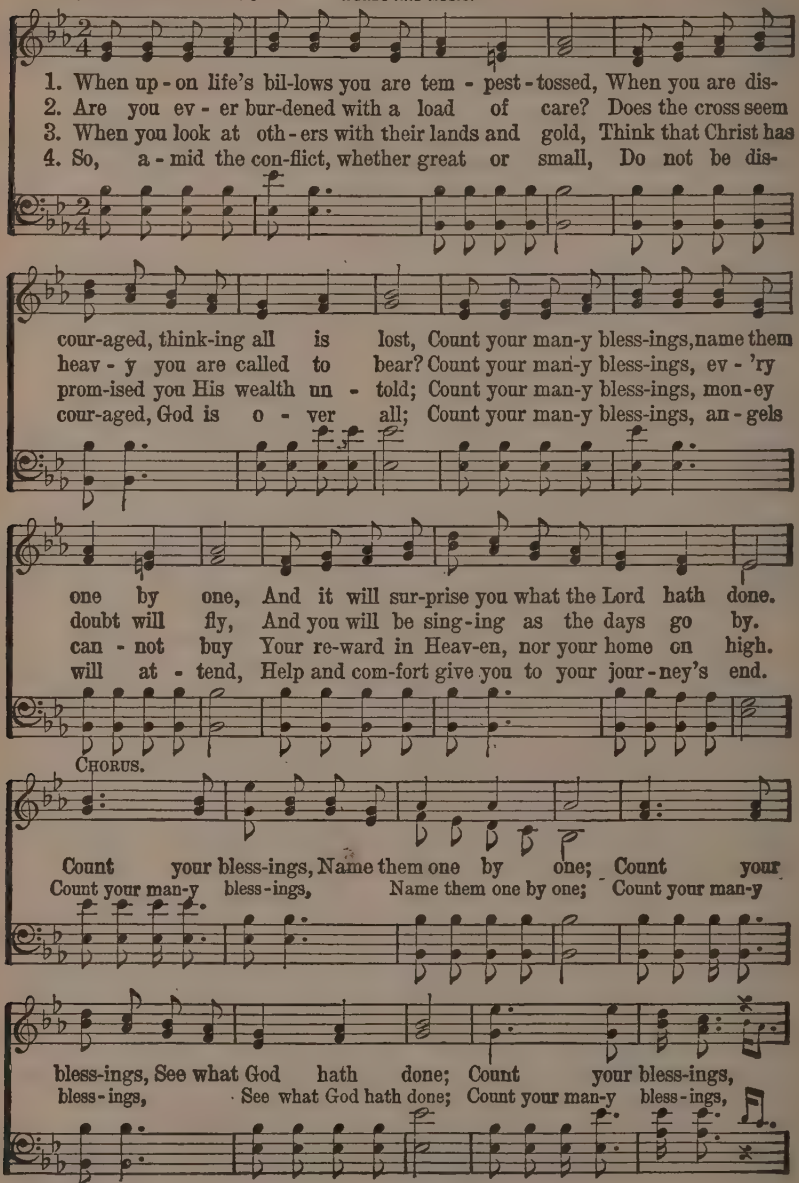
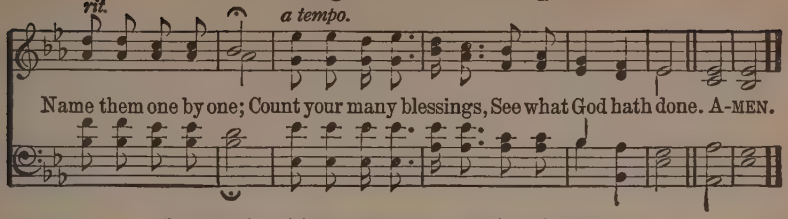
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er,
Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
REFRAIN.
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

142 Count Your Blessings.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

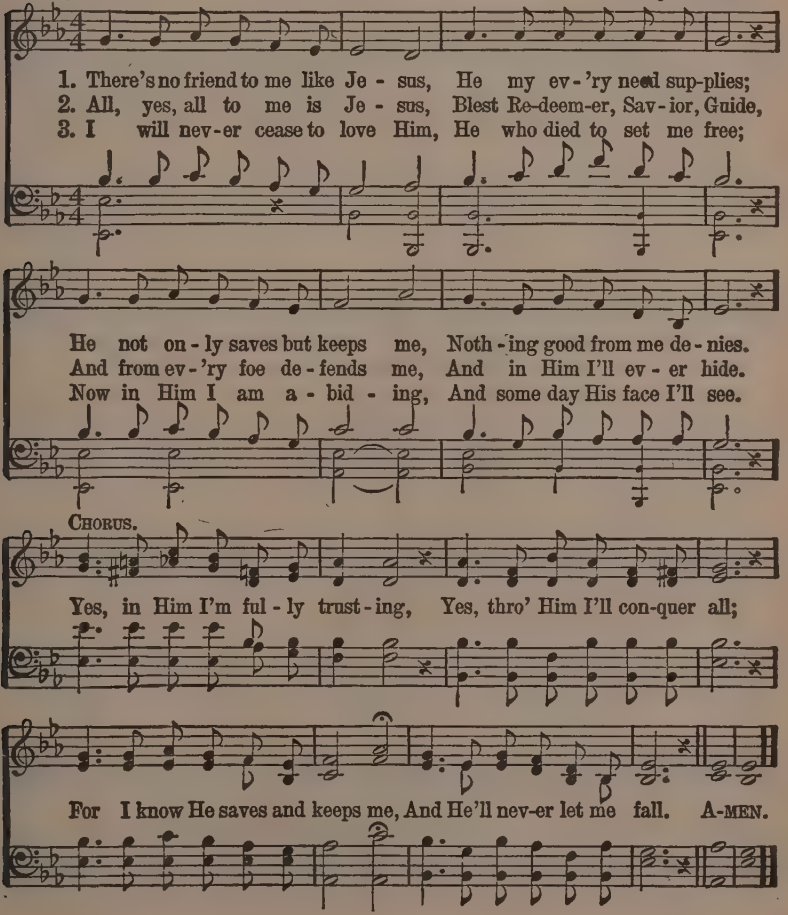

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis- cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
Chorus.
Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,

Count Your Blessings.



143 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. M. J. Babbitt.


1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, He my ev-'ry need sup-plies;
2. All, yes, all to me is Je - sus, Blest Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, Guide,
3. I will nev-er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;
He not on-ly saves but keeps me, Noth-ing good from me de-nies.
And from ev-'ry foe de-fends me, And in Him I'll ev-er hide.
Now in Him I am a-bid-ing, And some day His face I'll see.
Chorus.
Yes, in Him I'm ful-ly trust-ing, Yes, thro' Him I'll con-quer all;
For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll nev-er let me fall. A-MEN.

144 Dwelling In Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

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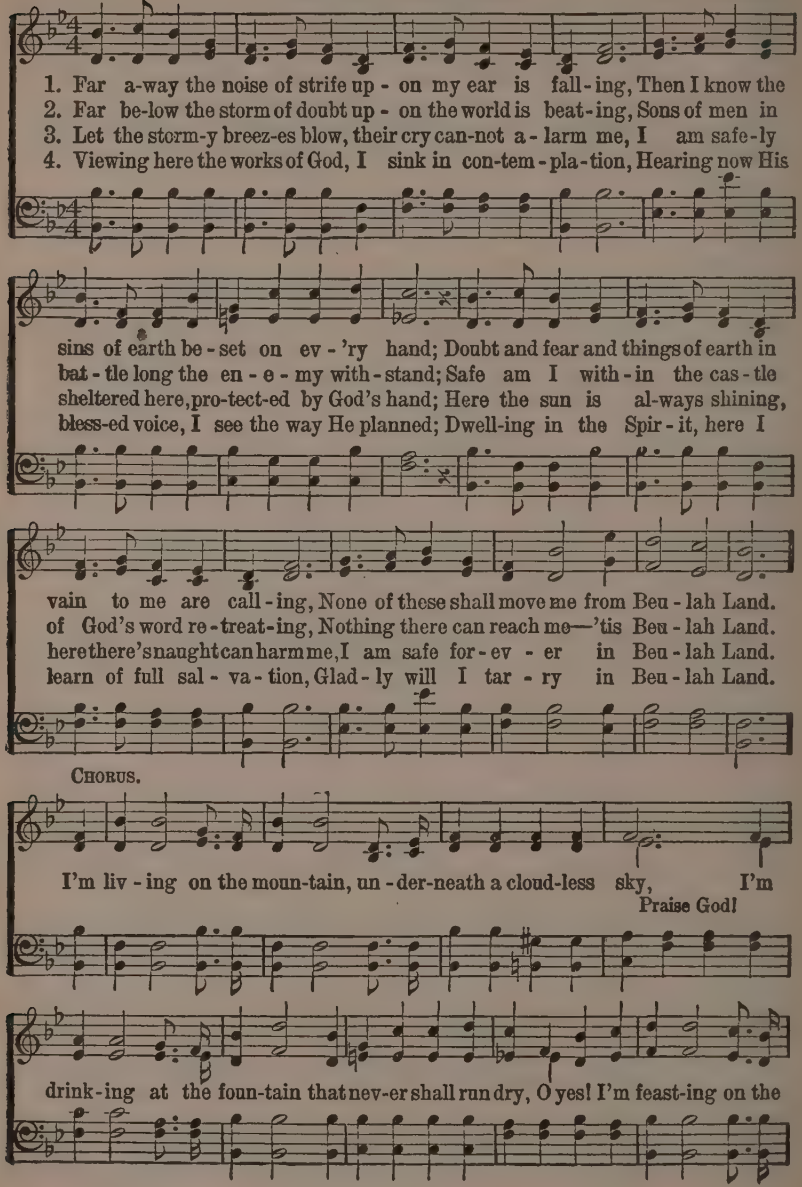
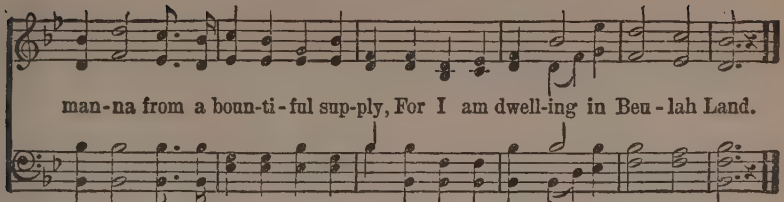
C. Austin Miles.

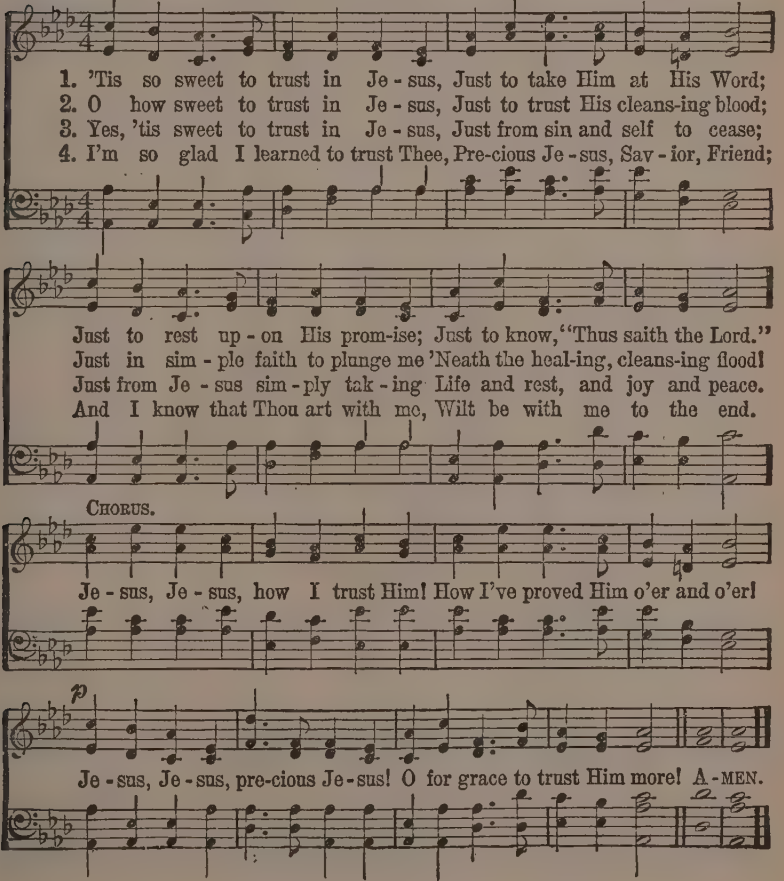

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat - ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a - larm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem - pla - tion, Hearing now His
sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tle long the en - e - my with - stand; Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shining,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I
vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re - treat - ing, Nothing there can reach me—'tis Beu - lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.
CHORUS.
I'm liv - ing on the moun-tain, un - der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!
drink - ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast-ing on the

Dwelling In Beulah Land.



145 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Louisa M. R. Stead. COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more! A - MEN.

146 Living For Jesus.

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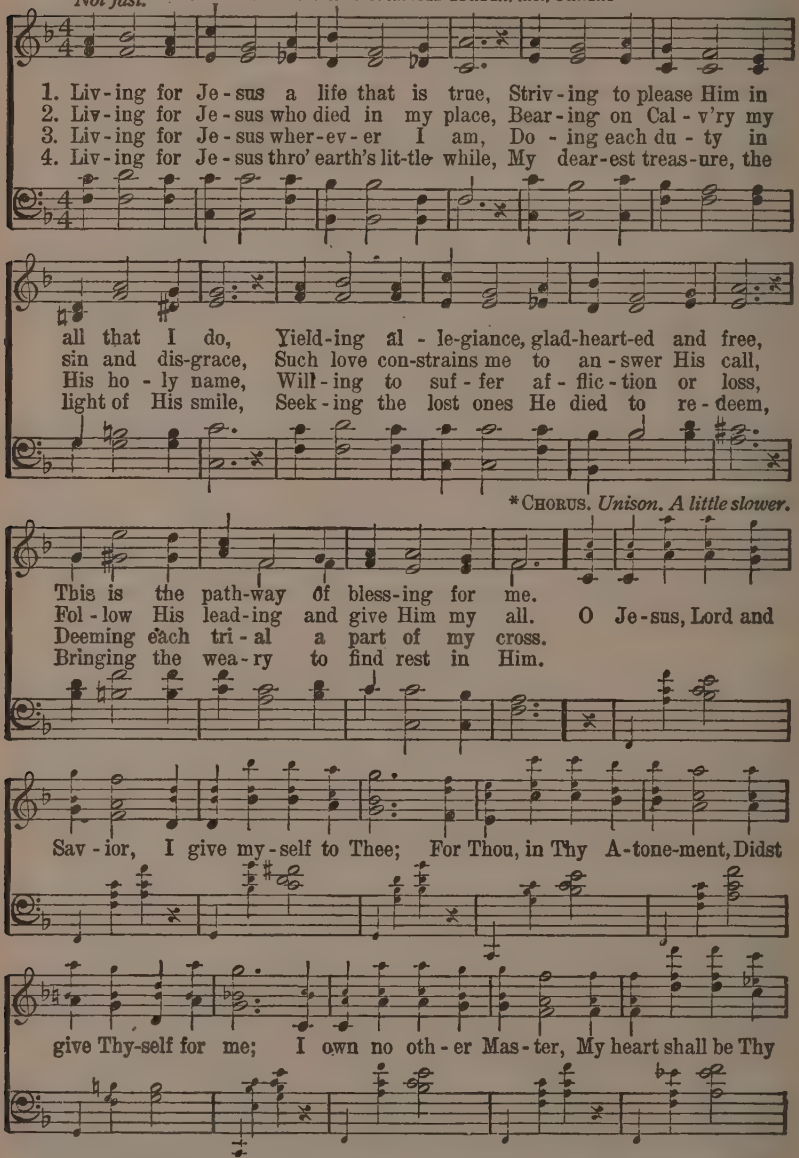
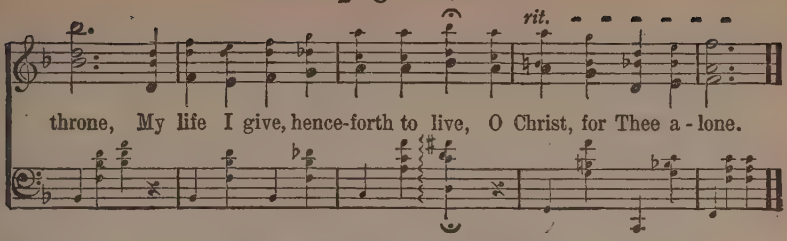

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in all that I do, Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-heart-ed and free,
2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my sin and dis-grace, Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call,
3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in His ho-ly name, Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss,
4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's lit-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the light of His smile, Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem,
*Chorus. Unison. A little slower.
This is the path-way of bless-ing for me.
Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all. O Je-sus, Lord and
Deeming each tri-al a part of my cross.
Bringing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.
Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy A-tone-ment, Didst
give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy

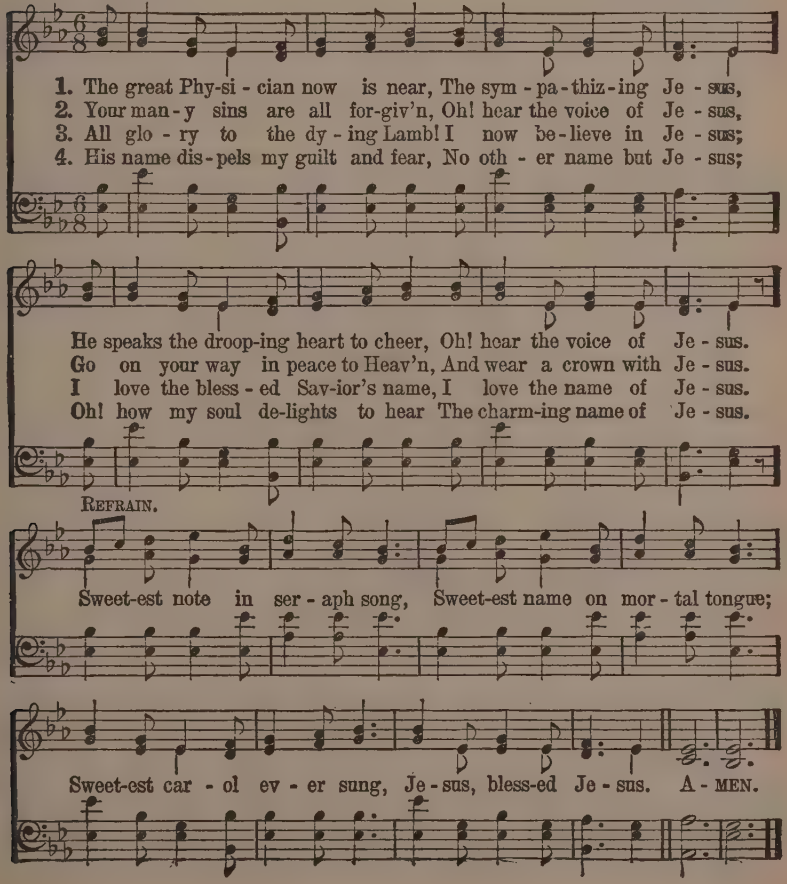
*Note.—Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes

Living for Jesus.



147 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

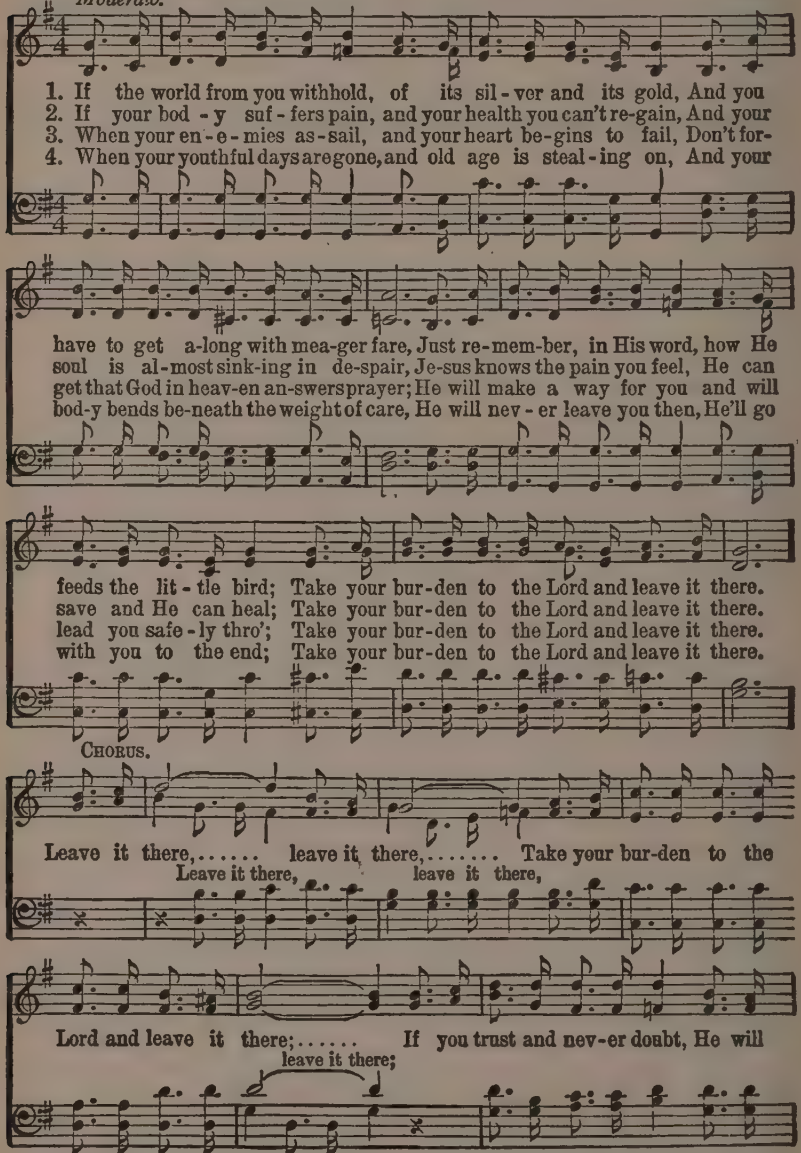

1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz-ing Je - sus,
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus,
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to Heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je - sus.
REFRAIN.
Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue;
Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. A - MEN.

Leave It There.

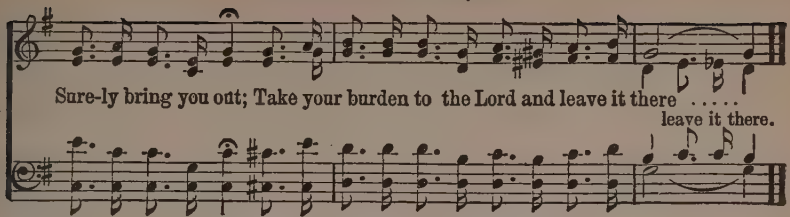
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Words and Music by C. Albert Tindley. Arr. by Chas. A. Tindley, Jr.

Moderato.


1. If the world from you withhold, of its sil - ver and its gold, And you have to get a-long with mea-ger fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He feeds the lit - tle bird; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
2. If your bod - y suf - fers pain, and your health you can't re-gain, And your soul is al-most sink-ing in de-spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can save and He can heal; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
3. When your en - e - mies as-sail, and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for- get that God in heav-en an-swers prayer; He will make a way for you and will lead you safe - ly thro'; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
4. When your youthful days are gone, and old age is steal - ing on, And your bod-y bends be-neath the weight of care, He will nev - er leave you then, He'll go with you to the end; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
CHORUS.
Leave it there,..... leave it there,..... Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there;.....
Leave it there, leave it there,
leave it there;
If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will

Leave It There.



149 Lord, Send a Revival.

B. B. McK.

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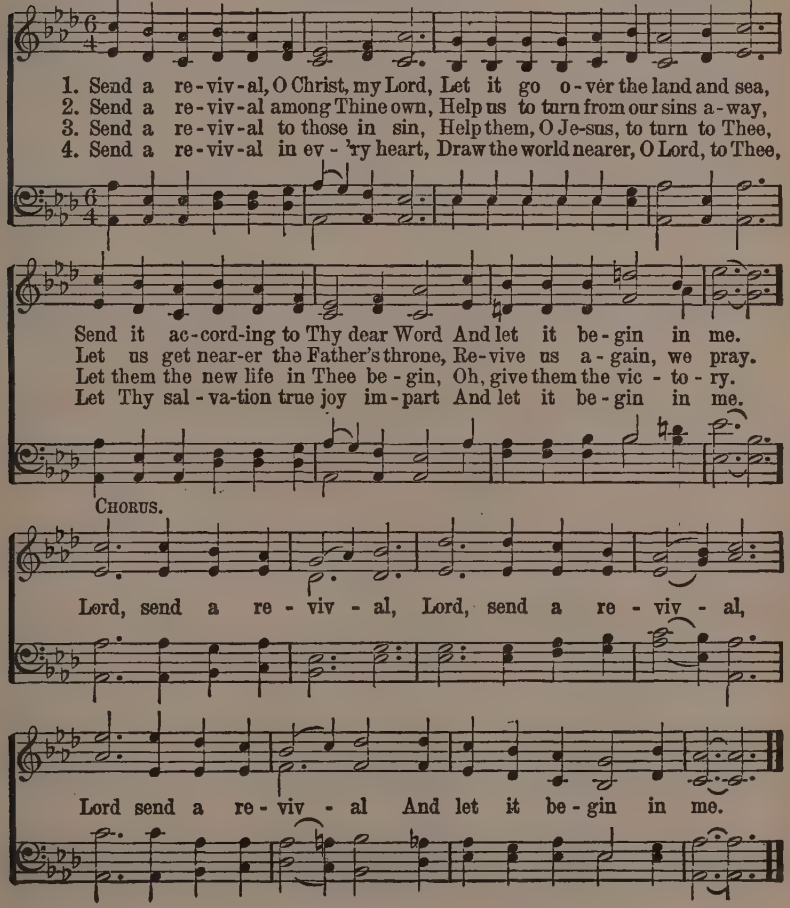
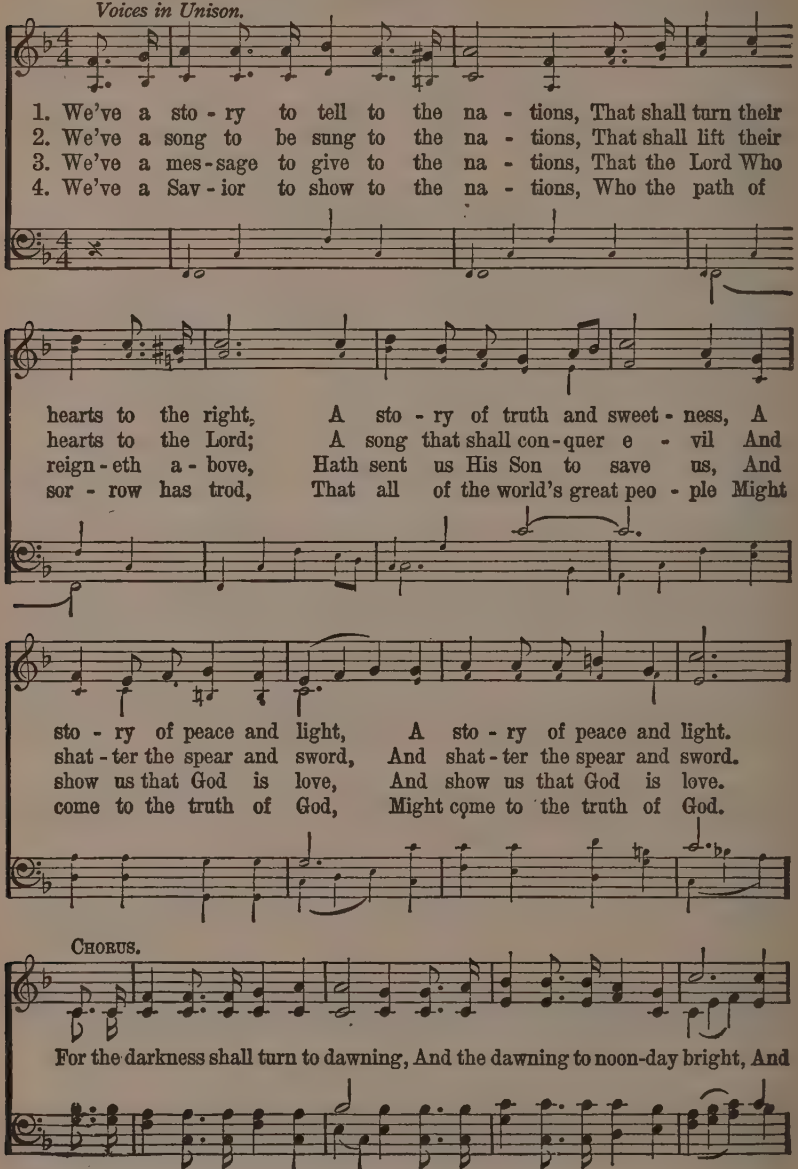
B. B. McKinney.


1. Send a re-viv-al, O Christ, my Lord, Let it go o-ver the land and sea,
2. Send a re-viv-al among Thine own, Help us to turn from our sins a-way,
3. Send a re-viv-al to those in sin, Help them, O Je-sus, to turn to Thee,
4. Send a re-viv-al in ev-'ry heart, Draw the world nearer, O Lord, to Thee,
Send it ac-cord-ing to Thy dear Word And let it be-gin in me.
Let us get near-er the Father's throne, Re-vive us a-gain, we pray.
Let them the new life in Thee be-gin, Oh, give them the vic-to-ry.
Let Thy sal-va-tion true joy im-part And let it be-gin in me.
CHORUS.
Lord, send a re-viv-al, Lord, send a re-viv-al,
Lord send a re-viv-al And let it be-gin in me.

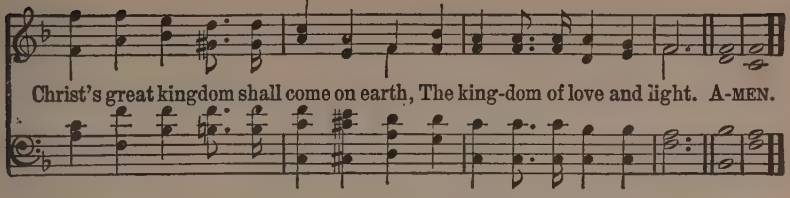
150 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Sterne. *Sterne. 10. 8. 7. 7. 7.* H. Ernest Nichol.

Voices in Unison.

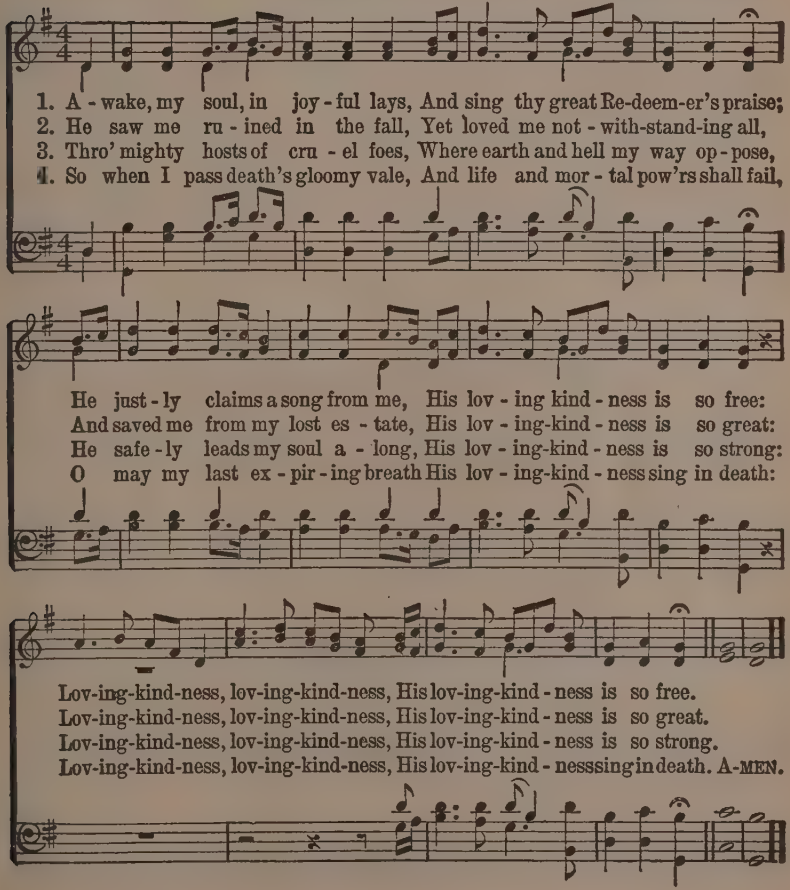

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of
hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A
hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And
sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might
sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.
Chorus.
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And

We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.



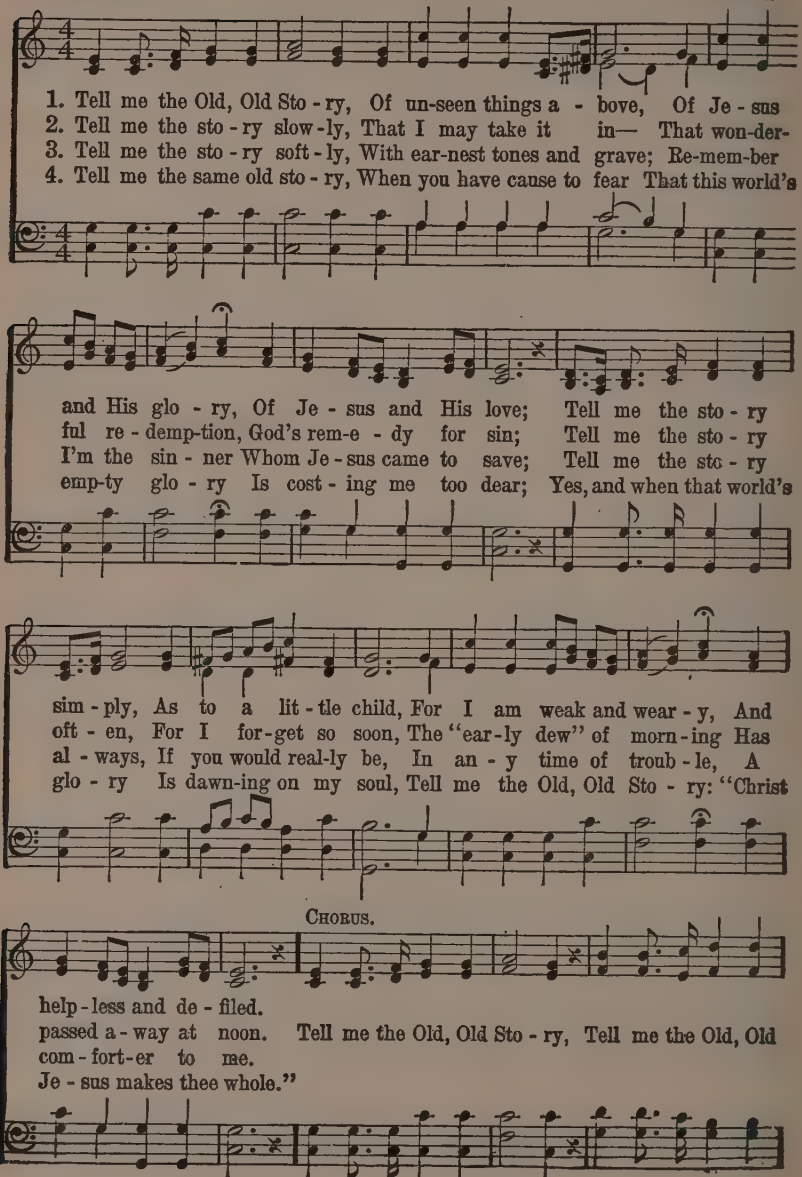
151 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays.

Loving-Kindness. L. M. American Melody.

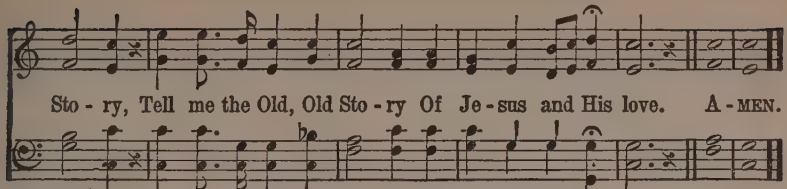

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-stand-ing all,
3. Thro' mighty hosts of cru - el foes, Where earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. So when I pass death's gloomy vale, And life and mor - tal pow'rs shall fail,
He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness is so free:
And saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so great:
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so strong:
O may my last ex - pir - ing breath His lov - ing-kind - ness sing in death:
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so free.
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so great.
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so strong.
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - nesssing in death. A-MEN.

152 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.


1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn - ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ
Chorus.
help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com - fort - er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



153 Thy Perfect Will Be Done.

Rev. T. O. Chisholm.

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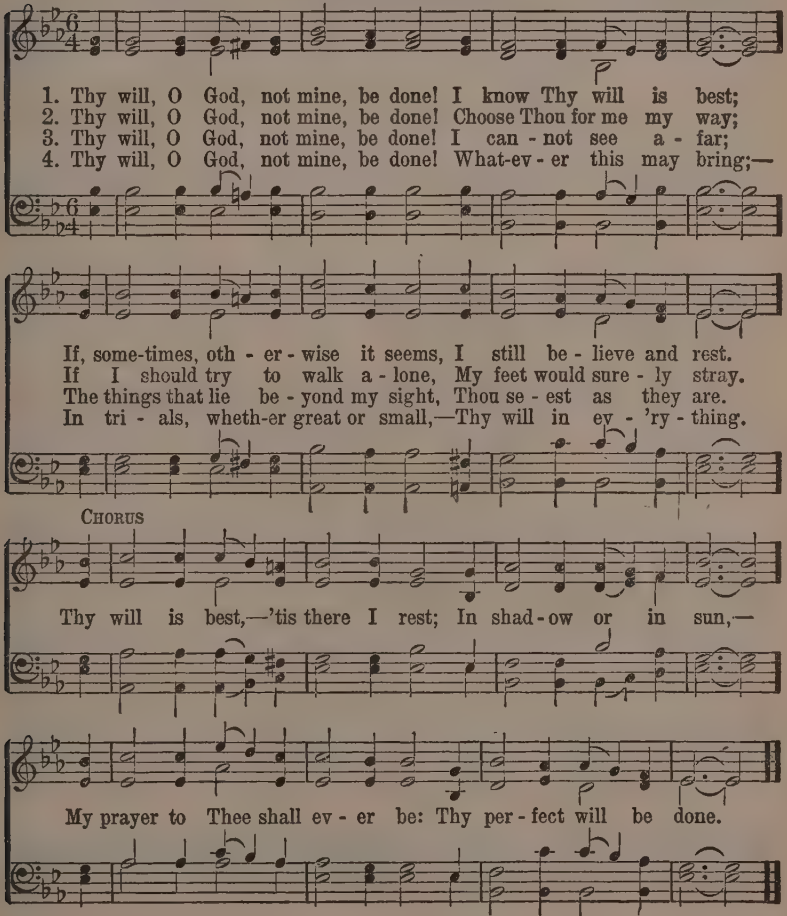
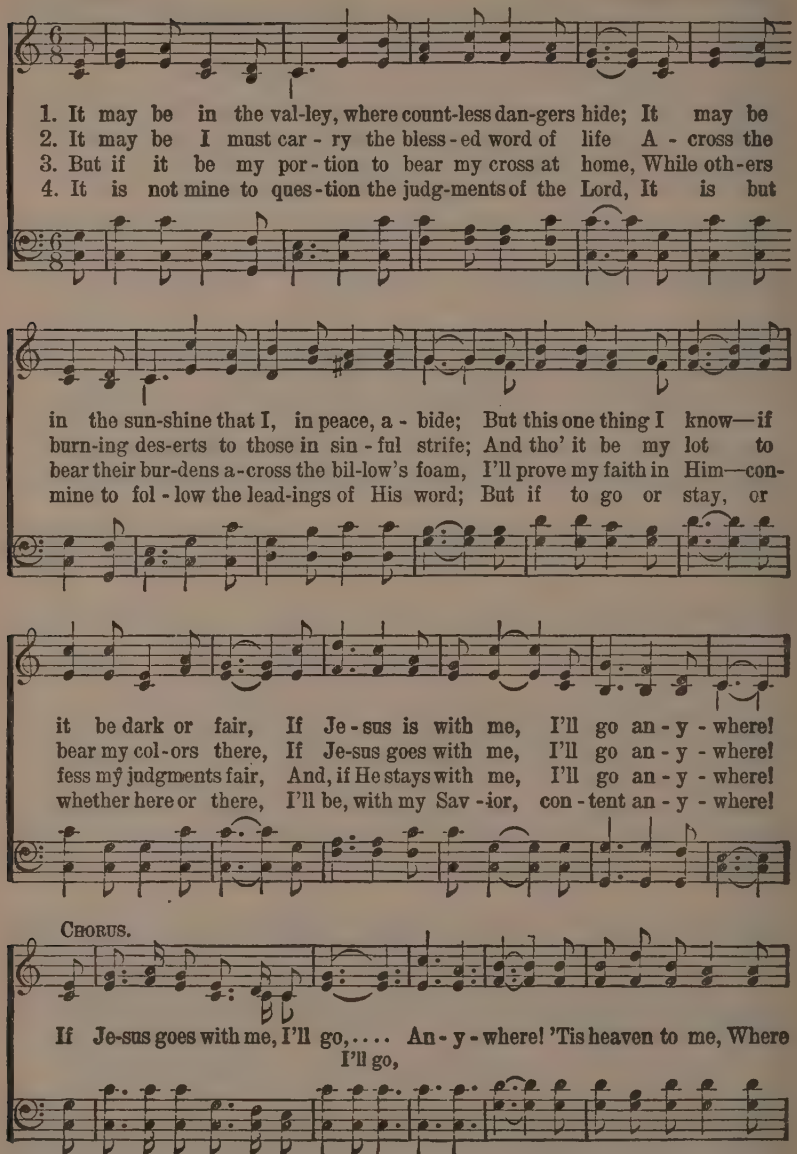
Geo. C. Stebbins

1. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I know Thy will is best;
2. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! Choose Thou for me my way;
3. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I can - not see a - far;
4. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! What-ev - er this may bring;—
If, some-times, oth - er - wise it seems, I still be - lieve and rest.
If I should try to walk a - lone, My feet would sure - ly stray.
The things that lie be - yond my sight, Thou se - est as they are.
In tri - als, wheth-er great or small,—Thy will in ev - 'ry - thing.
CHORUS
Thy will is best,—'tis there I rest; In shad - ow or in sun,—
My prayer to Thee shall ev - er be: Thy per - fect will be done.

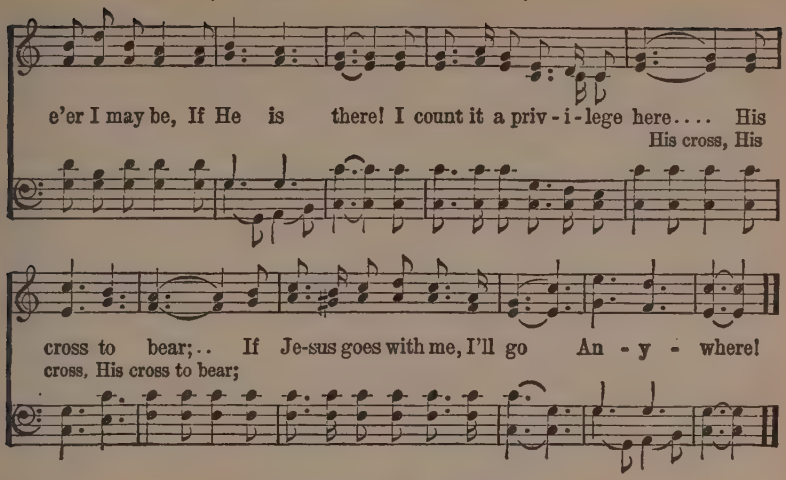
154 If Jesus Goes With Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HALL MACK CO.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. It may be in the val-ley, where count-less dan-gers hide; It may be
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless - ed word of life A - cross the
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While oth - ers
4. It is not mine to ques - tion the judg-ments of the Lord, It is but
in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know—if
burn-ing des-erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bear their bur-dens a-cross the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
mine to fol - low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or
it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
fess my judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an - y - where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - ior, con - tent an - y - where!
Chorus.
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go, ... An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Where I'll go,

If Jesus Goes With Me.


e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here.... His
His cross, His
cross to bear;.. If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!
cross, His cross to bear;

155 Pass Me Not.

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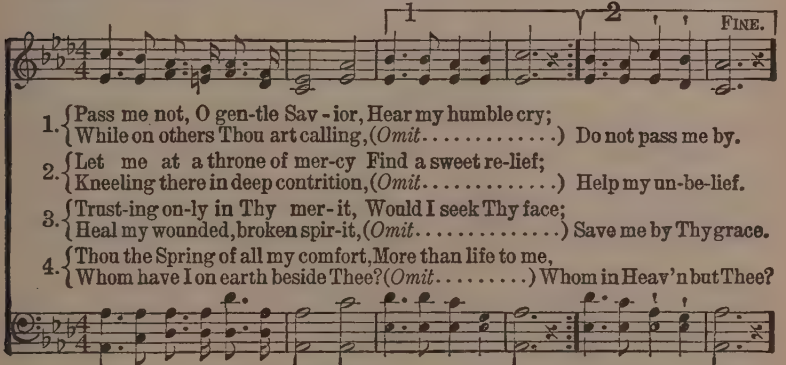
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



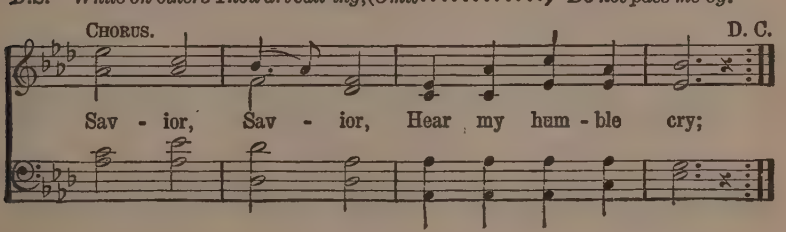
1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - ior, Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling, (*Omit*.....) Do not pass me by.

2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition, (*Omit*.....) Help my un-be-lief.

3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, (*Omit*.....) Save me by Thy grace.

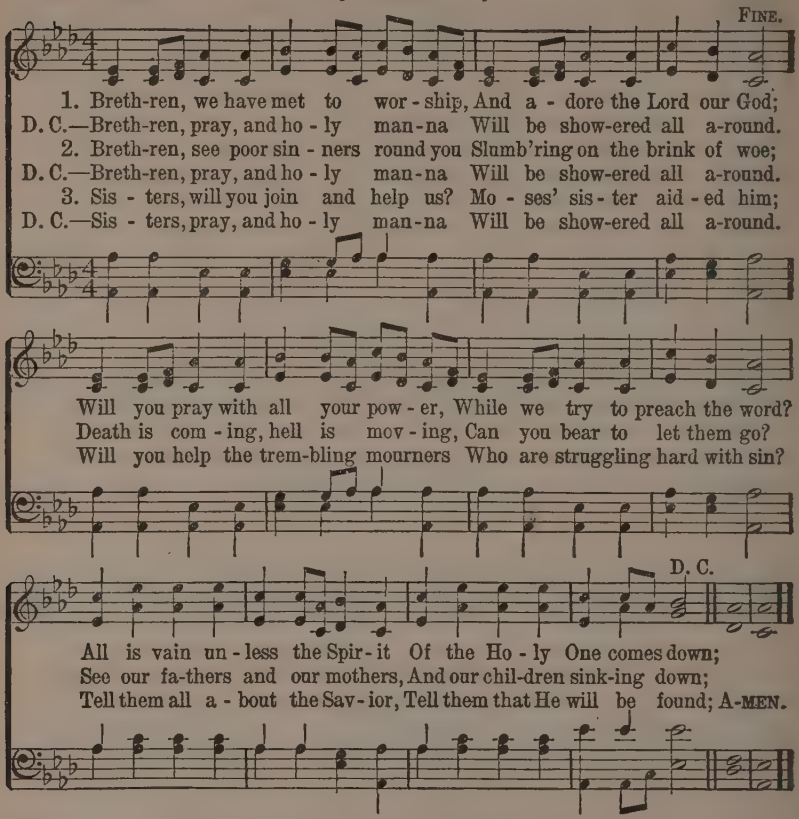
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? (*Omit*.....) Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

D.S.—*While on others Thou art call-ing, (Omit.....) Do not pass me by.*



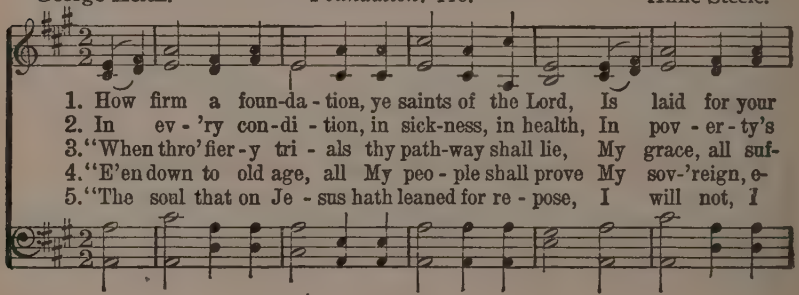
156 Brethren, We Have Met to Worship.

Geo. Atkins. *Holy Manna. 8s. 7s.* Arr.

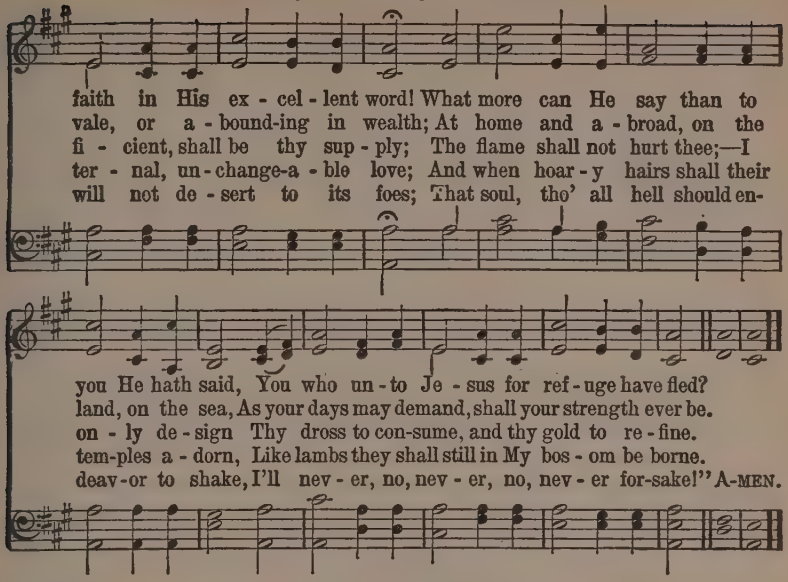

FINE.
1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin - ners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis - ter aid - ed him;
D. C.—Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com - ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trem-bling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?
D. C.
All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
See our fa-thers and our mothers, And our chil-dren sink-ing down;
Tell them all a - bout the Sav - ior, Tell them that He will be found; A-MEN.

157 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Foundation. 11s.* Anne Steele.

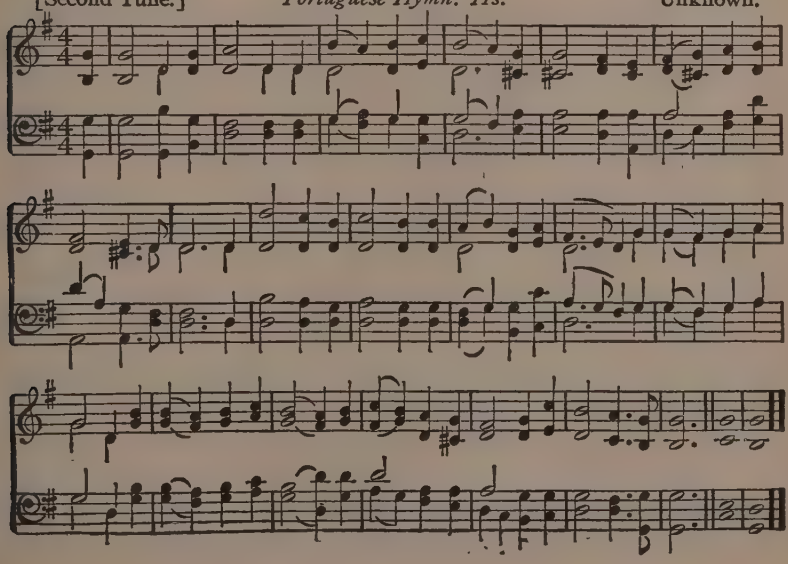

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con-di - tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
3. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-
4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

How Firm a Foundation.


faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee;—I
ter - nal, un - change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not de - sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-
you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake!" A-MEN.

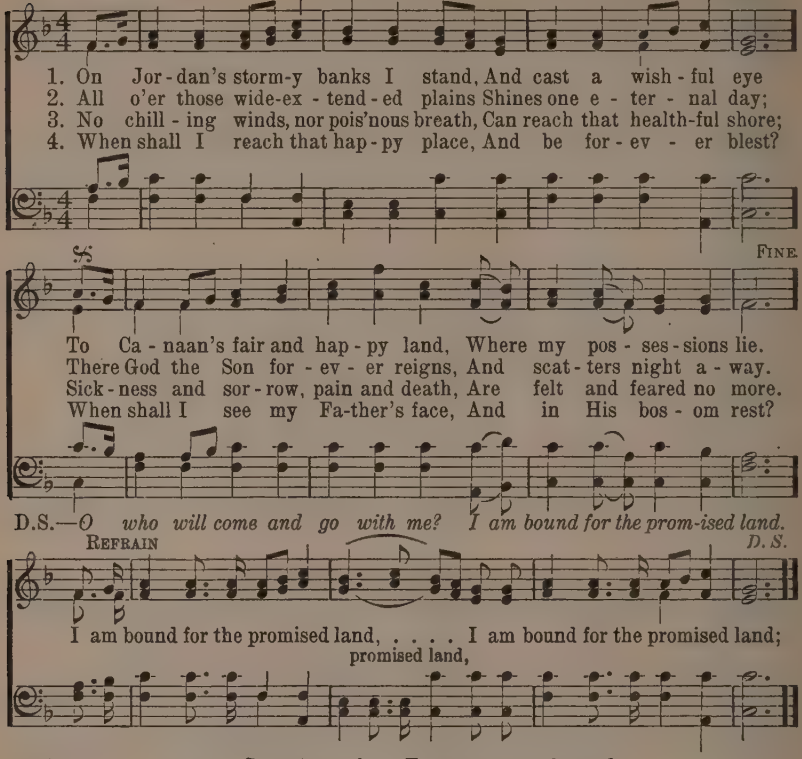
158 How Firm a Foundation.

[Second Tune.] *Portuguese Hymn. 11s.* Unknown.



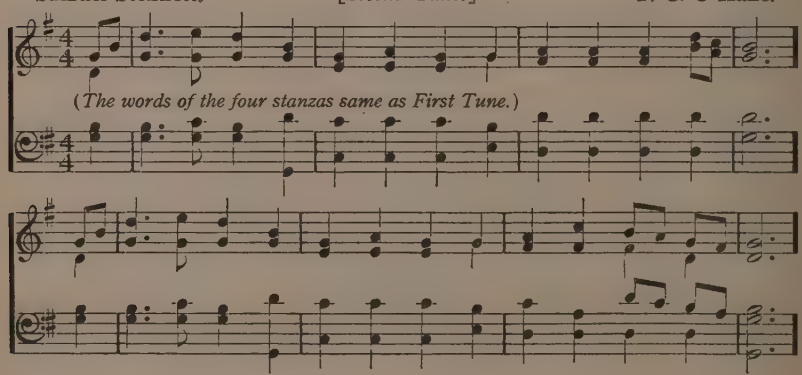
159 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett. [*First Tune.*] Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

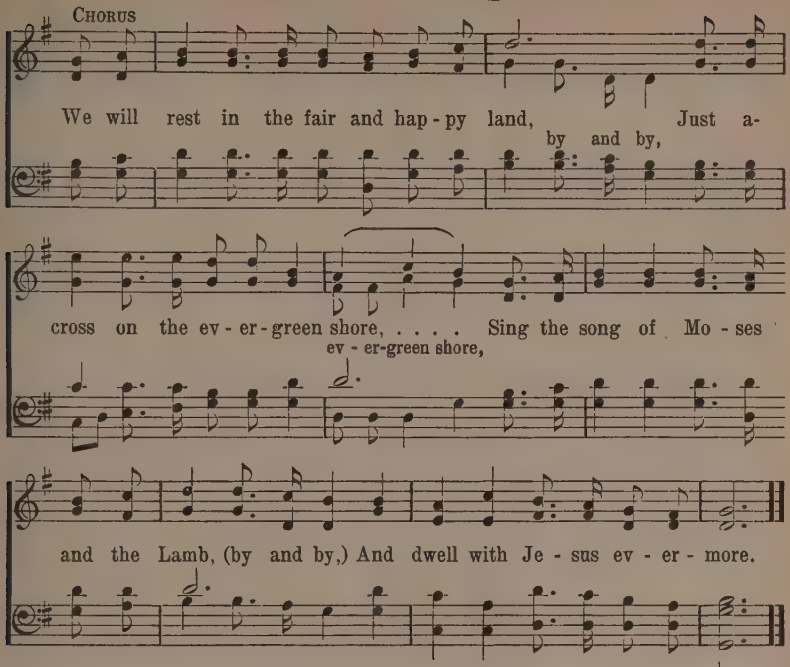

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
FINE.
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
D.S.—*O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.*
REFRAIN
D. S.
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

160 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett. [*Second Tune.*] T. C. O'Kane.

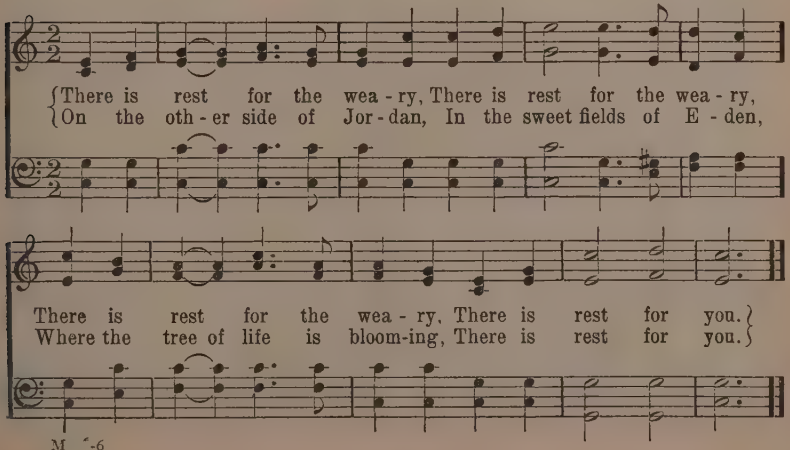


On Jordan's Stormy Banks.


CHORUS
We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a-
by and by,
cross on the ev - er - green shore, ... Sing the song of Mo - ses
ev - er-green shore,
and the Lamb, (by and by,) And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

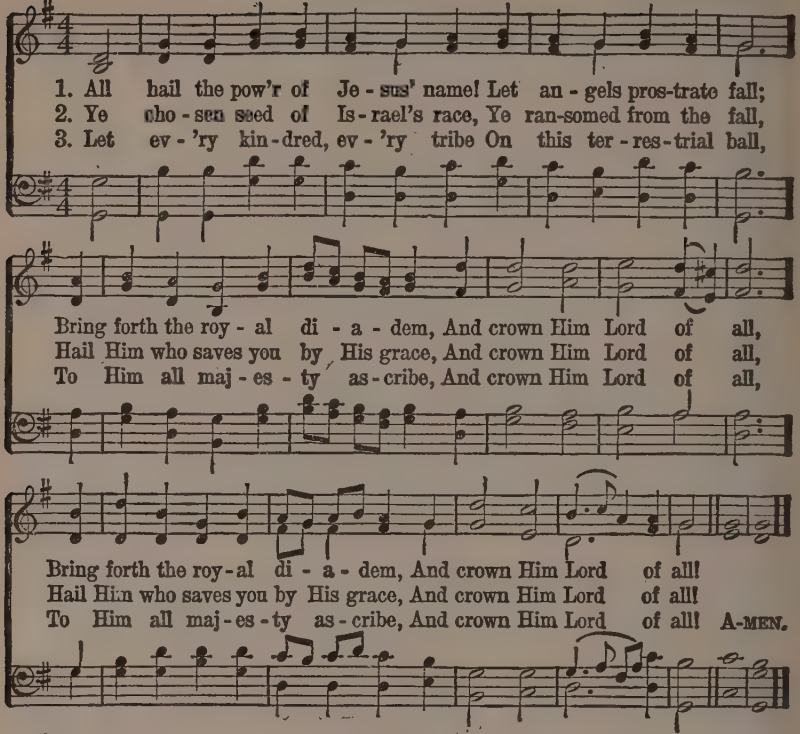
161 Rest For the Weary.

Rev. S. Y. Harmer. Rev. Wm. McDonald.


There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.

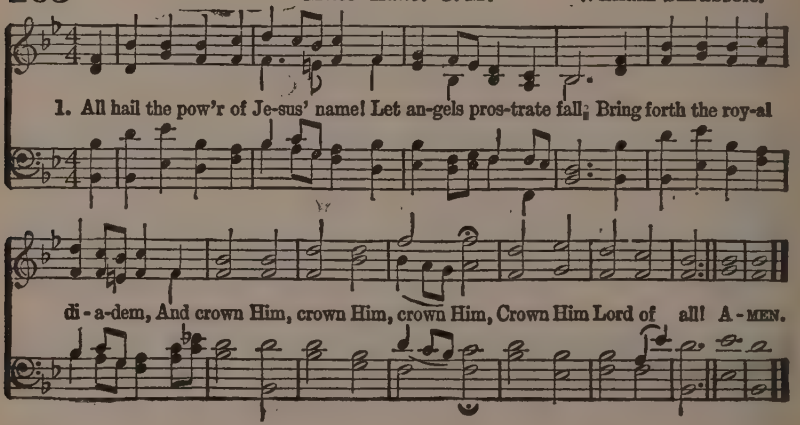
162 All Hail the Power.

Coronation. C. M. Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj-es-ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

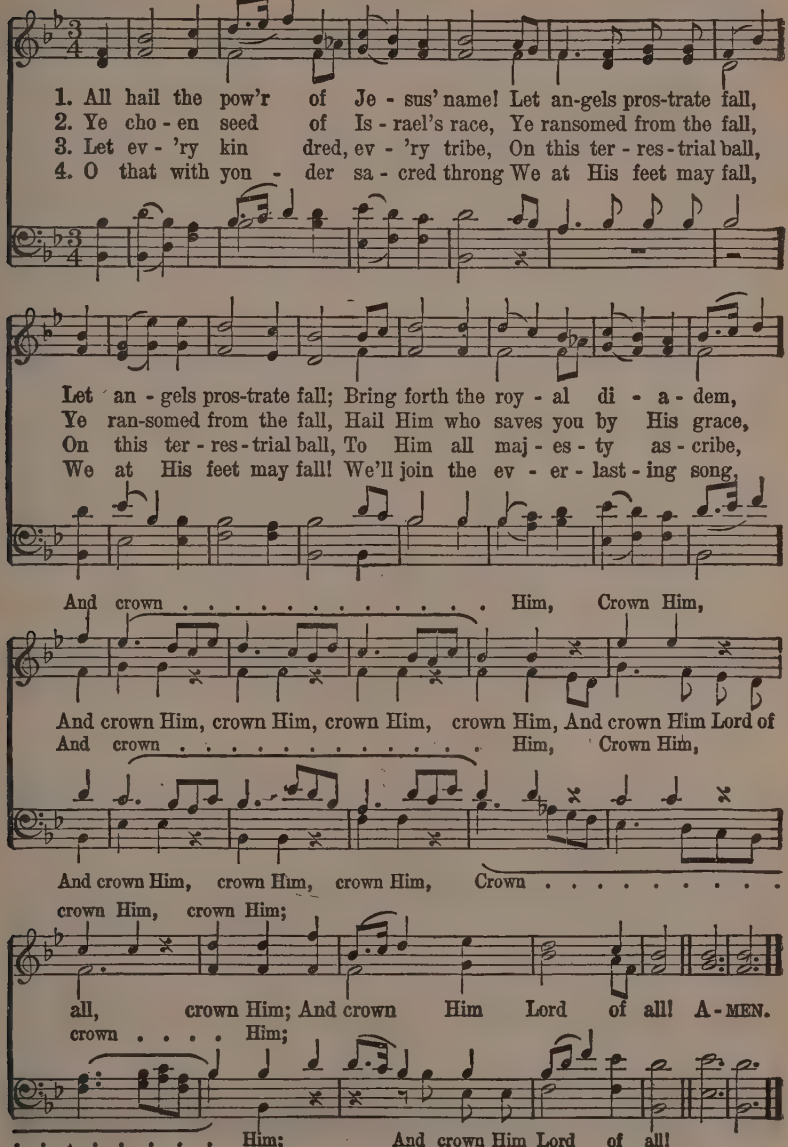
163

Miles' Lane. C. M. William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.

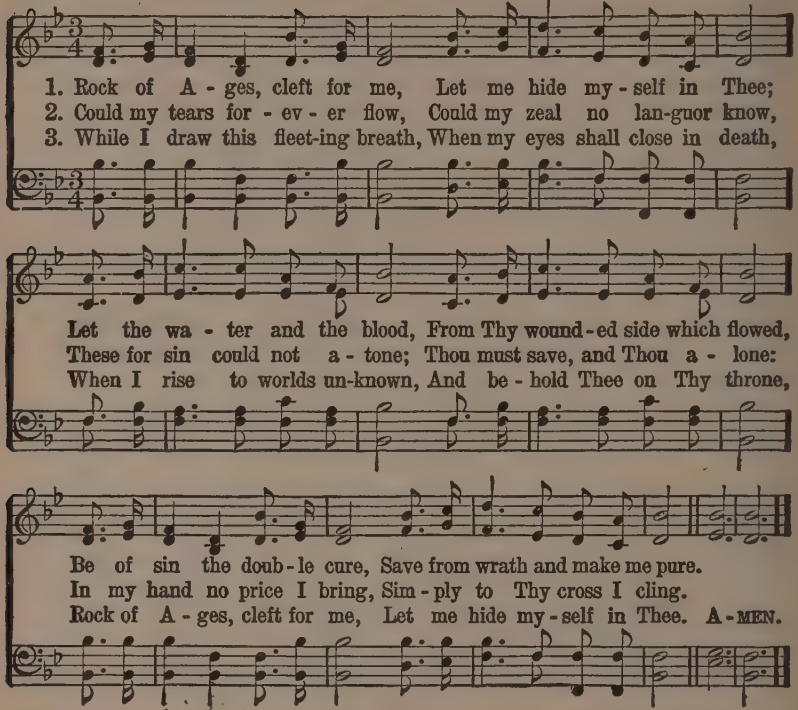
164 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. *Diadem. C. M.* James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye cho - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . . . .
crown Him, crown Him;
all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.
crown . . . . Him;
. . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

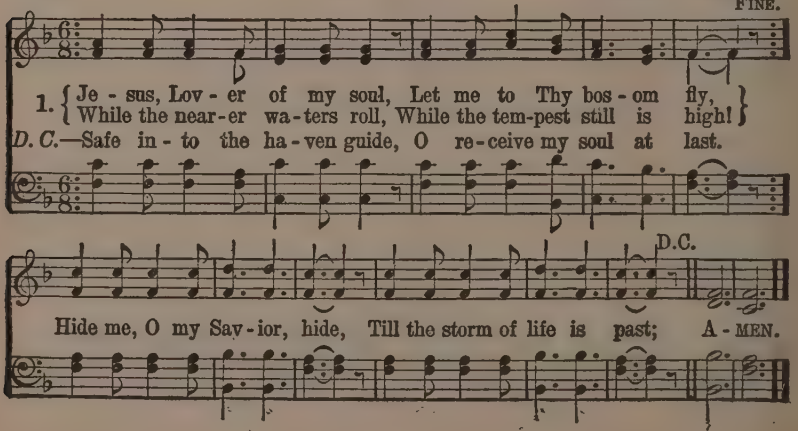
165 Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady. *Toplady. 7s. 6l.* Thomas Hastings.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

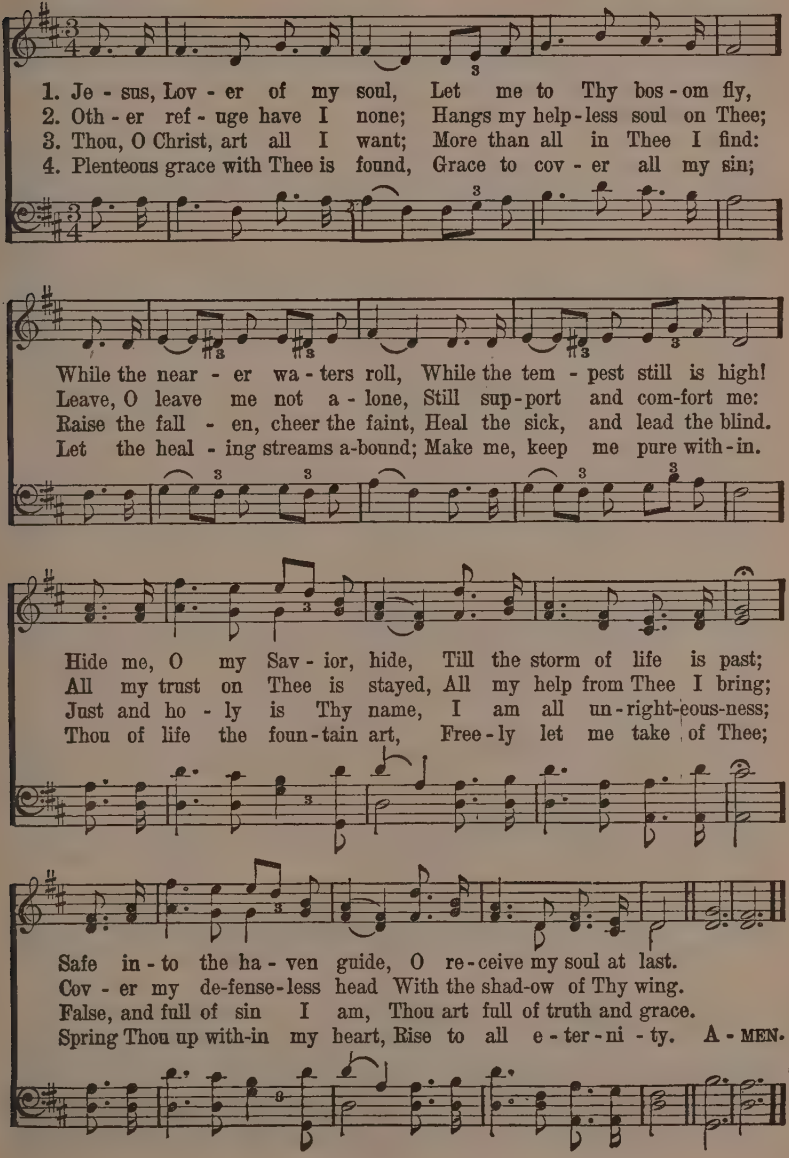
166

Martyn. 7s. D. Simeon B. Marsh.


FINE.
1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A - MEN.

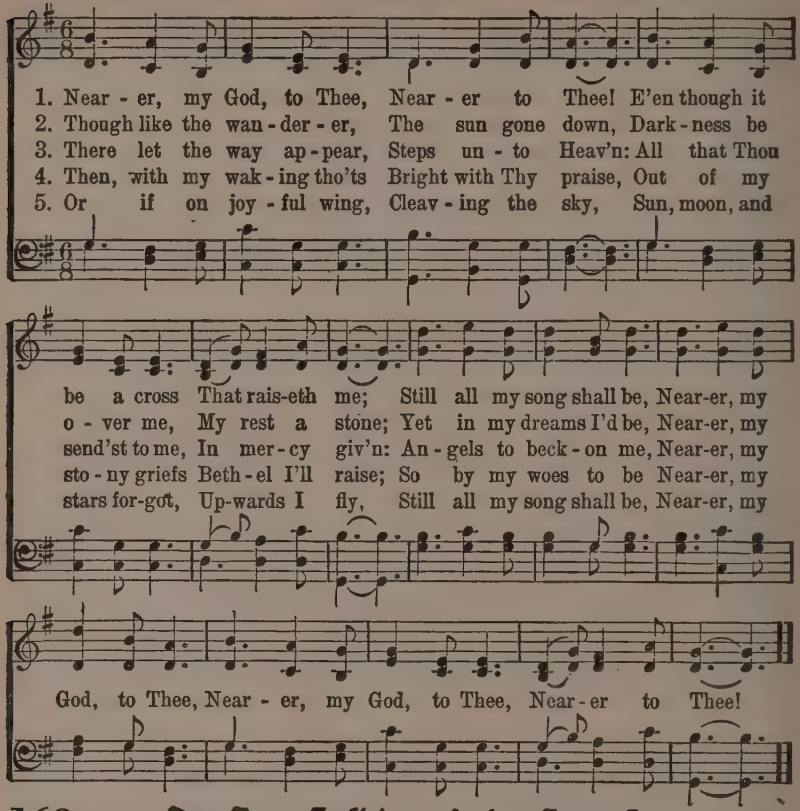
167 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Refuge. 7s. D.* Joseph P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

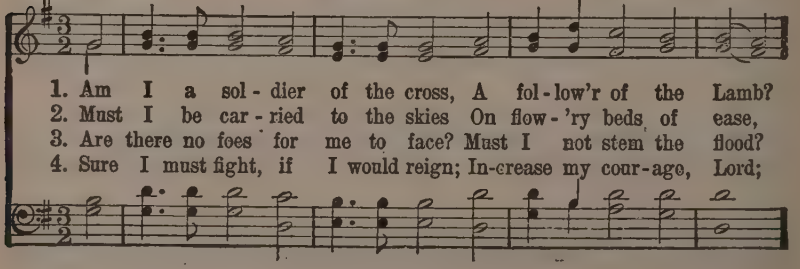
168 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. *Bethany. 6. 4.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.

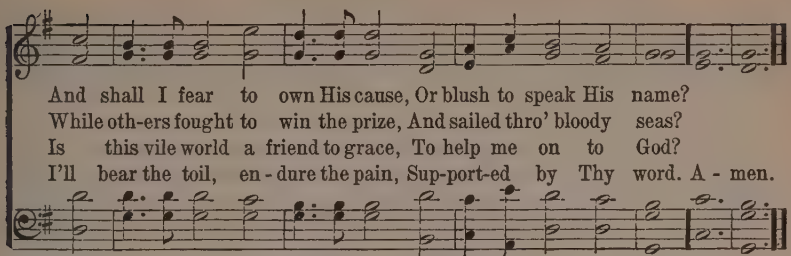

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my
send'st to me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my
stars for-got, Up-wards I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

169 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. *Arlington. C. M.* Thomas A. Arne.

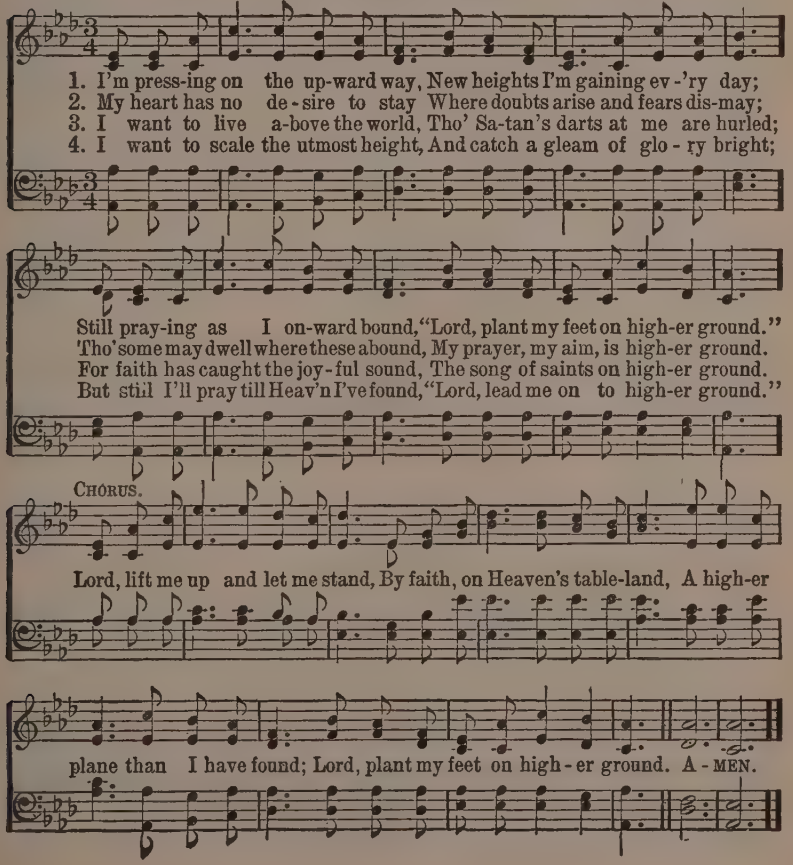

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

Am I a Soldier Of The Cross?


And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A-men.

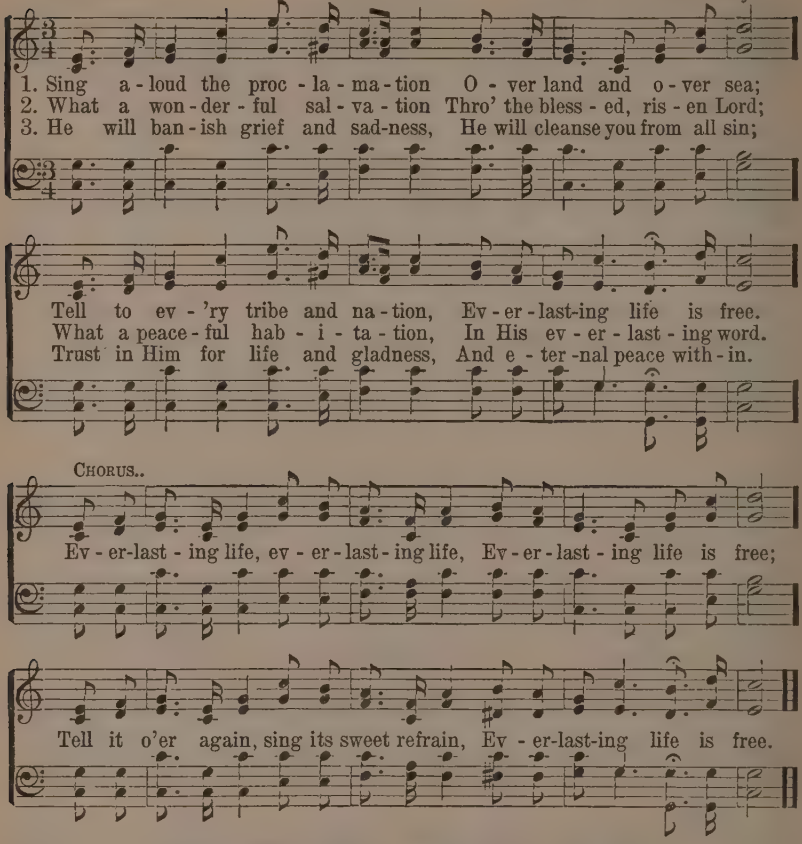
170 Higher Ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. RENEWAL. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
CHORUS.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er
plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground. A-MEN.

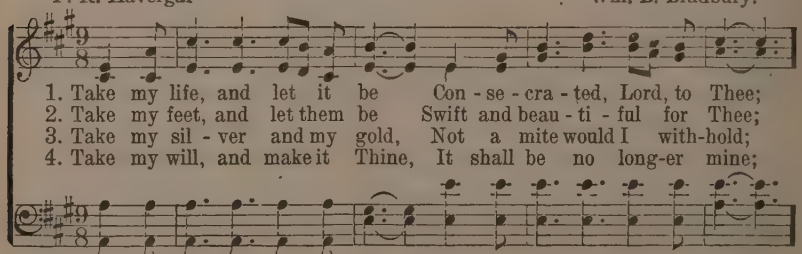
171 Everlasting Life Is Free.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

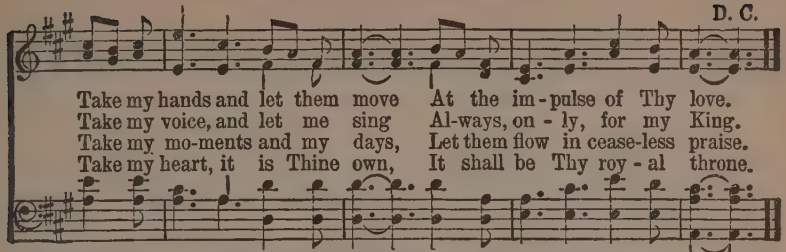
Hal Homer. Arr. B. B. McKinney.

1. Sing a-loud the proc-la-ma-tion O-ver land and o-ver sea;
2. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion Thro' the bless-ed, ris-en Lord;
3. He will ban-ish grief and sad-ness, He will cleanse you from all sin;
Tell to ev-'ry tribe and na-tion, Ev-er-last-ing life is free.
What a peace-ful hab-i-ta-tion, In His ev-er-last-ing word.
Trust in Him for life and gladness, And e-ter-nal peace with-in.
CHORUS..
Ev-er-last-ing life, ev-er-last-ing life, Ev-er-last-ing life is free;
Tell it o'er again, sing its sweet refrain, Ev-er-last-ing life is free.

172 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

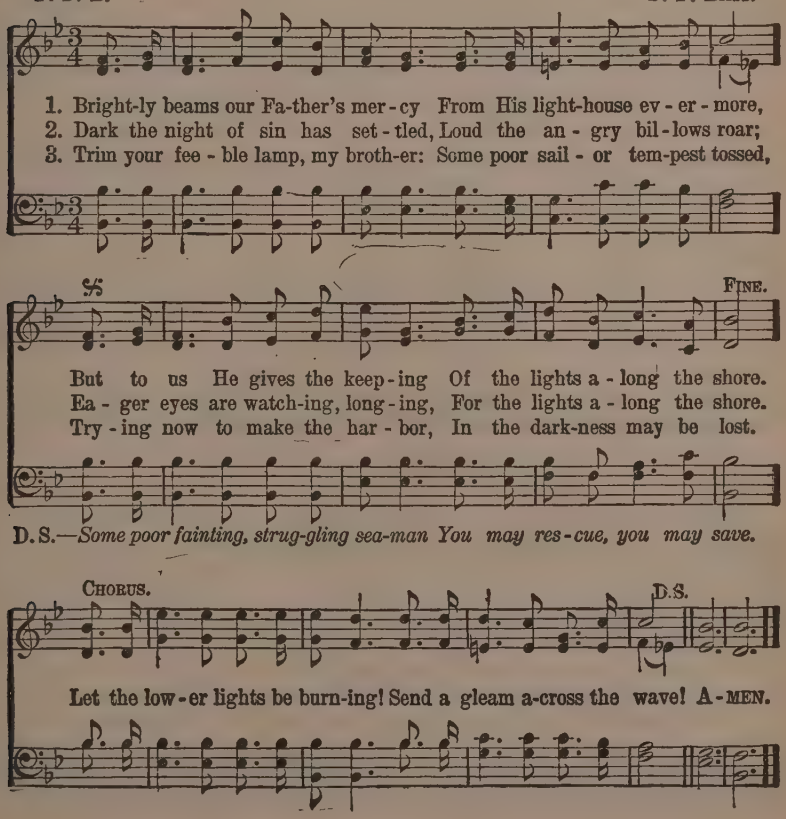
F. R. Havergal Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine;
CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be

Take My Life, and Let It Be.

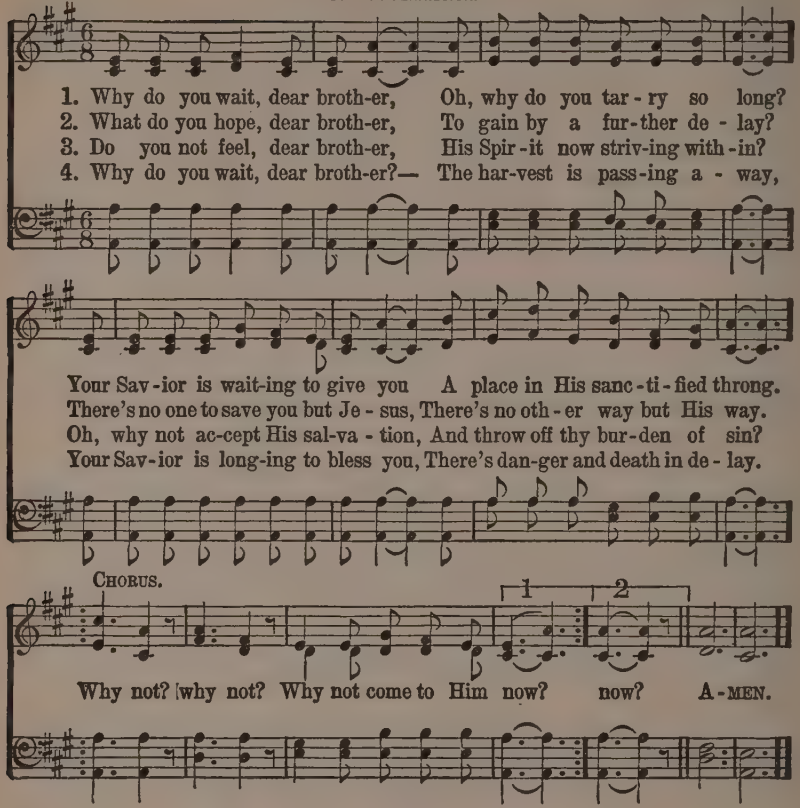

D. C.
Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

173 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,
%
FINE.
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
D. S.—Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! A-MEN.

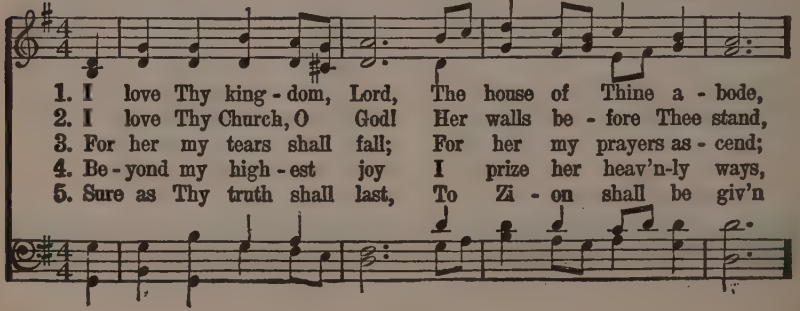
174 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1876, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. Geo. F. Root.

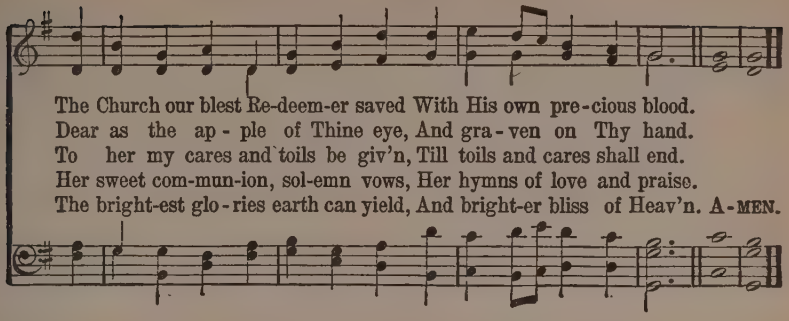

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?— The har-vest is pass-ing a-way,
Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not? [why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A-MEN.

175 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. *St. Thomas. S. M.* Aaron Williams, Coll.

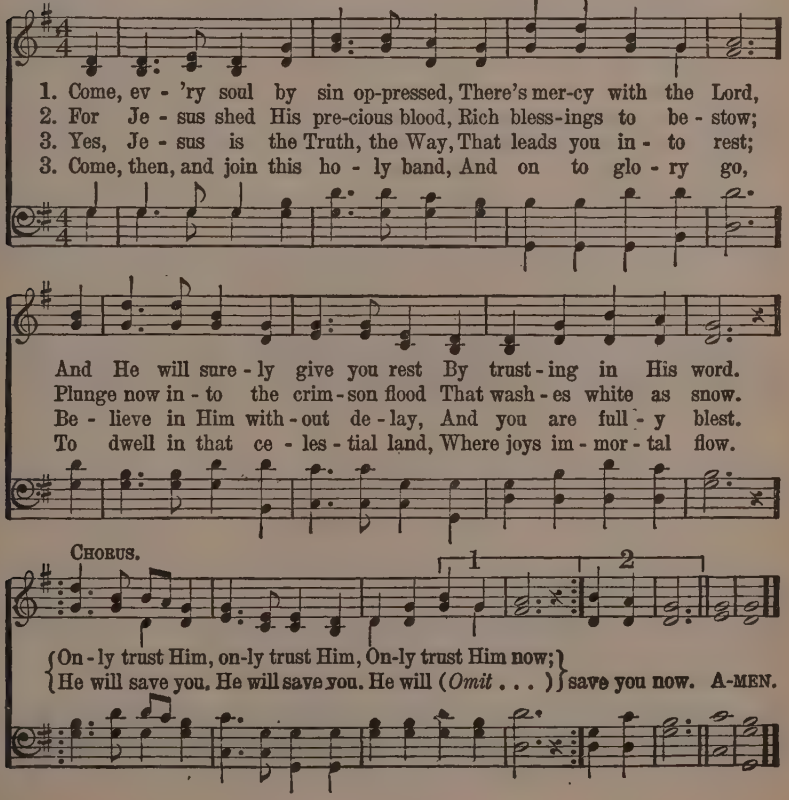

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as-cend;
4. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi-on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.


The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

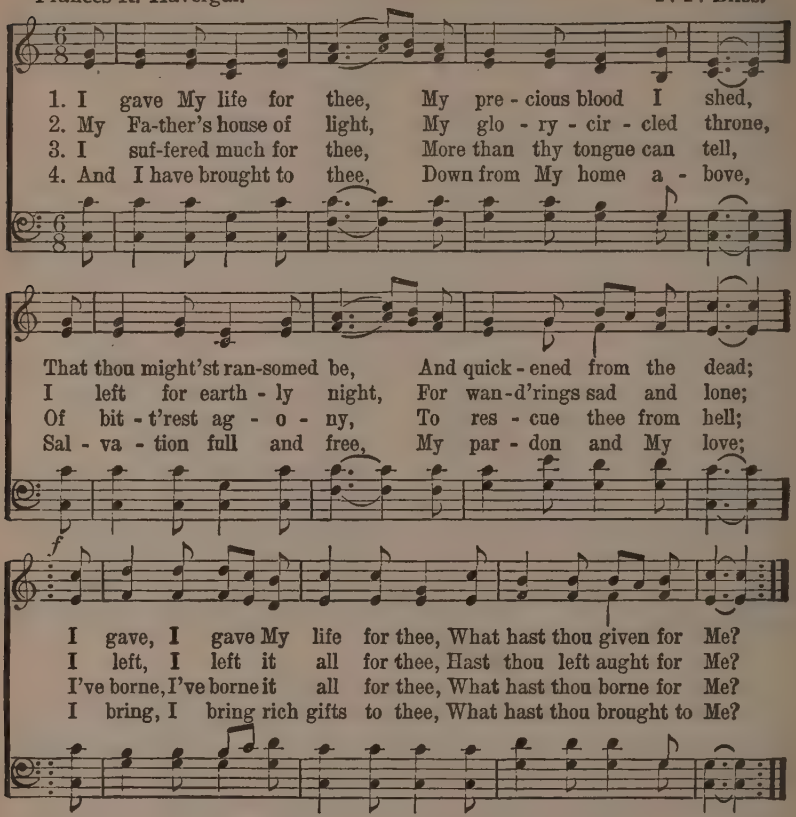
176 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
3. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,
And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are full-y blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.
CHORUS.
1
2
On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you. He will save you. He will (Omit . . .) save you now. A-MEN.

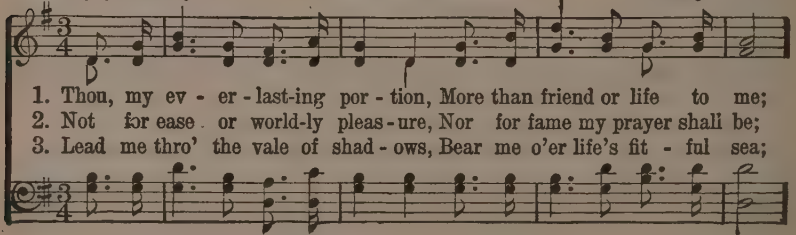
177 I Gave My Life For Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

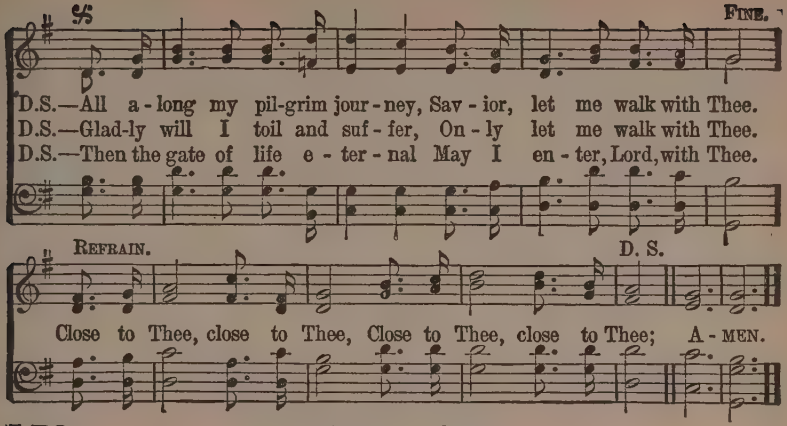
Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,
That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;
f
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

178 Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Silas J. Vail.

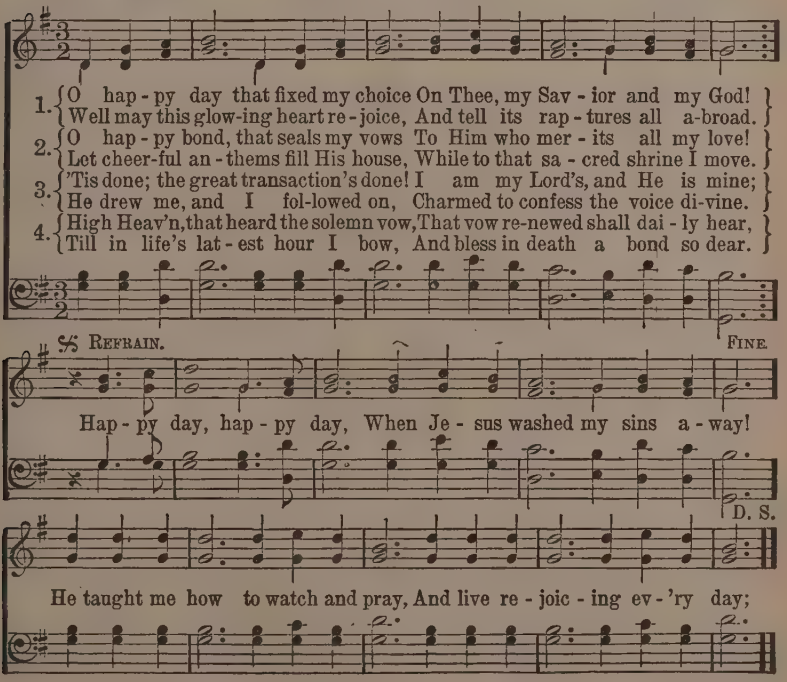

1. Thou, my ev - er - last-ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

Close to Thee.


Fine.
D.S.—All a - long my pil-grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
Refrain.
D. S.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; A - men.

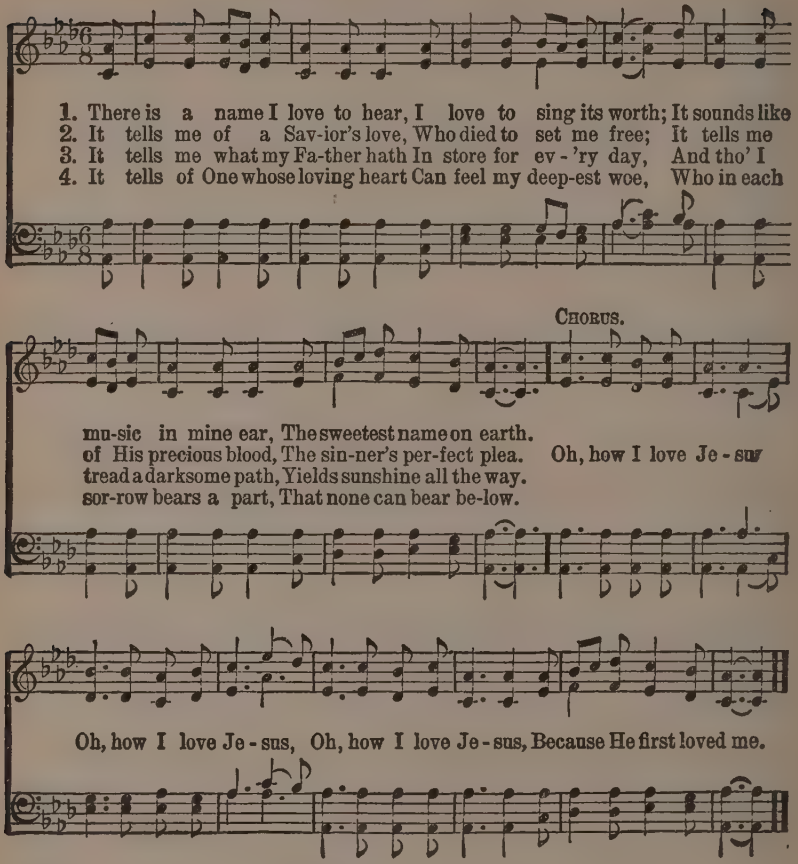
179 O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. *Happy Day. L. M.* E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a-broad.
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheer-ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
4. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow re-newed shall dai - ly hear,
Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.
Refrain.
Fine.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

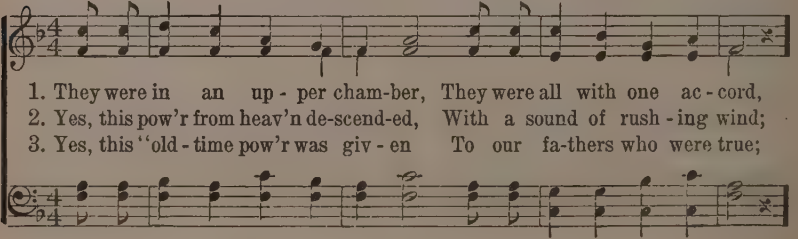
180 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

How I Love Jesus. C. M.

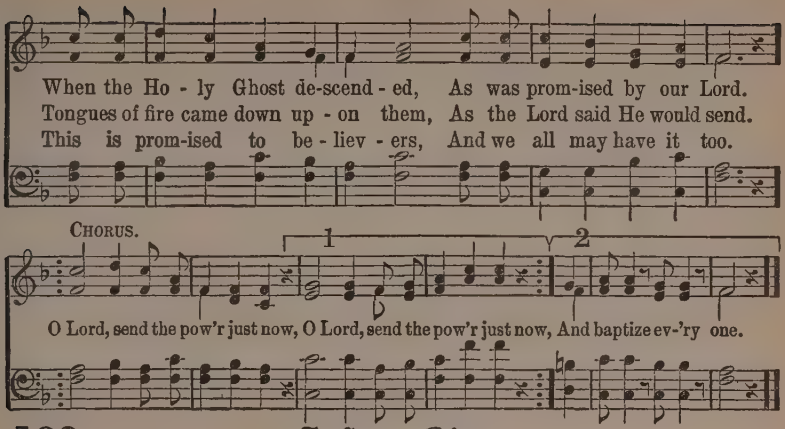

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each
Chorus.
mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-sus
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.
Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Because He first loved me.

181 Old-Time Power.

C. D. T. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN Charlie D. Tillman.

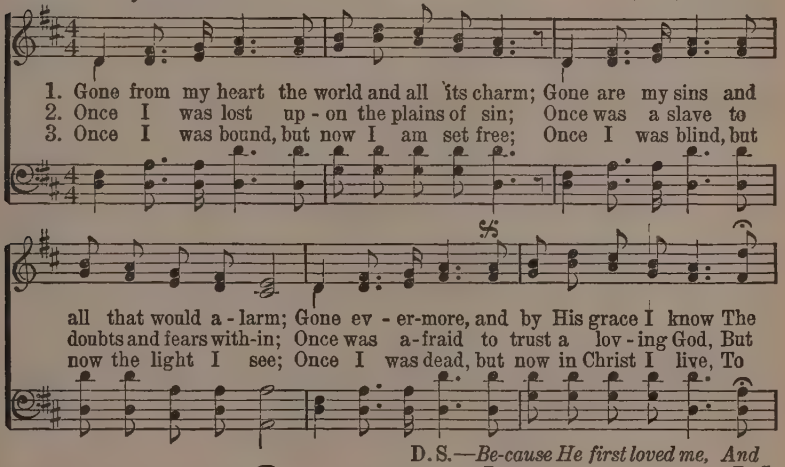

1. They were in an up-per cham-ber, They were all with one ac-cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend-ed, With a sound of rush-ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old-time pow'r was giv-en To our fa-thers who were true;

Old-Time Power.


When the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.
CHORUS.
1
2
O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And baptize ev-'ry one.

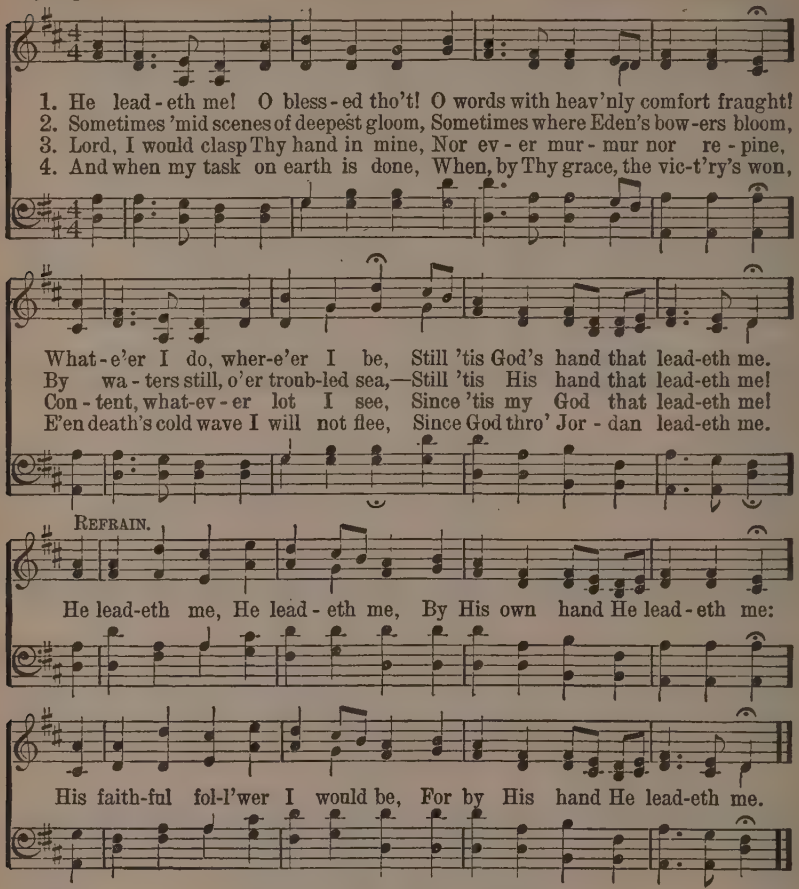
182 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears with-in; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, And
FINE.
D. S.
pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.
purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.

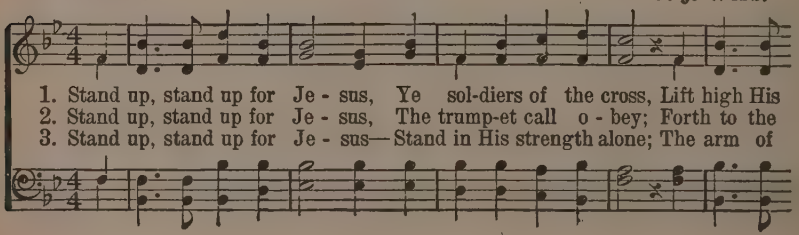
183 He Leadeth Me.

Joseph H. Gilmore. *He Leadeth Me. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

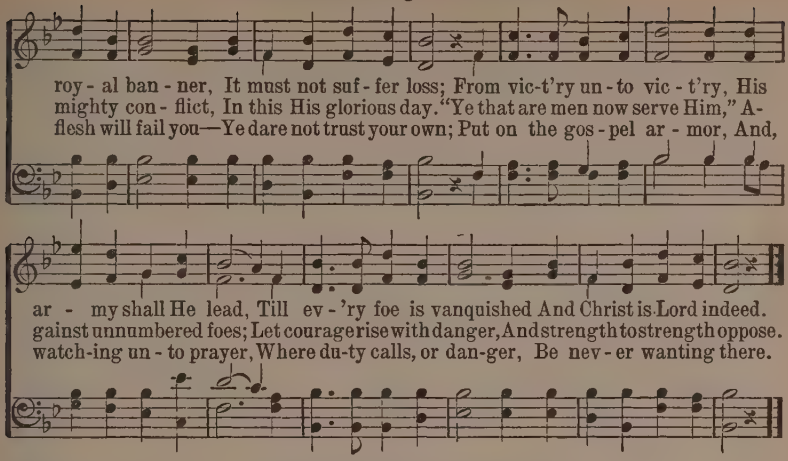

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:
His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

184 Stand Up For Jesus.

G. Duffield. *Webb.* G. J. Webb.

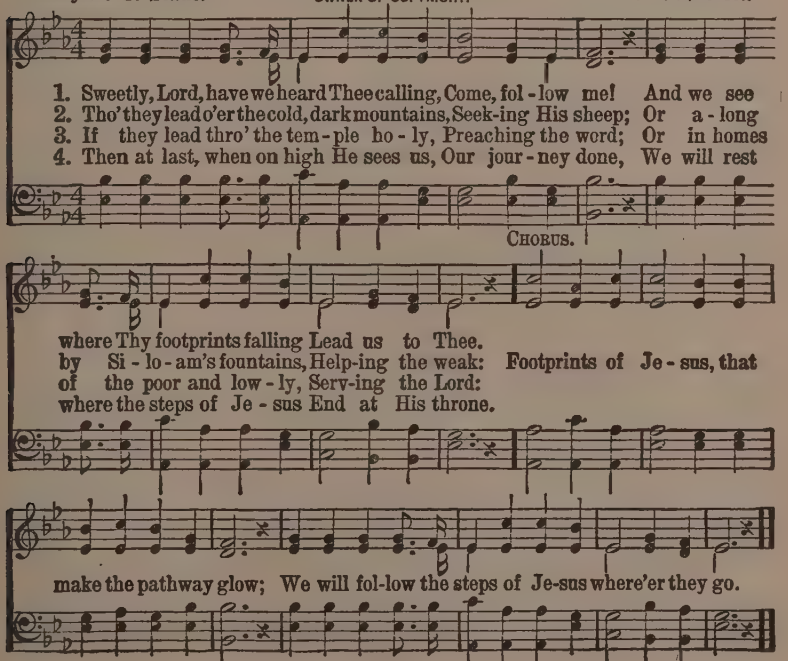

1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trump-et call o-bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus—Stand in His strength alone; The arm of

Stand Up For Jesus.


roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His
mighty con - flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-
flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And,
ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
watch-ing un - to prayer, Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er wanting there.

185 Footsteps of Jesus.

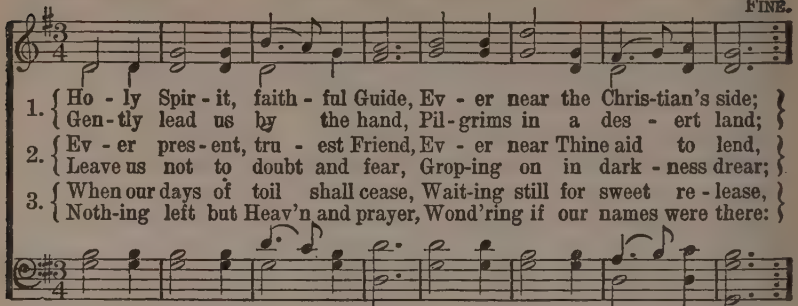
Mary B. C. Slade. USED BY PERMISSION OF R. M. McINTOSH, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. A. B. Everett.


1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, fol - low me! And we see
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep; Or a - long
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the word; Or in homes
4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, We will rest
CHORUS.
where Thy footprints falling Lead us to Thee.
by Si - lo - am's fountains, Help-ing the weak: Footprints of Je - sus, that
of the poor and low - ly, Serv-ing the Lord:
where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.
make the pathway glow; We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus where'er they go.

186 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

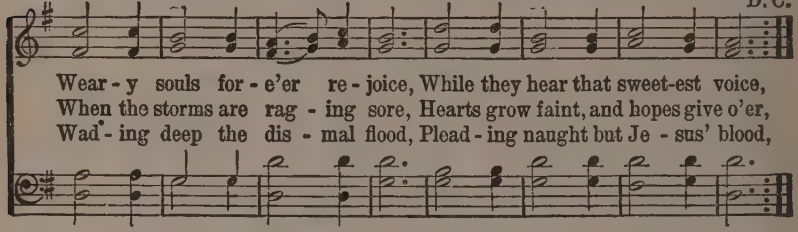
Marcus M. Wells. *Faithful Guide.* 7s. D. Marcus M. Wells.

FINE.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark - ness drear;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,
Noth-ing left but Heav'n and prayer, Wond'ring if our names were there:

D.C.–Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.–Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.–Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

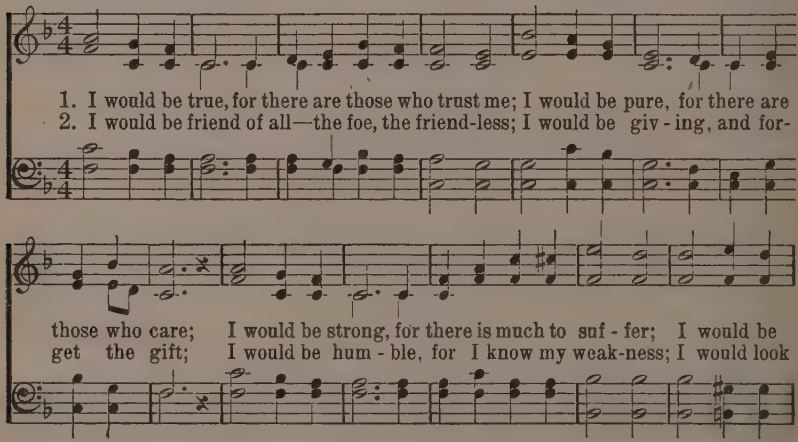
D. C.


Wear - y souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

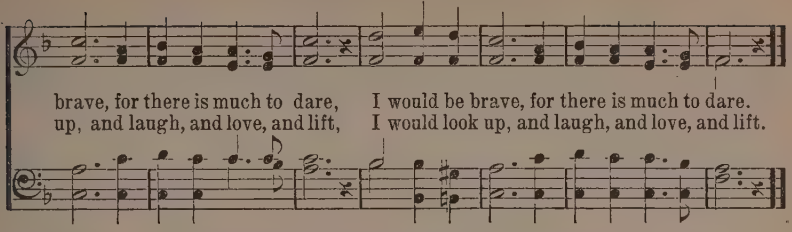
187 I Would Be True.

PROPERTY OF J. YATES PEEK.

Howard Arnold Walter. Joseph Yates Peek.

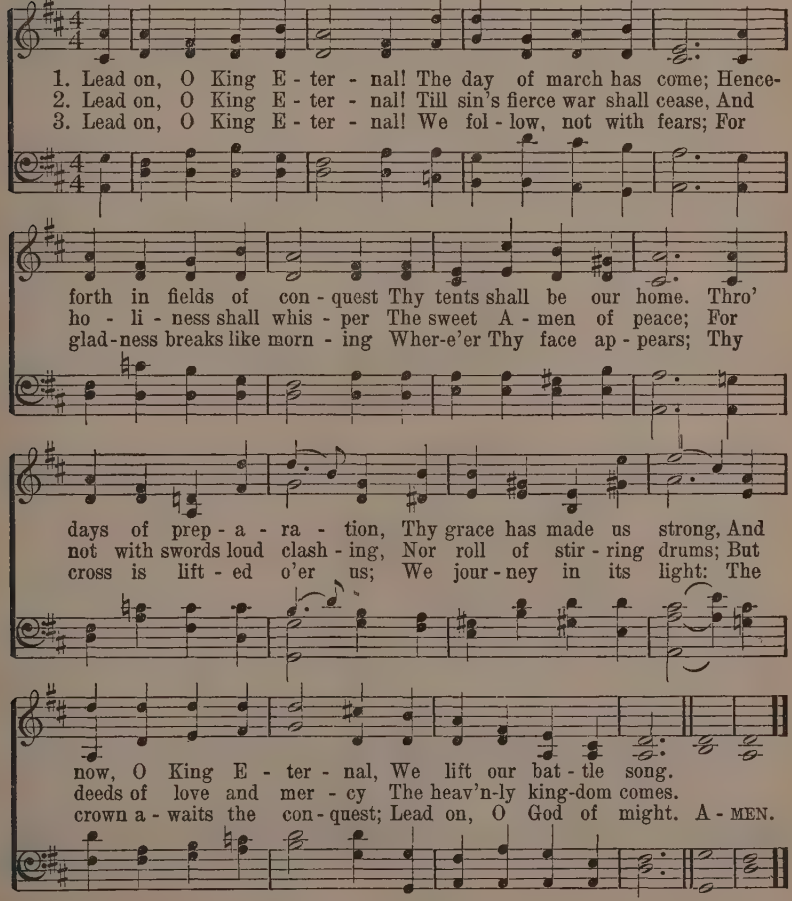

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be pure, for there are
2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less; I would be giv - ing, and for-
those who care; I would be strong, for there is much to suf - fer; I would be
get the gift; I would be hum - ble, for I know my weak-ness; I would look

I Would Be True.


brave, for there is much to dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
up, and laugh, and love, and lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

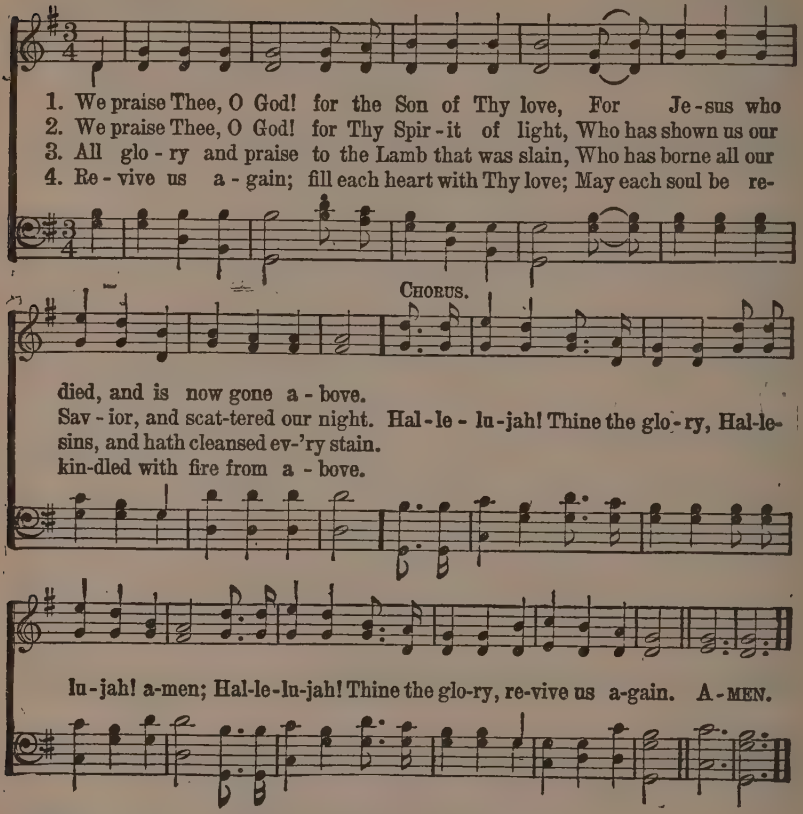
188 Lead On, O King Eternal!

Ernest W. Schurtleff. *Lancashire.* 7s. 6s. D. Henry Smart.


1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day of march has come; Hence-
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! We fol - low, not with fears; For
forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro'
ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For
glad-ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy
days of prep - a - ra - tion, Thy grace has made us strong, And
not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums; But
cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light: The
now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
deeds of love and mer - cy The heav'n-ly king-dom comes.
crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might. A - MEN.

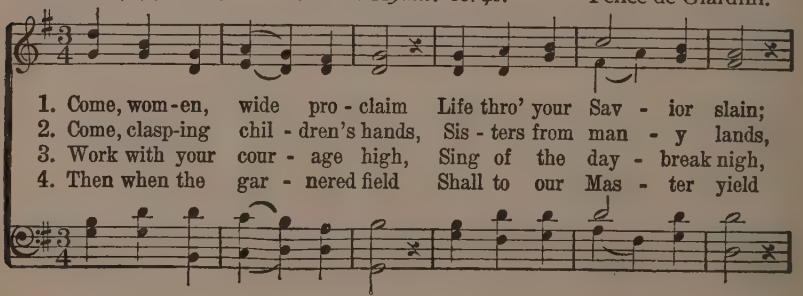
189 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. John J. Husband.

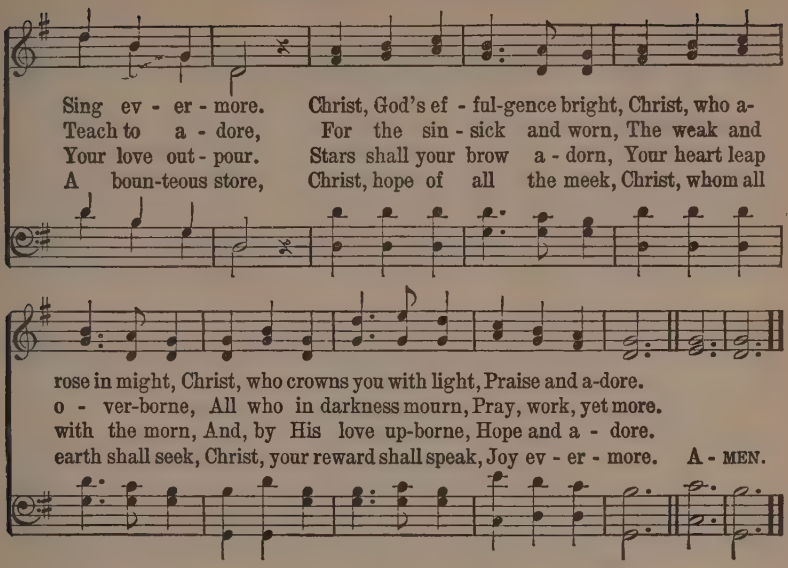

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
Chorus.
died, and is now gone a-bove.
Sav-ior, and scat-tered our night. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sins, and hath cleansed ev-'ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a-bove.
lu-jah! a-men; Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, re-vive us a-gain. A-men.

190 The Woman's Hymn.

Fannie E. S. Heck. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.

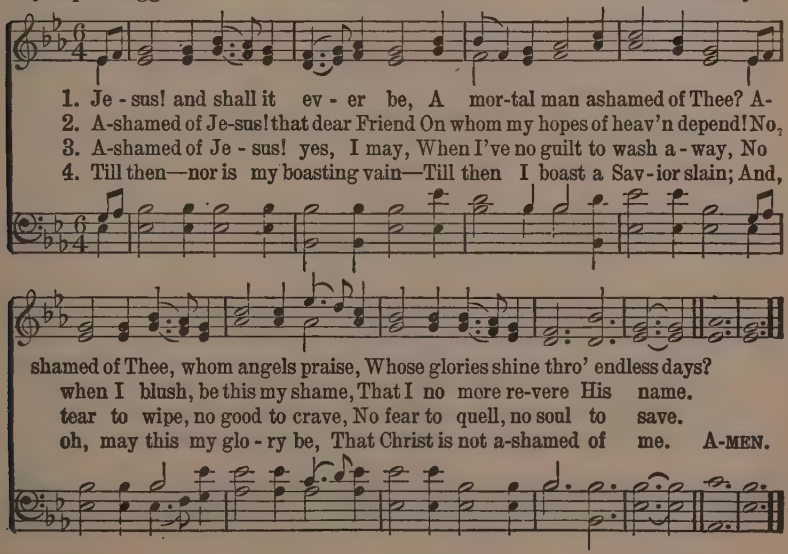

1. Come, wom-en, wide pro-claim Life thro' your Sav-ior slain;
2. Come, clasp-ing chil-dren's hands, Sis-ters from man-y lands,
3. Work with your cour-age high, Sing of the day-break nigh,
4. Then when the gar-nered field Shall to our Mas-ter yield

The Woman's Hymn.


Sing ev - er - more. Christ, God's ef - ful-gence bright, Christ, who a-
Teach to a - dore, For the sin - sick and worn, The weak and
Your love out - pour. Stars shall your brow a - dorn, Your heart leap
A boun-teous store, Christ, hope of all the meek, Christ, whom all
rose in might, Christ, who crowns you with light, Praise and a-dore.
o - ver-borne, All who in darkness mourn, Pray, work, yet more.
with the morn, And, by His love up-borne, Hope and a - dore.
earth shall seek, Christ, your reward shall speak, Joy ev - er - more. A - MEN.

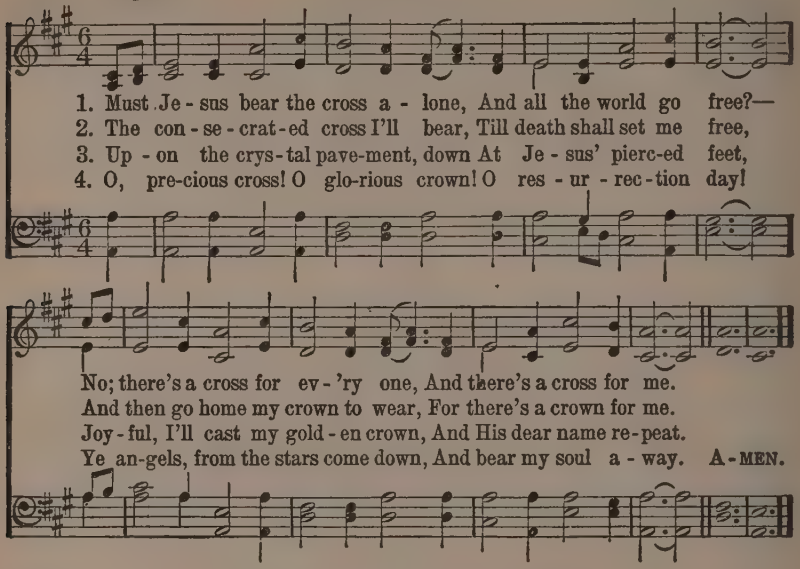
191 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be.

Joseph Grigg. *Woodworth. L. M.* Wm. Bradbury.


1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee? A-
2. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend! No,
3. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No
4. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain; And,
shamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me. A-MEN.

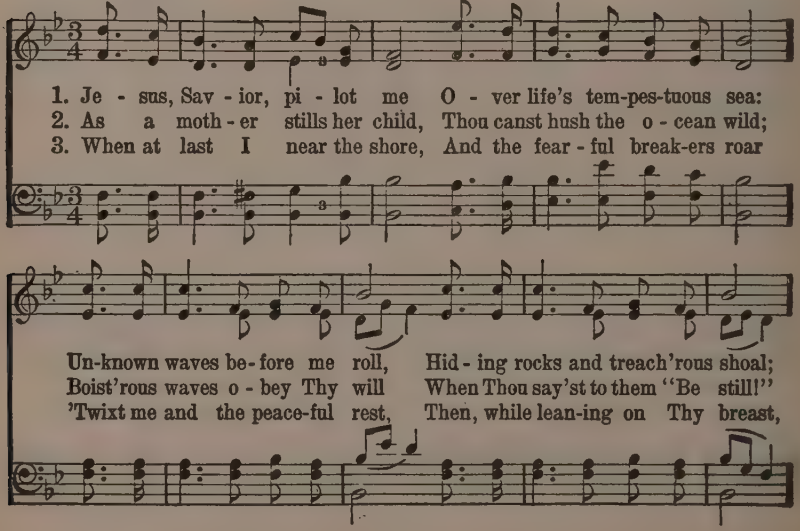
192 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Maitland. C. M.* Geo. N. Allen.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O, pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A - MEN.

193 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *Pilot. 6. 7.* J. E. Gould.


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

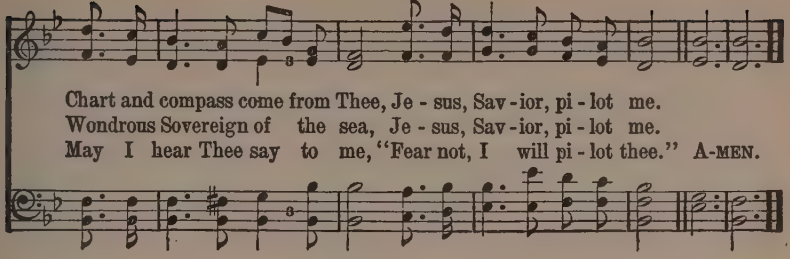
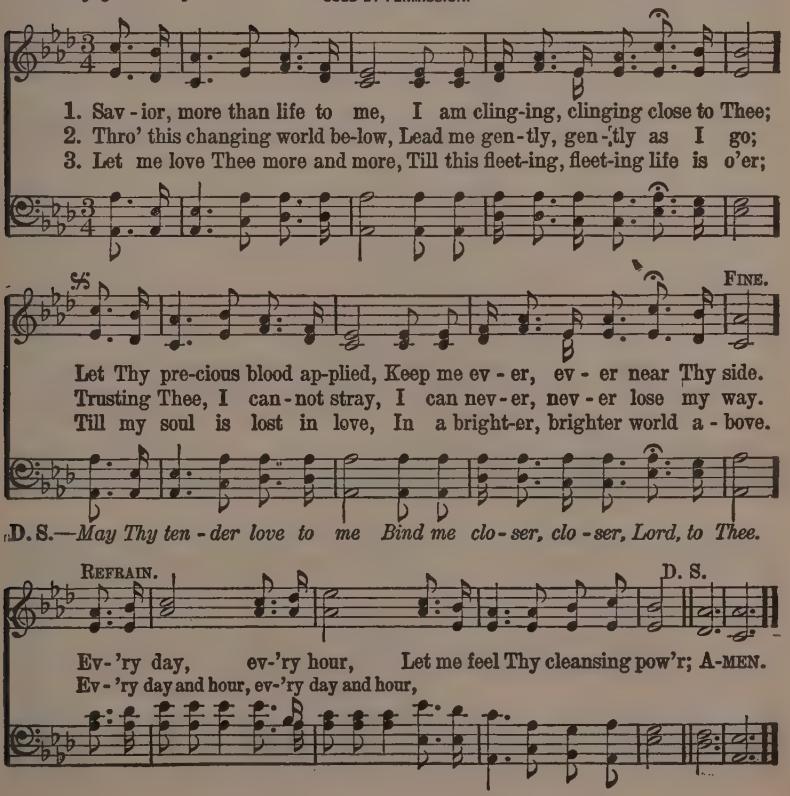


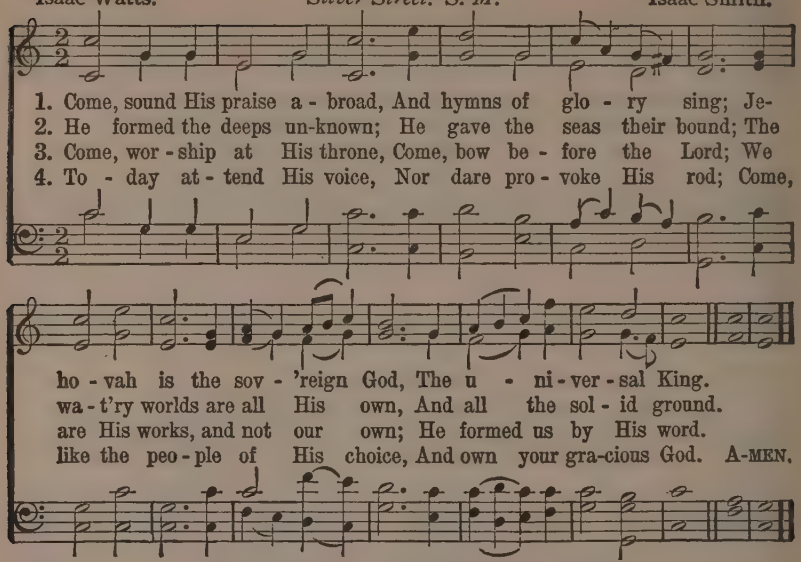
Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A-MEN.

194 Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;
FINE.
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a - bove.
D. S.—May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A-MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

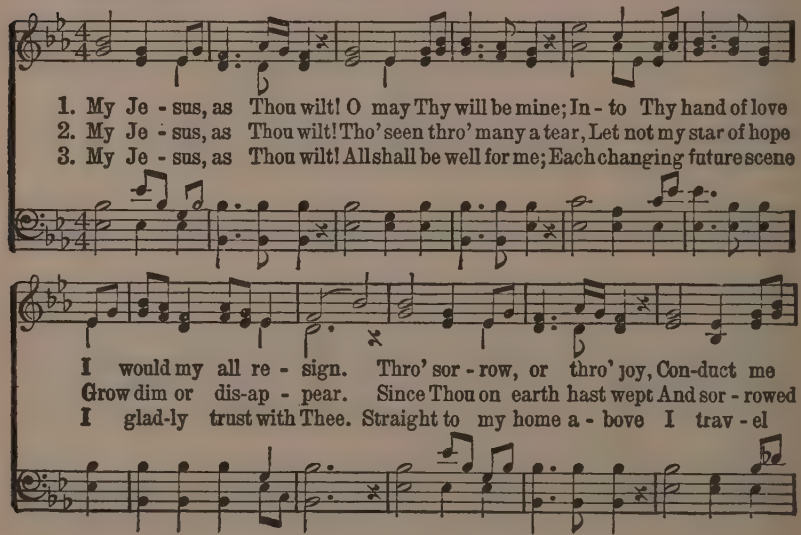
195 Come, Sound His Praise.

Isaac Watts. *Silver Street. S. M.* Isaac Smith.

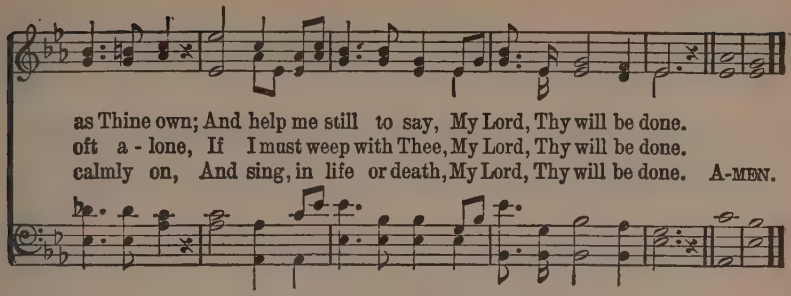

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je-
2. He formed the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound; The
3. Come, wor - ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We
4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,
ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
wa - t'ry worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra-cious God. A-MEN.

196 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

Benjamin Schmolck. *Jewett. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.* From C. M. von Weber.

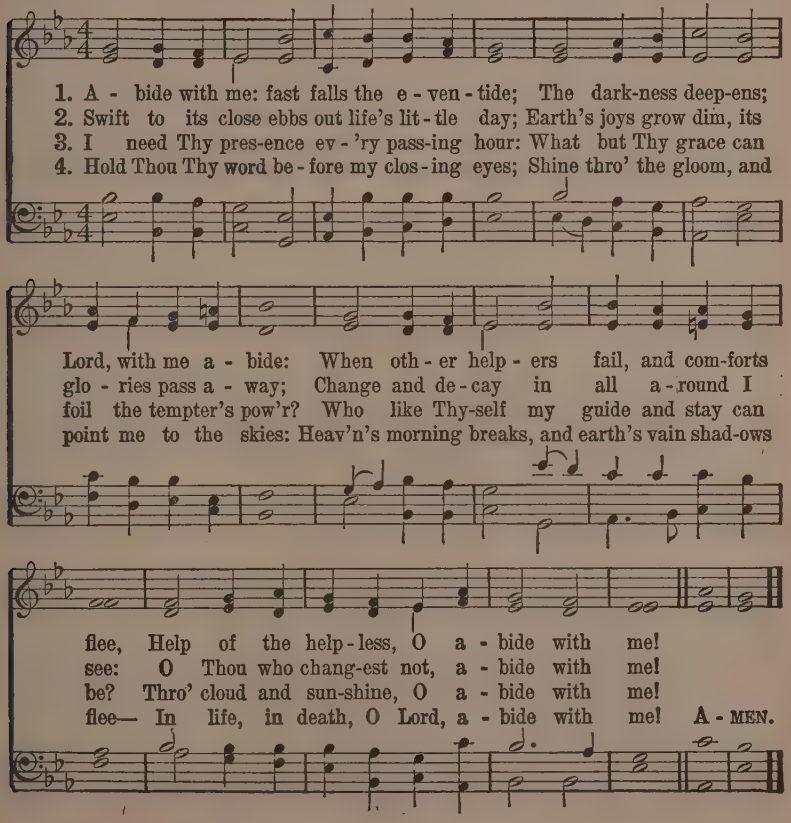

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene
I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con-duct me
Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed
I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!


as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-MEN.

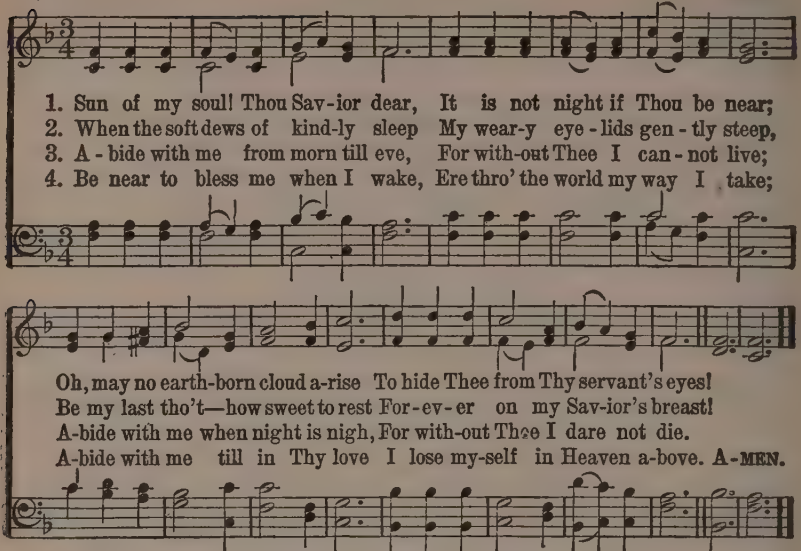
197 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. *Eventide. 10s.* W. H. Monk.

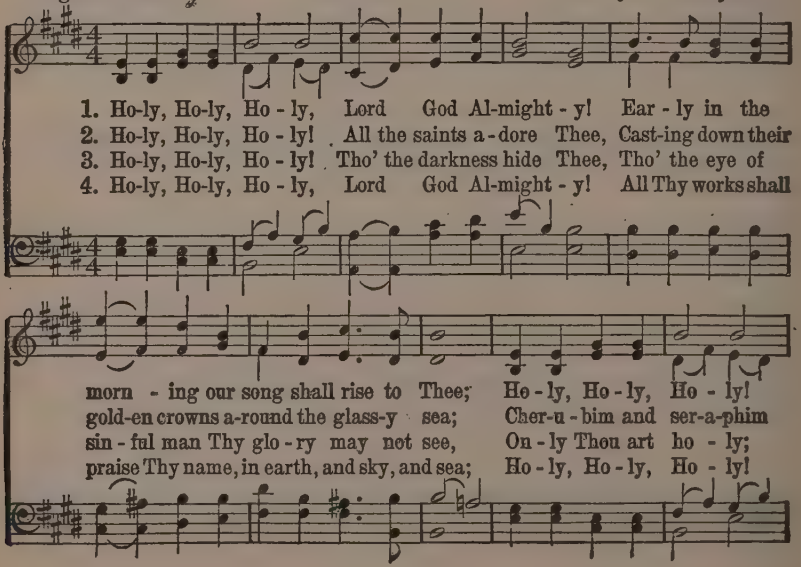

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy word be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and
Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows
flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
see: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

198 Sun of My Soul.

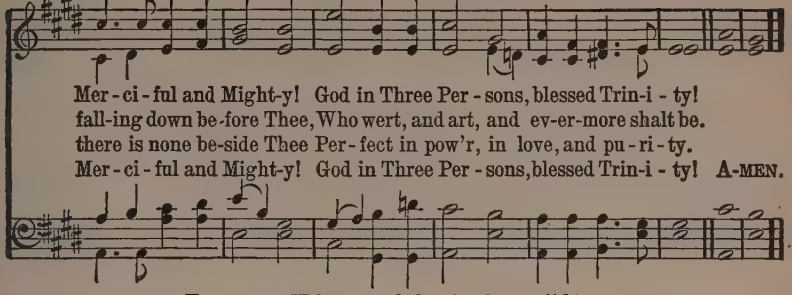
John Keble. *Hursley. L. M.* Peter Ritter.


1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove. A-MEN.

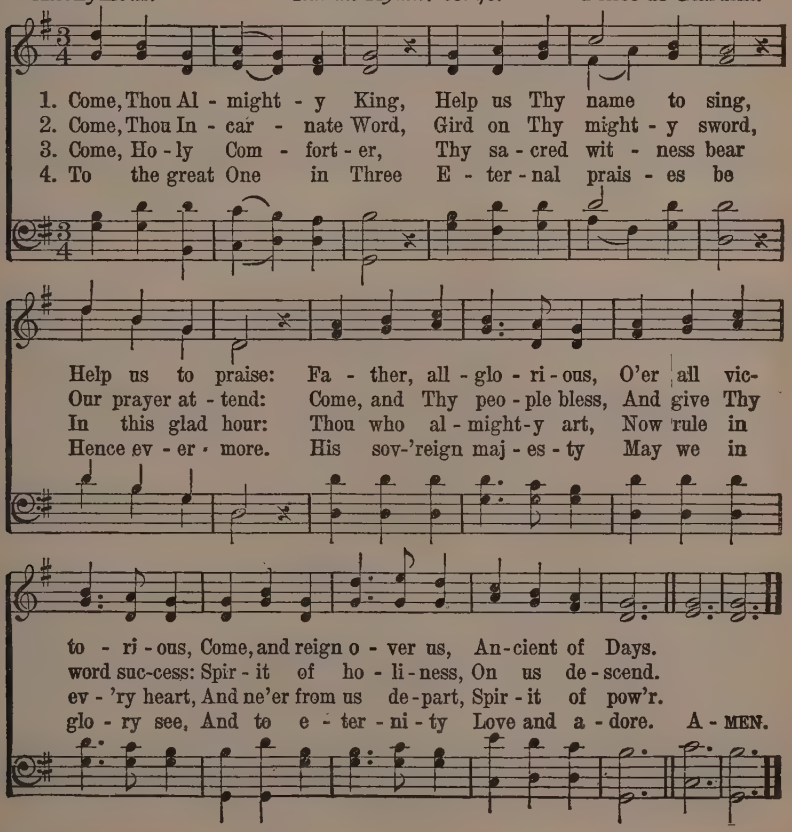
199 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. *Nicæa. 11. 12. 12. 10.* Rev. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy.

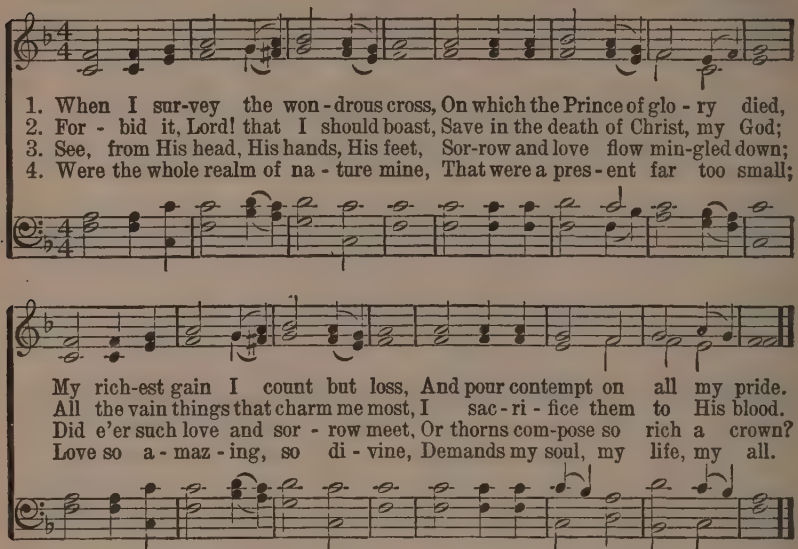

Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty! A-MEN.

200 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might-y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.
word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de-scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

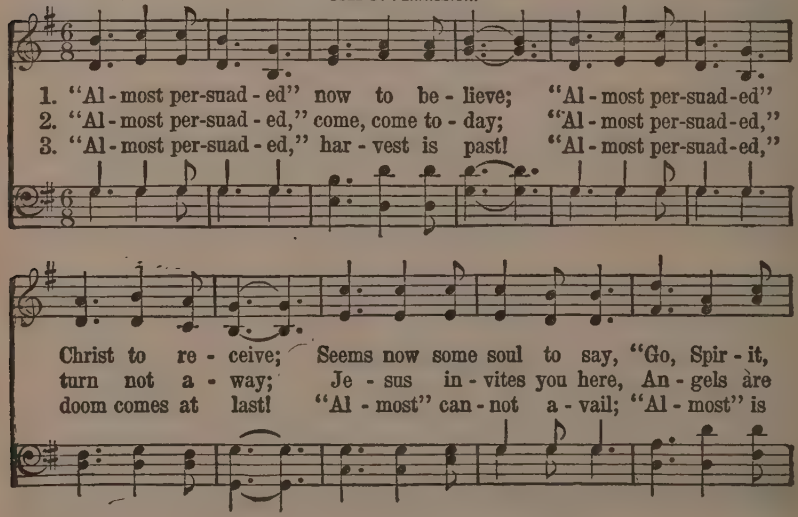
201 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Hamburg. L. M.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.

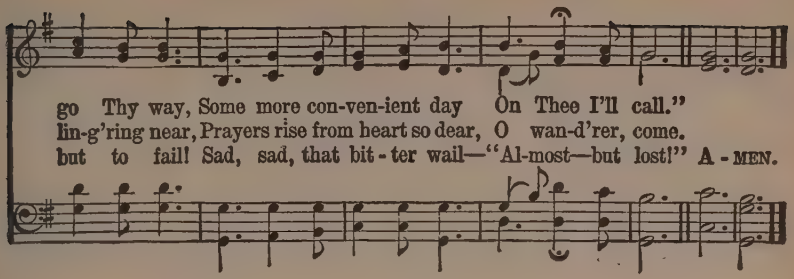

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

202 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

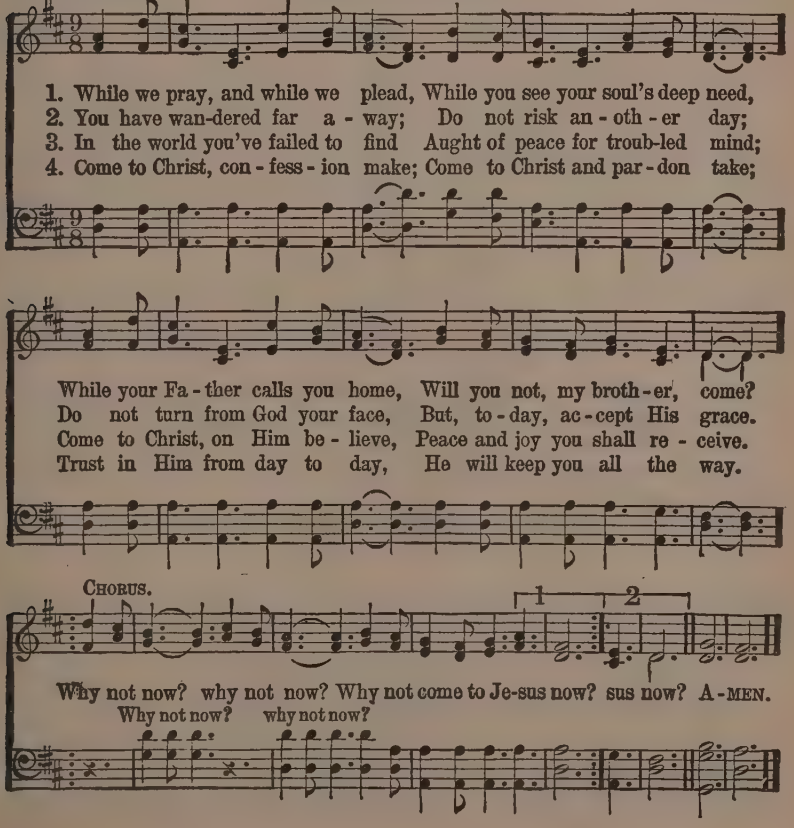

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is

Almost Persuaded.


go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!" A-MEN.

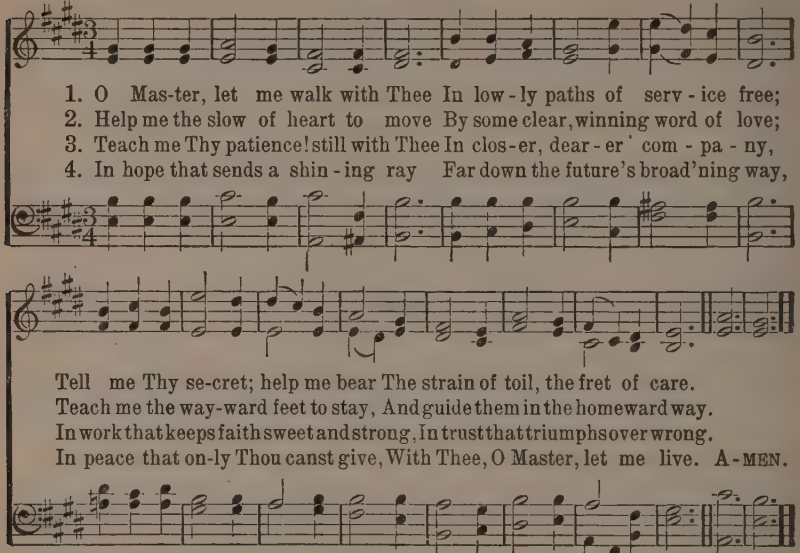
203 Why Not Now?

El Nathan. Copyright, 1919. Renewal. The Rodeheaver Pub. Co., Owner. C. C. Case.


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a-way; Do not risk an-oth-er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fess-ion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;
While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to-day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A-MEN.
Why not now? why not now?

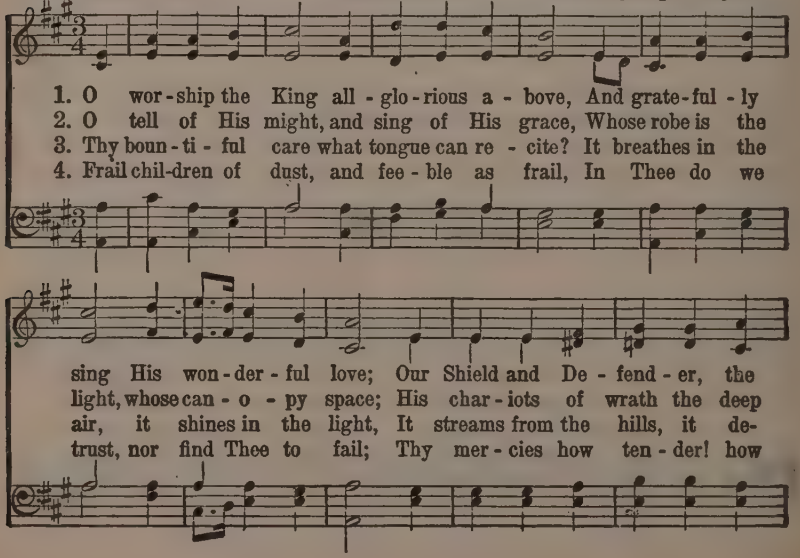
204 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

W. Gladden. *Maryton. L. M.* H. P. Smith.

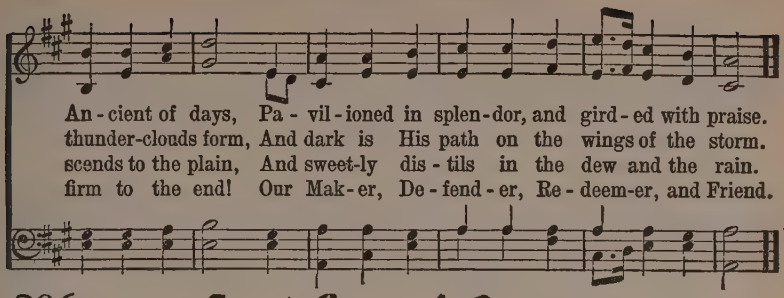

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way,
Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong.
In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. A-MEN.

205 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. *Lyons. 10. 11.* Francis Joseph Haydn.

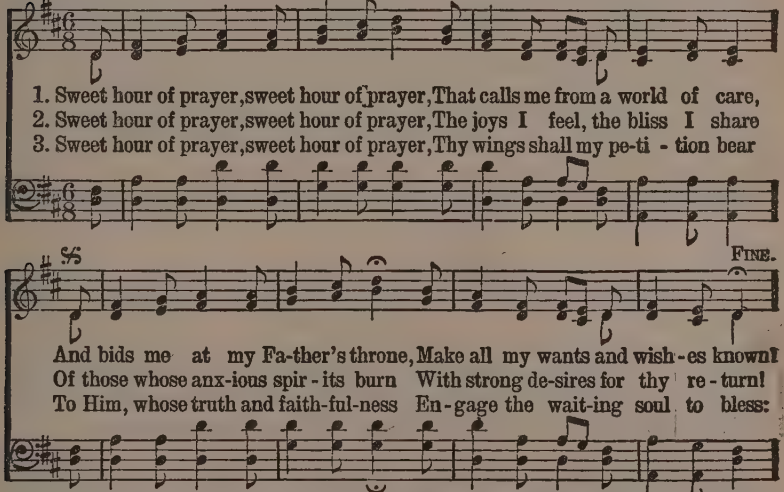

1. O wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how

O Worship the King.


An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem-er, and Friend.

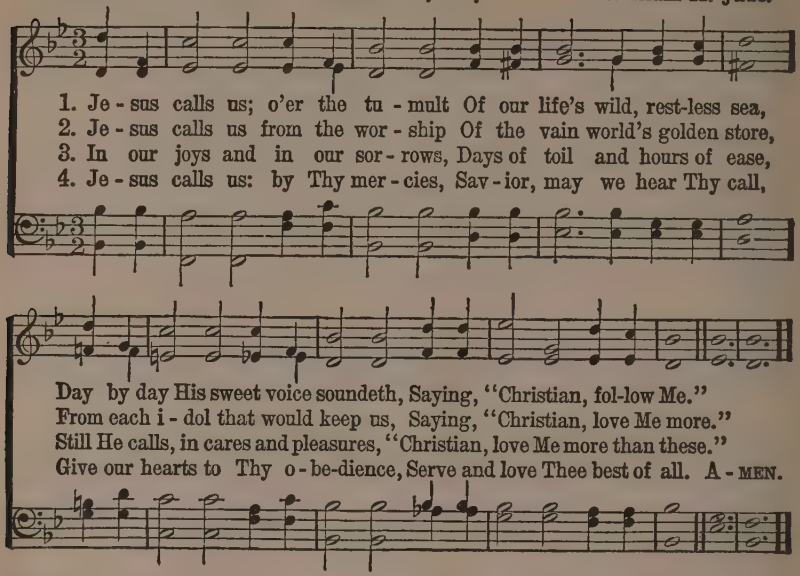
206 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe-ti - tion bear
FINE.
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
Of those whose anx-ious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless:
D.S.–And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S.–And glad-ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S.–I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S.
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I has - ten to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,

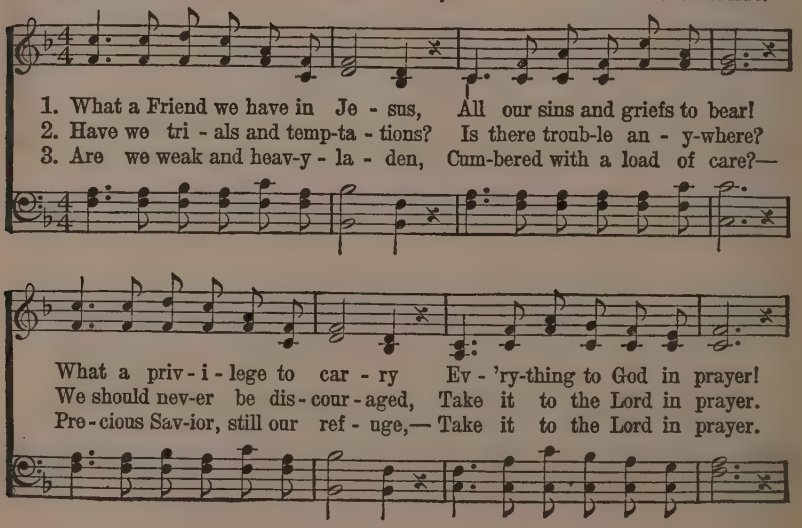
207 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William H. Jude.

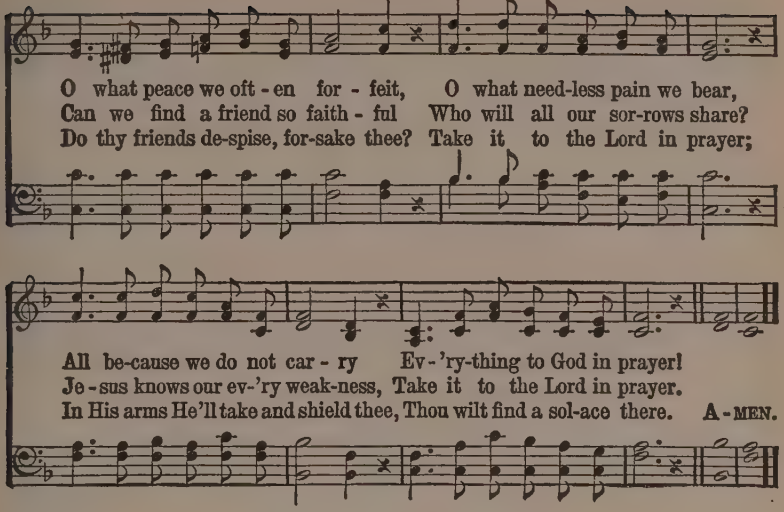

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.

208 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. *Converse. 8s. 7s. D.* Charles C. Converse.

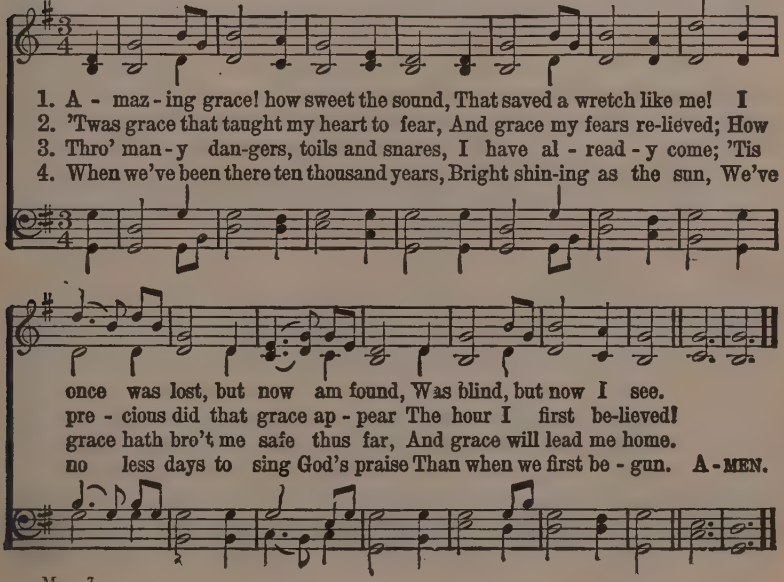

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

What a Friend.


O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there. A - MEN.

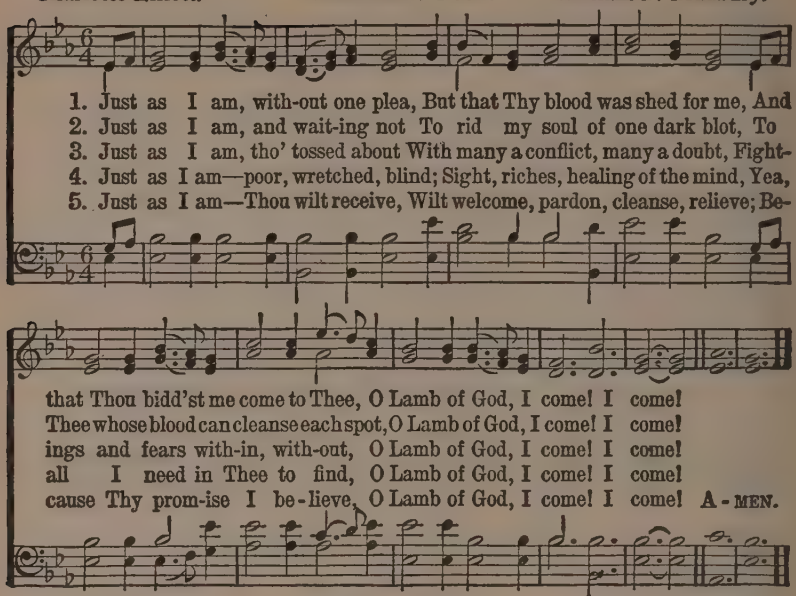
209 Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *McIntosh. C. M.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.


1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - ready come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've
once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.

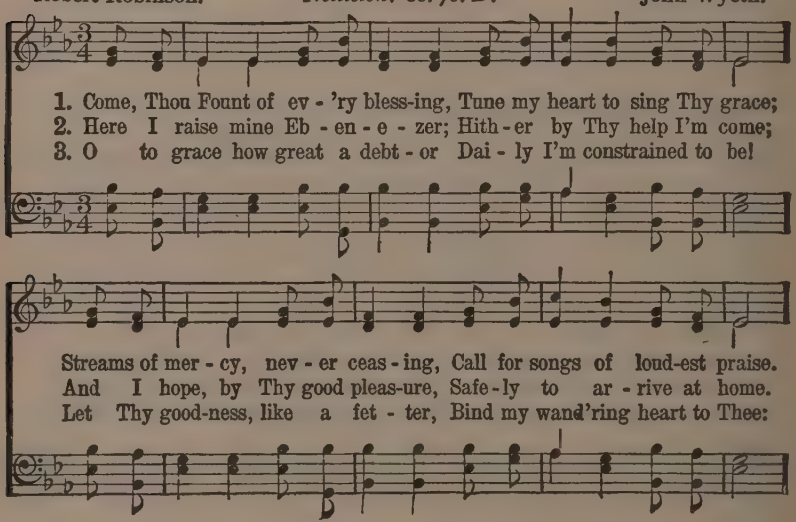
210 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. *Woodworth. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

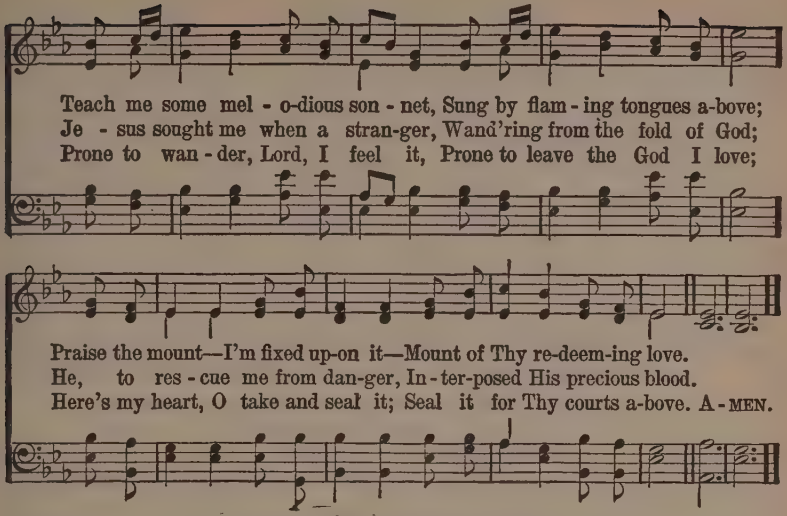

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-
that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A-MEN.

211 Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. *Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.* John Wyeth.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

Come, Thou Fount.


Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a-bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove. A - MEN.

212 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

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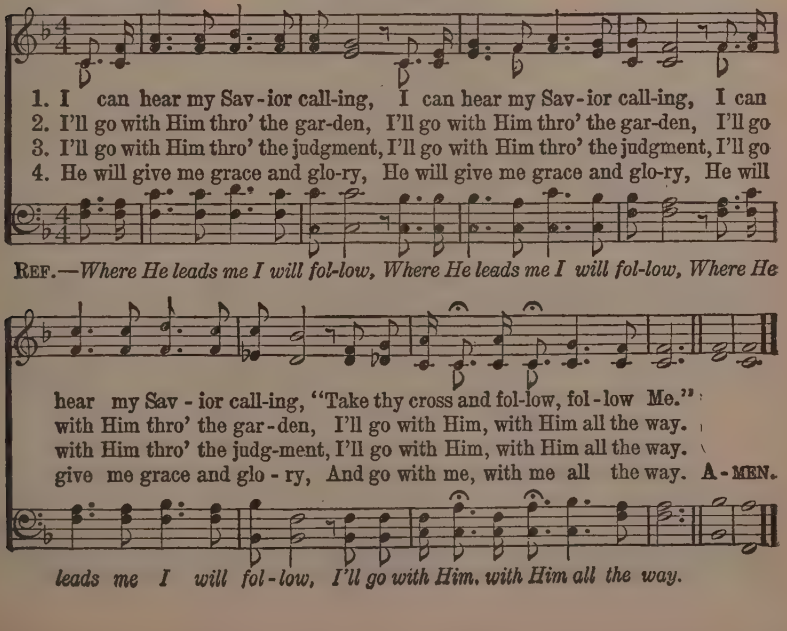
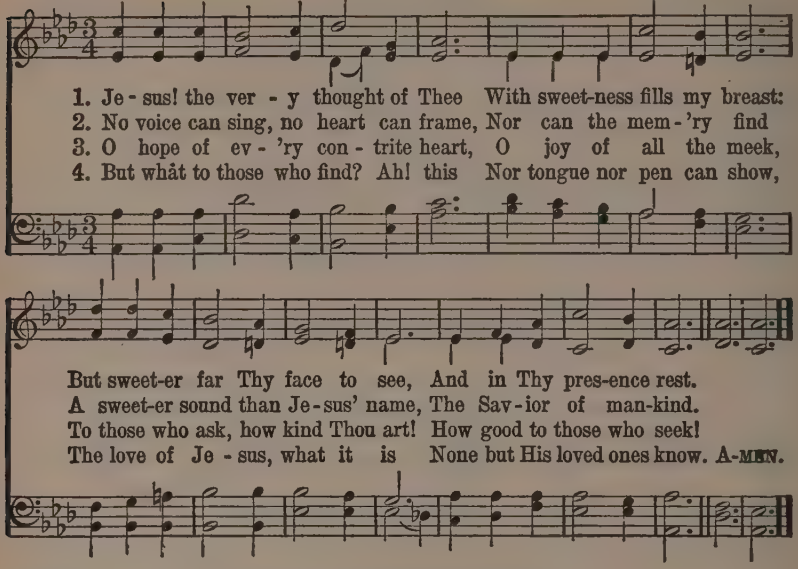
J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will
REF.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He
hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.
leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

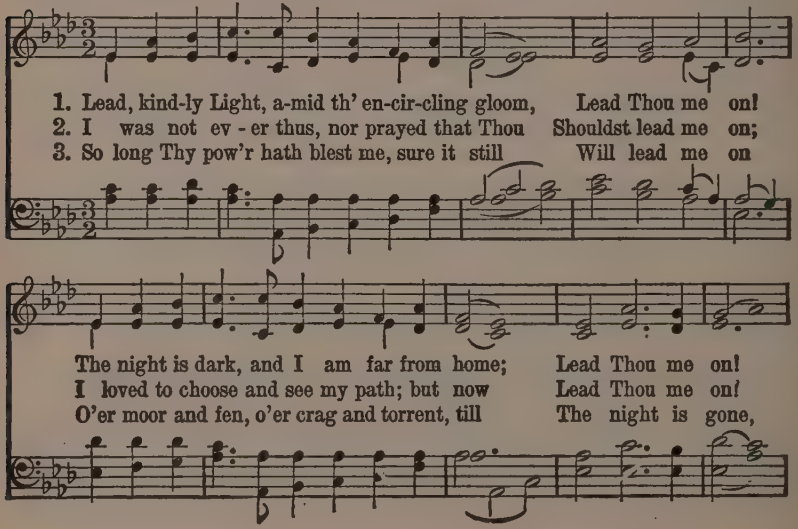
213 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard. *St. Agnes. C. M.* J. B. Dykes.

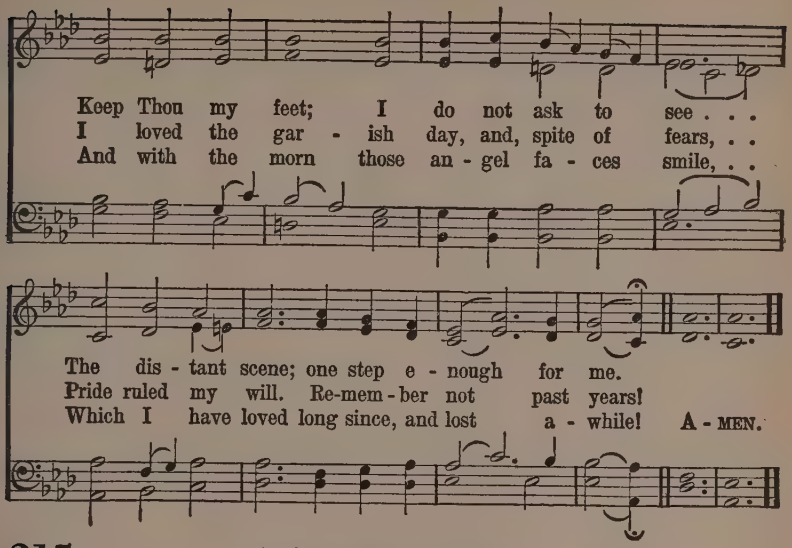

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast:
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show,
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je-sus' name, The Sav-ior of man-kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A-MEN.

214 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. *Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.* John B. Dykes.

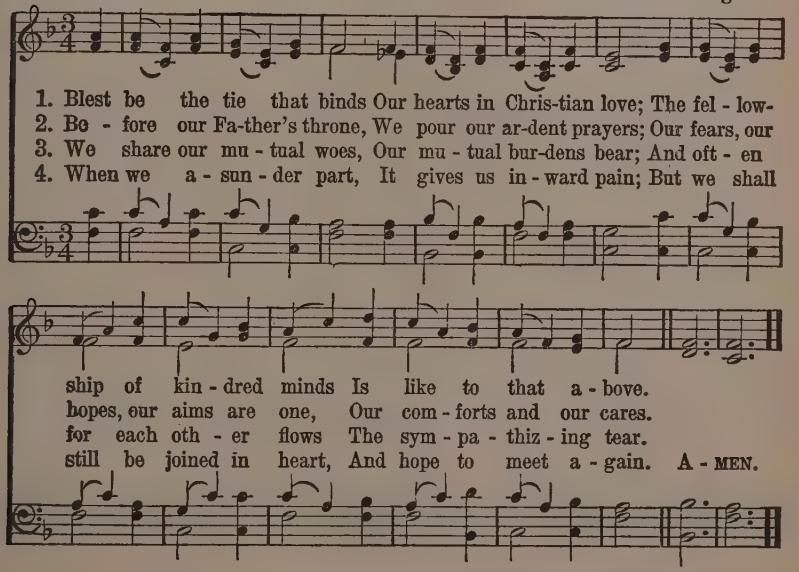

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Lead, Kindly Light.


Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . .
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . .
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

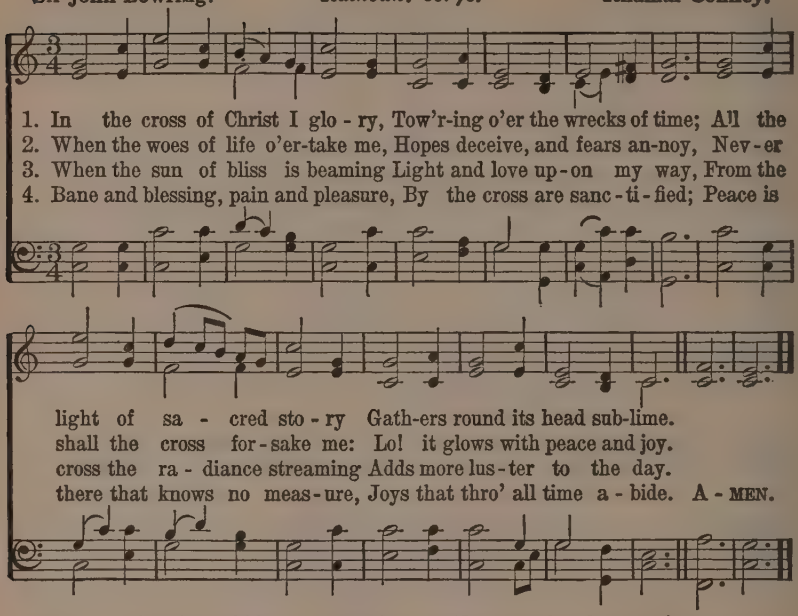
215 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. *Dennis. S. M.* Hans G. Naegeli.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And oft - en
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall
ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

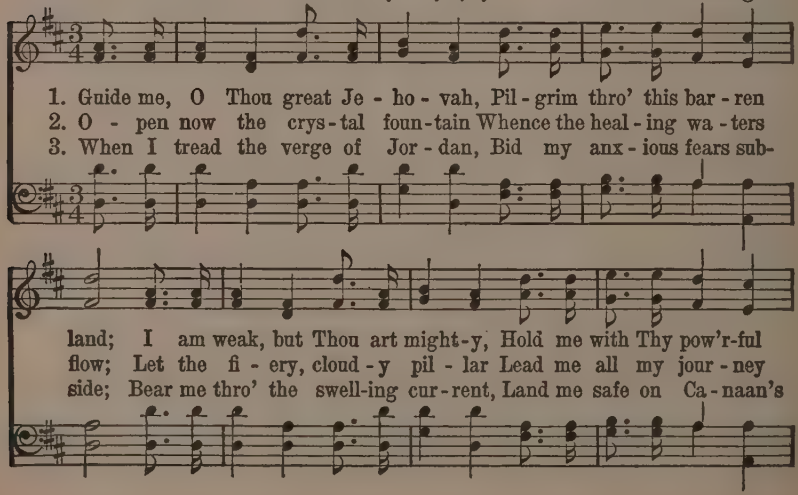
216 In The Cross of Christ.

Sir John Bowring. *Rathbun. 8s. 7s.* Ithamar Conkey.

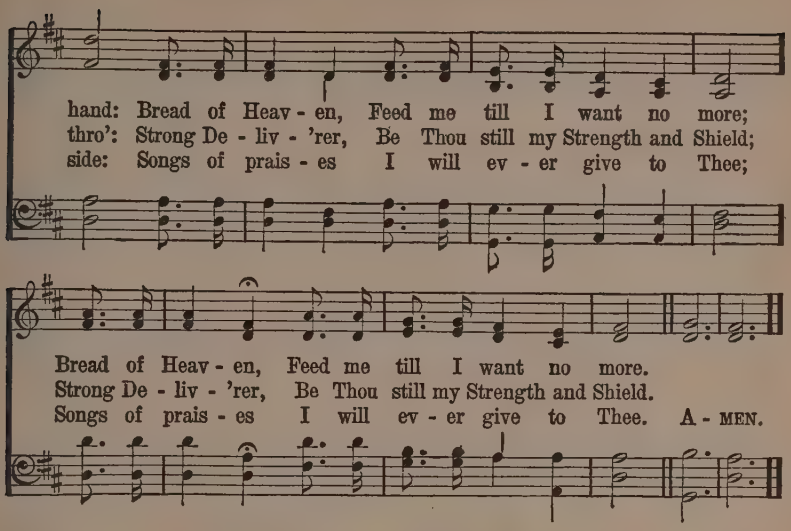

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er
shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way, From the
cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus-ter to the day.
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied; Peace is
there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

217 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Thomas Hastings.

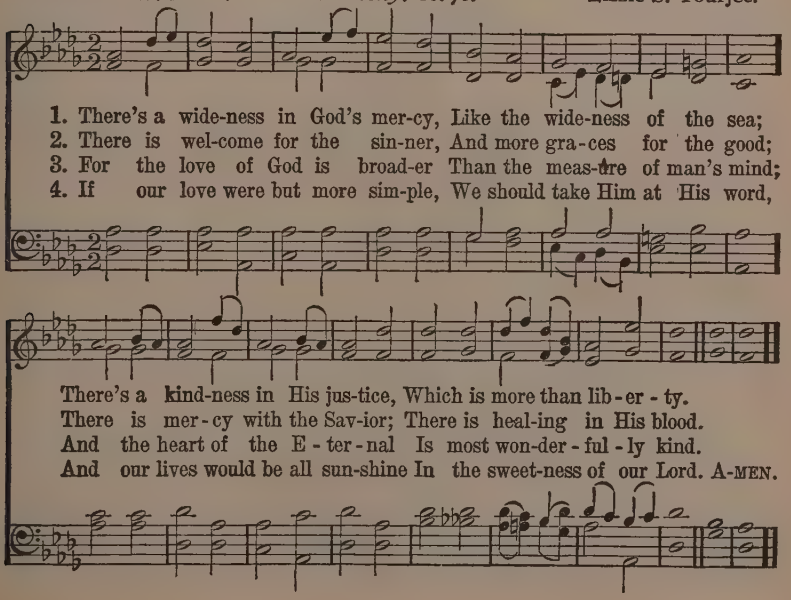

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren
land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
2. O - pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the heal-ing wa-ters
flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-
side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.


hand: Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
thro': Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;
Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

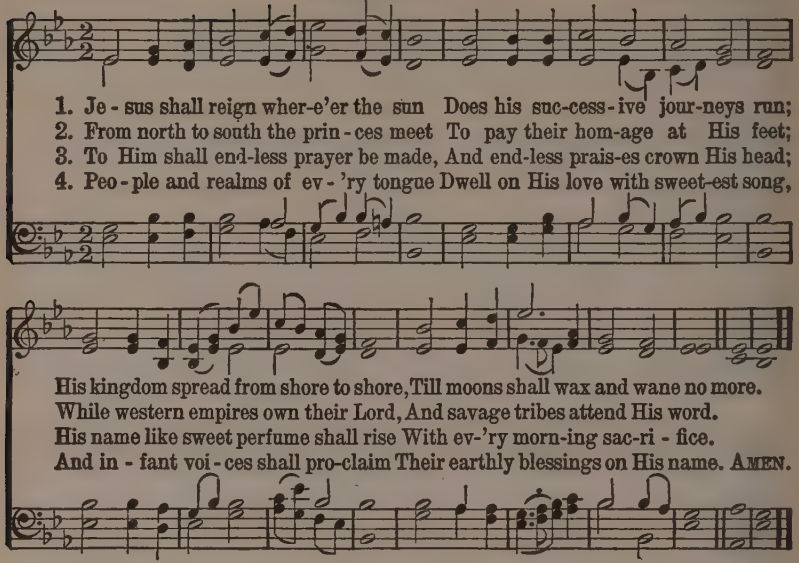
218 There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. *Wellesley. 8s. 7s.* Lizzie S. Tourjée.


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er - ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord. A-MEN.

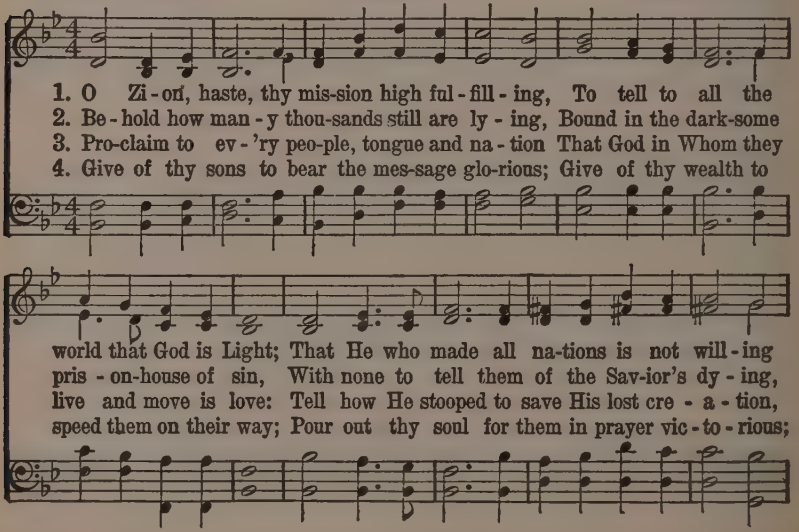
219 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Duke Street. L. M.* John Hatton.

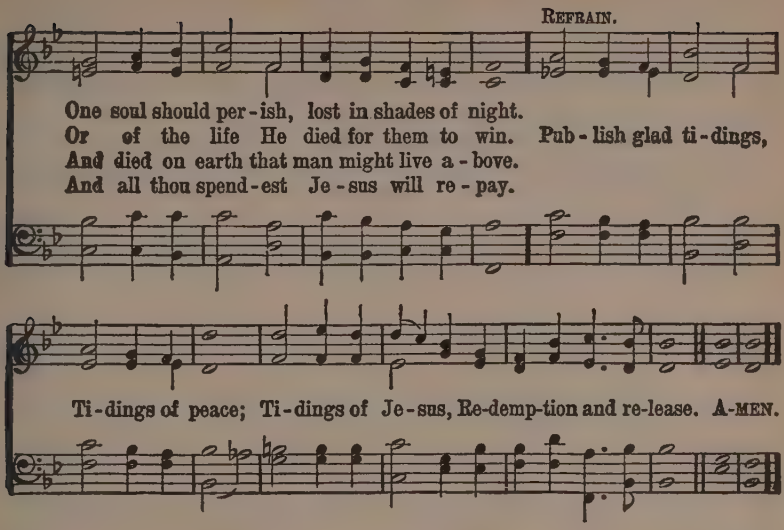

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.

220 O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson. *Tidings. P. M.* James Walch.

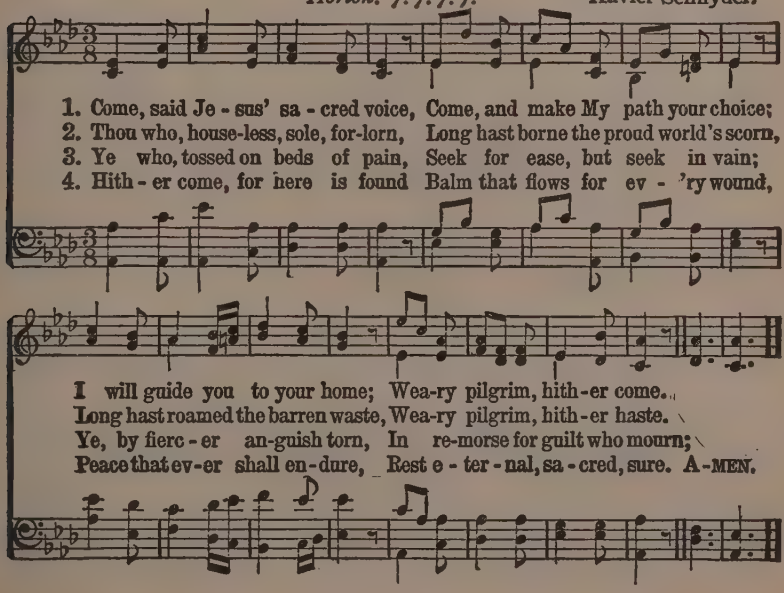

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

O Zion, Haste.


REFRAIN.
One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub-lish glad ti-dings,
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.
And all thou spend-est Je-sus will re-pay.
Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.

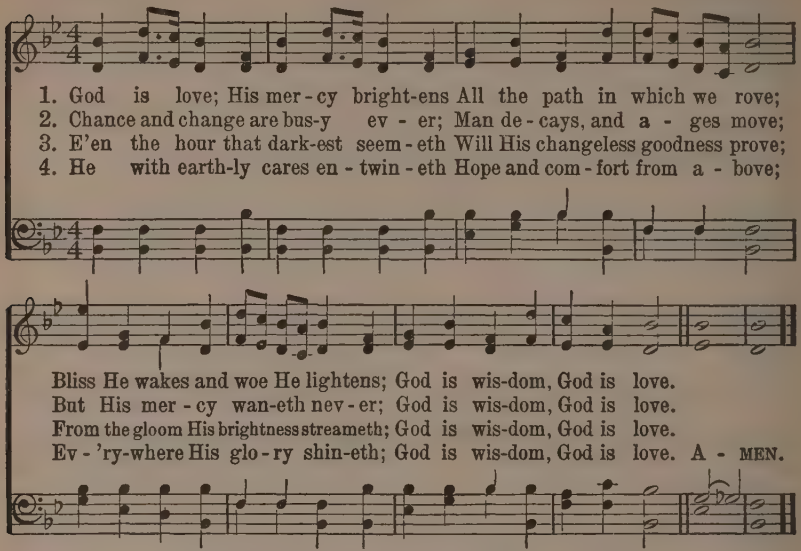
221 Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Horton. 7. 7. 7. 7. Xavier Schnyder.


1. Come, said Je-sus' sa-cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Thou who, house-less, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Hith-er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev-'ry wound,
I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er come.
Long hast roamed the barren waste, Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er haste.
Ye, by fierc-er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e-ter-nal, sa-cred, sure. A-MEN.

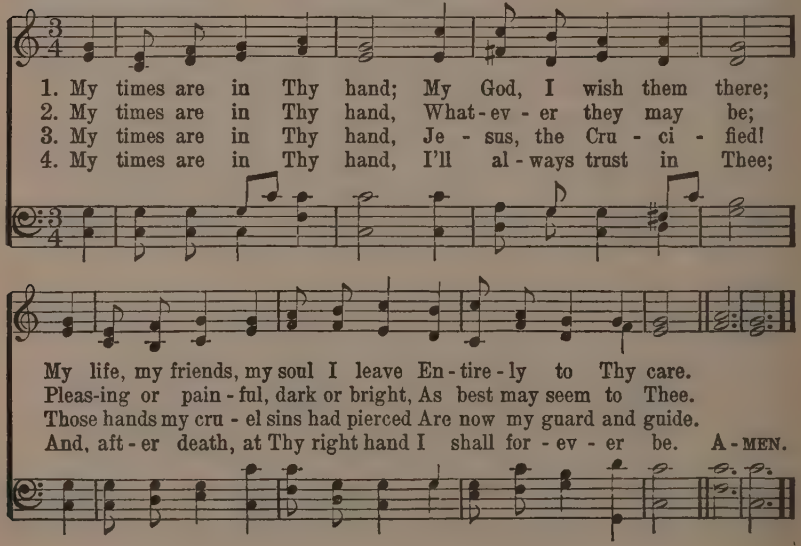
222 God is Love; His Mercy Brightens.

J. Bowring. *Wilmot.* Carl Marie von Weber.


1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus-y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem - eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - MEN.

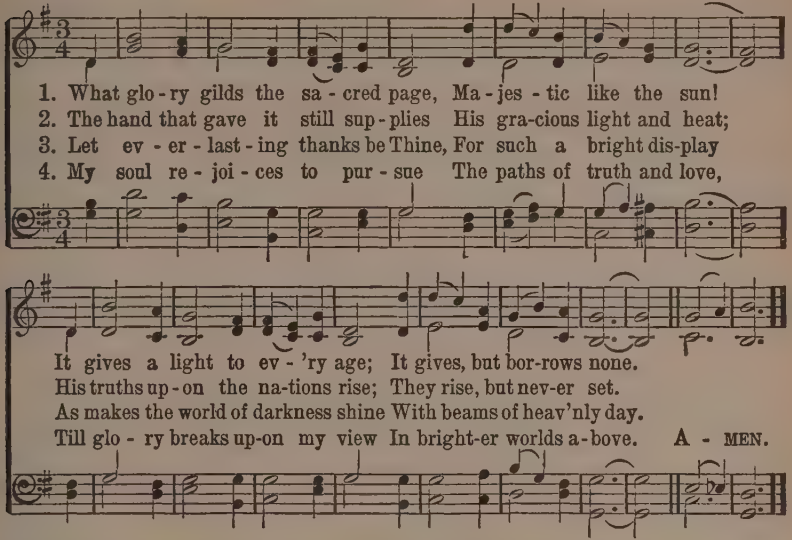
223 My Times Are In Thy Hand.

William F. Floyd. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.


1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there;
2. My times are in Thy hand, What - ev - er they may be;
3. My times are in Thy hand, Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied!
4. My times are in Thy hand, I'll al - ways trust in Thee;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
Pleas-ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
Those hands my cru - el sins had pierced Are now my guard and guide.
And, aft - er death, at Thy right hand I shall for - ev - er be. A - MEN.

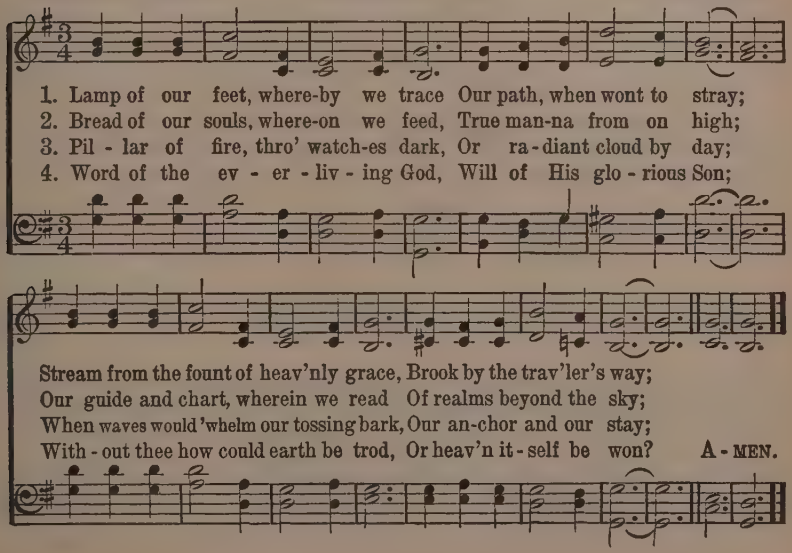
224 What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.

William Cowper. *Belmont. C. M.* William Gardiner.


1. What glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun!
2. The hand that gave it still sup - plies His gra-cious light and heat;
3. Let ev - er - last - ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright dis-play
4. My soul re - joi - ces to pur - sue The paths of truth and love,
It gives a light to ev - 'ry age; It gives, but bor-rows none.
His truths up - on the na-tions rise; They rise, but nev-er set.
As makes the world of darkness shine With beams of heav'nly day.
Till glo - ry breaks up-on my view In bright-er worlds a-bove. A - MEN.

225 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.

Bernard D. Barton. *Lambeth. C. M.* A. Schulthes.


1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path, when wont to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man-na from on high;
3. Pil - lar of fire, thro' watch-es dark, Or ra - diant cloud by day;
4. Word of the ev - er - liv - ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son;
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the trav'ler's way;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark, Our an-chor and our stay;
With - out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won? A - MEN.

226 Into My Heart.

H. D. C.

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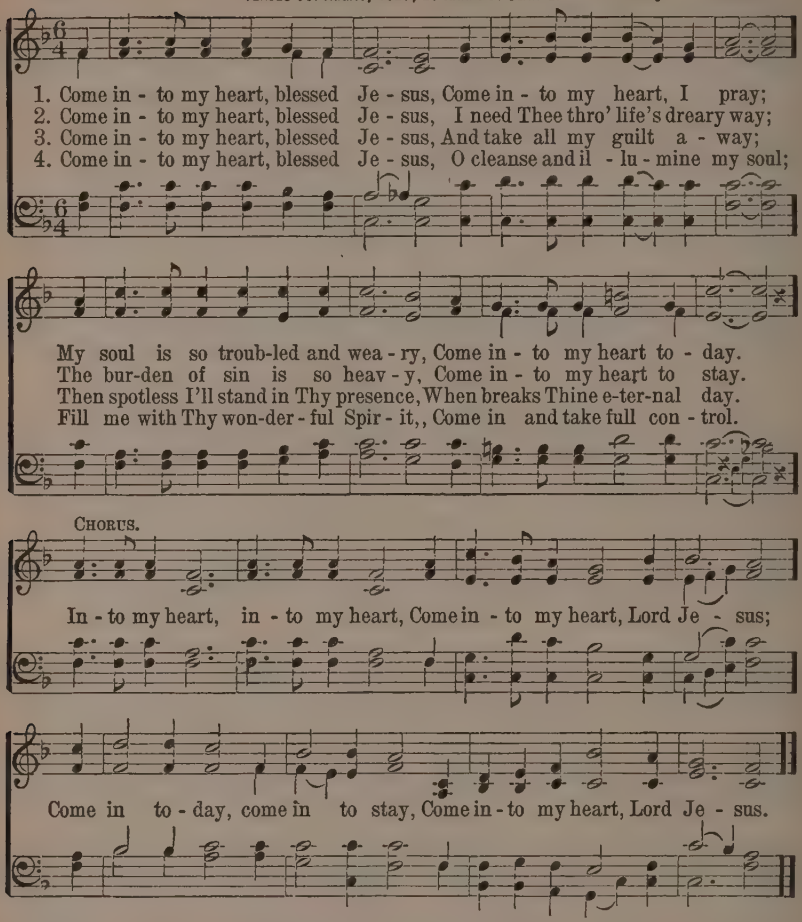
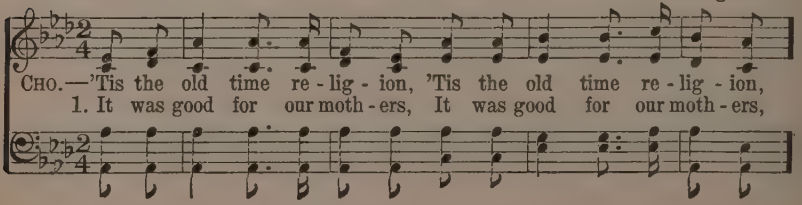
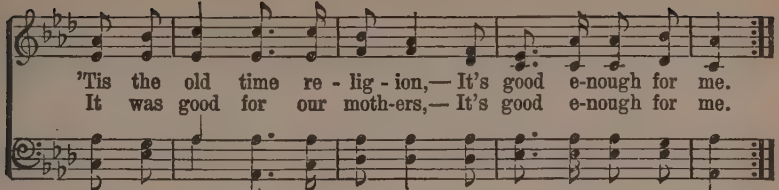
Harry D. Clarke.

1. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, Come in - to my heart, I pray;
2. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, I need Thee thro' life's dreary way;
3. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, And take all my guilt a - way;
4. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, O cleanse and il - lu - mine my soul;
My soul is so troub-led and wea - ry, Come in - to my heart to - day.
The bur-den of sin is so heav - y, Come in - to my heart to stay.
Then spotless I'll stand in Thy presence, When breaks Thine e-ter-nal day.
Fill me with Thy won-der - ful Spir - it,, Come in and take full con - trol.
CHORUS.
In - to my heart, in - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;
Come in to - day, come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.

227 Old Time Religion.

Arranged.



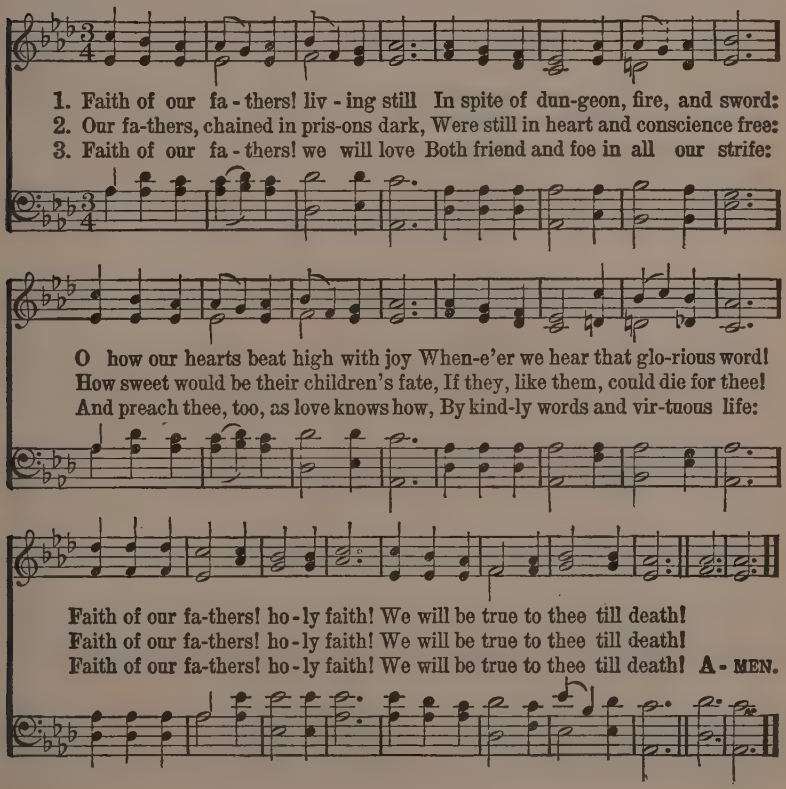
Old-Time Religion.



2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has sav-ed our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children,
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It can take us all to heaven.

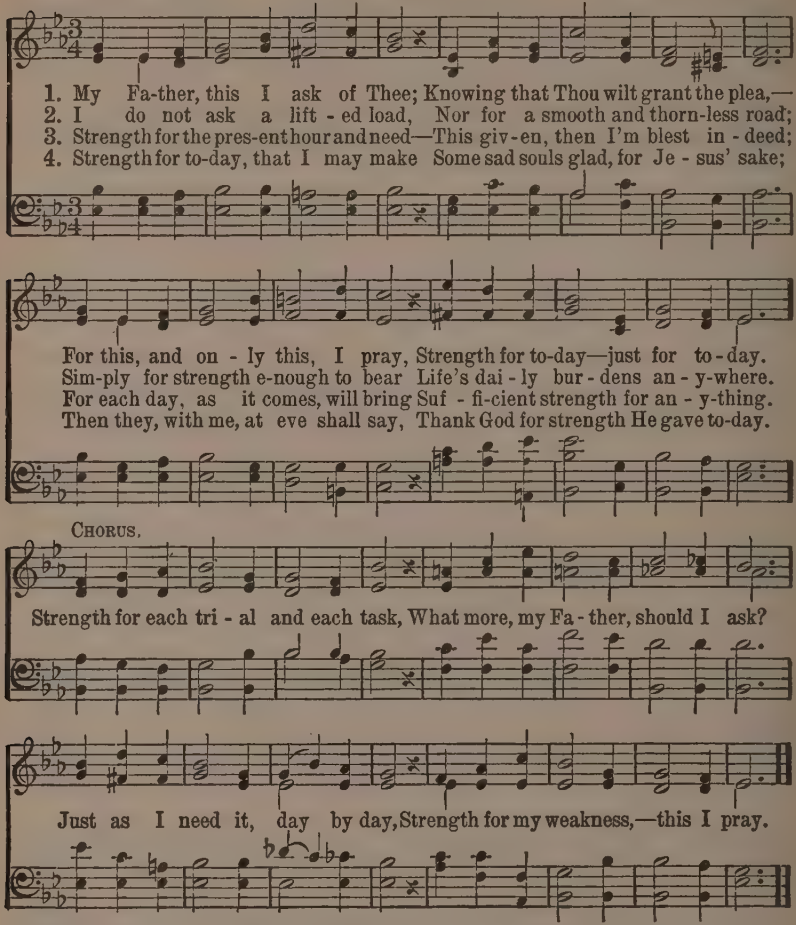
228 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. *St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.* H. F. Hemy.


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - MEN.

229 Just for To-day.

Eben E. Rexford. Copyright, 1900. Hope Publishing Co., owner. Victor H. Benke


1. My Fa-ther, this I ask of Thee; Knowing that Thou wilt grant the plea,—
2. I do not ask a lift-ed load, Nor for a smooth and thorn-less road;
3. Strength for the pres-ent hour and need—This giv-en, then I'm blest in-deed;
4. Strength for to-day, that I may make Some sad souls glad, for Je-sus' sake;
For this, and on-ly this, I pray, Strength for to-day—just for to-day.
Sim-ply for strength e-nough to bear Life's dai-ly bur-dens an-y-where.
For each day, as it comes, will bring Suf-fi-cient strength for an-y-thing.
Then they, with me, at eve shall say, Thank God for strength He gave to-day.
Chorus.
Strength for each tri-al and each task, What more, my Fa-ther, should I ask?
Just as I need it, day by day, Strength for my weakness,—this I pray.

230 There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

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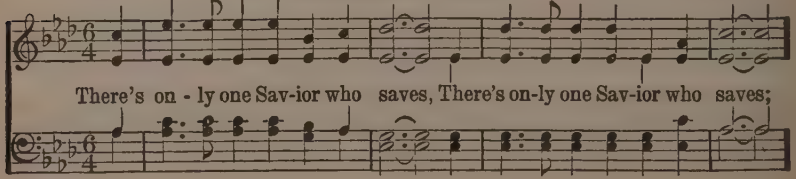
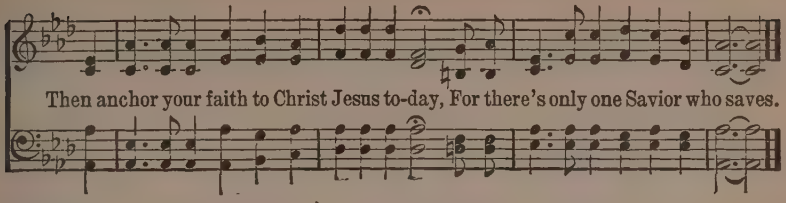


There's Only One Savior Who Saves.



231 Trusting Jesus, That is All.

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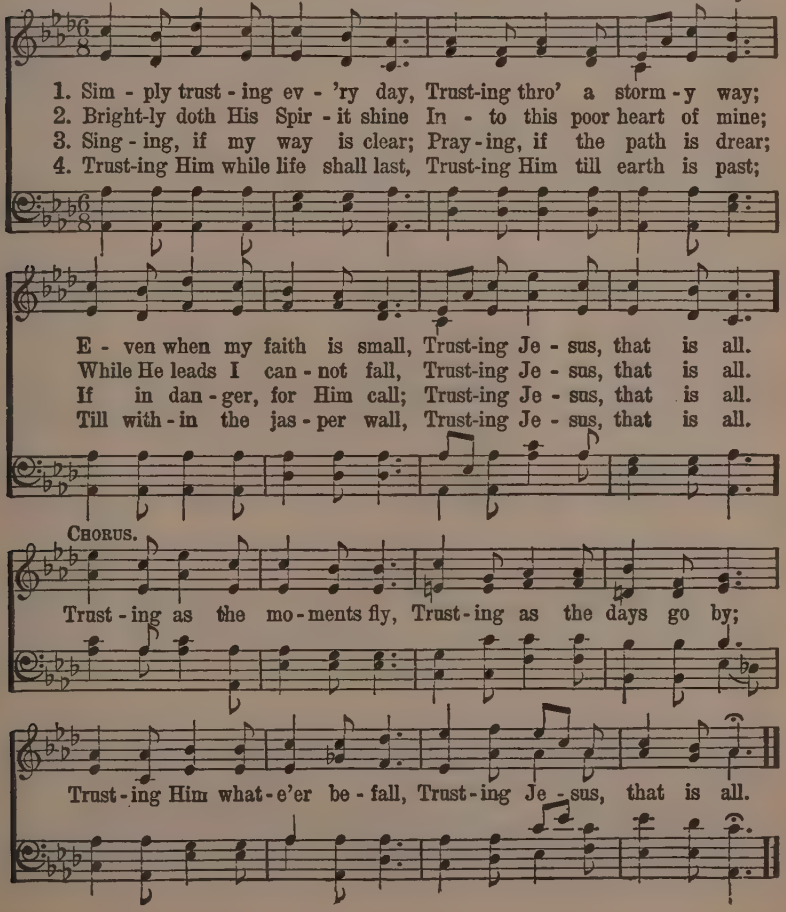
1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm - y way;
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past;
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
CHORUS.
Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;
Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

232 Ready.

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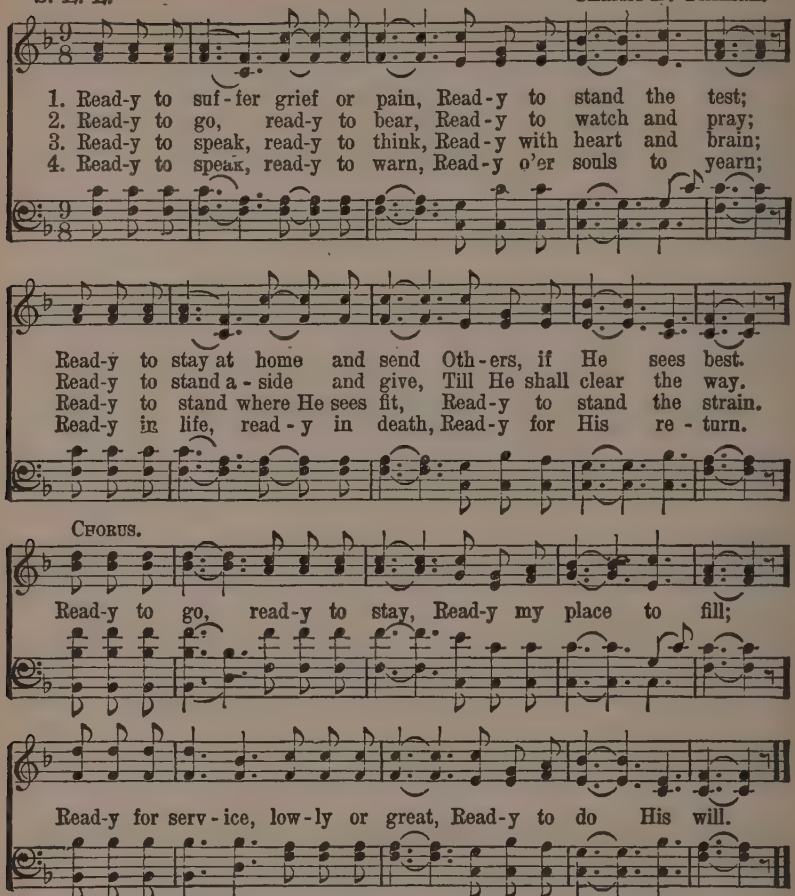
S. E. L. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. Read-y to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;
2. Read-y to go, read-y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;
3. Read-y to speak, read-y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;
4. Read-y to speak, read-y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;
Read-y to stay at home and send Oth-ers, if He sees best.
Read-y to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to stand the strain.
Read-y in life, read-y in death, Read-y for His re-turn.
Chorus.
Read-y to go, read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;
Read-y for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

233 Keep On Praying.

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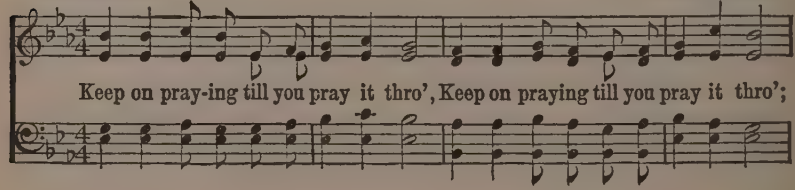
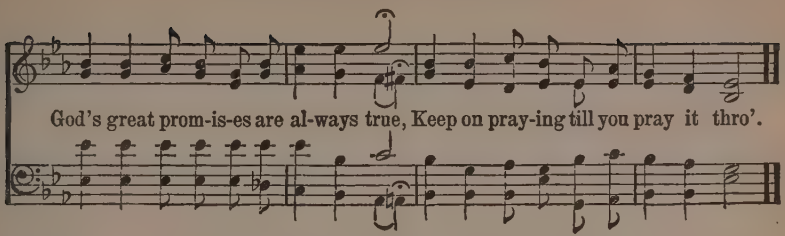
B. B McK. B. B. McKinney.



Keep On Praying.



234 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

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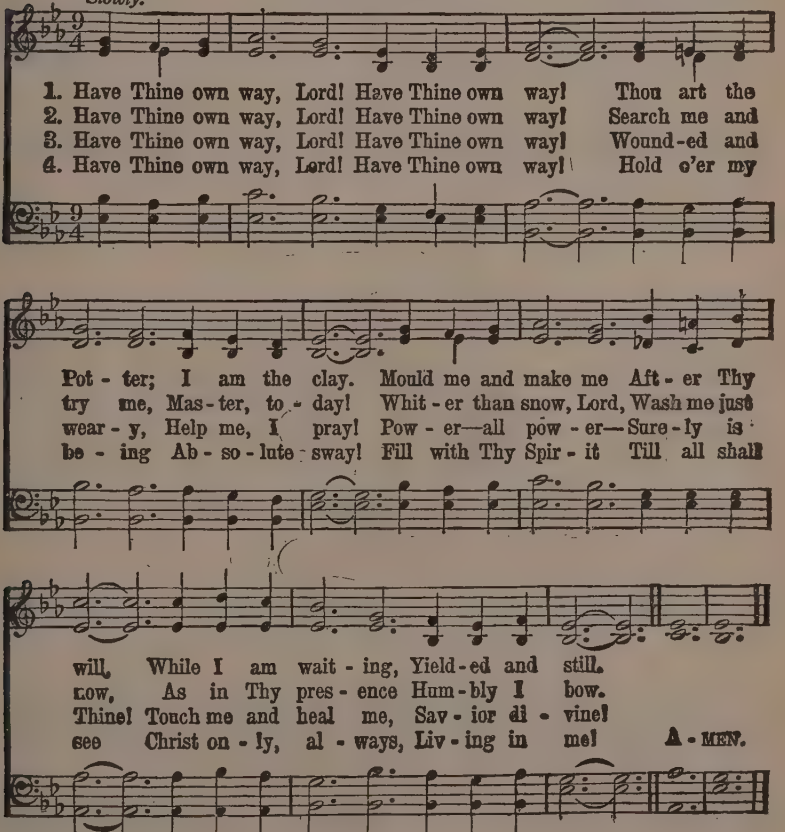
Slowly.


1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my
Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas-ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wear - y, Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—Sure - ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall
will, While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!
A - MEN.

235 O Why Not To-night?

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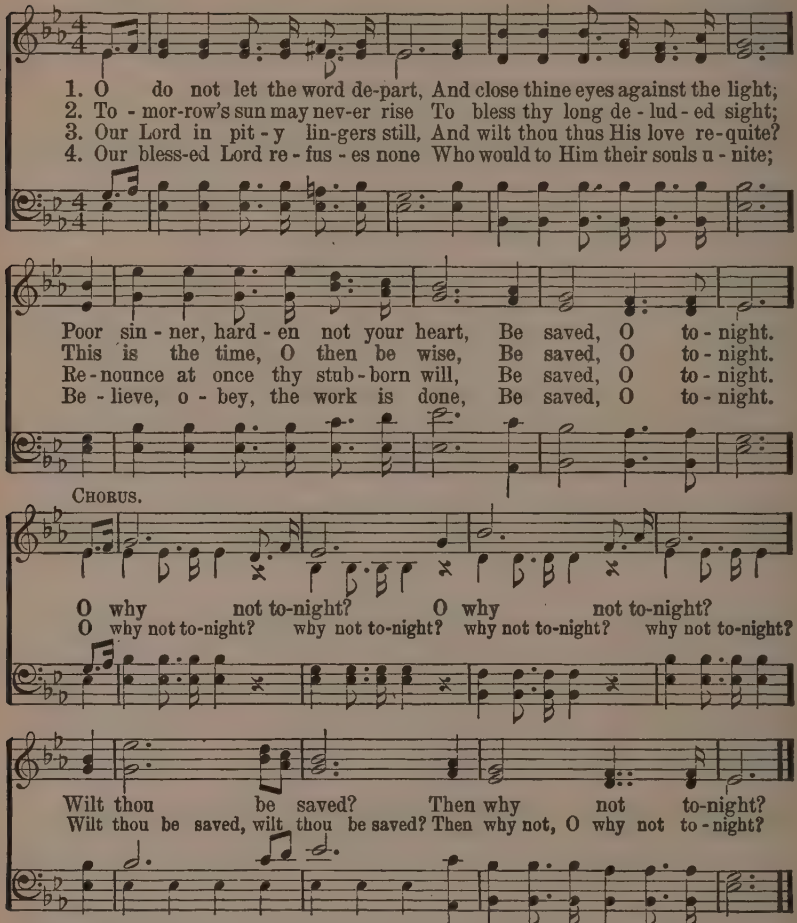
Elizabeth Reed. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stub - born will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.
CHORUS.
O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to - night?

236 The Sunshine of My Heart.

B. B. McK.

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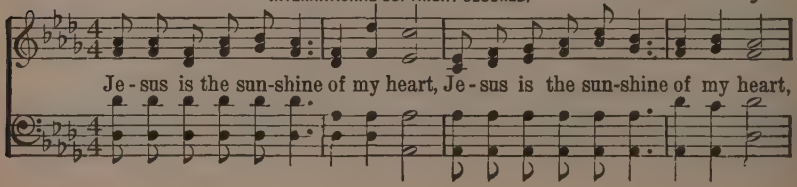
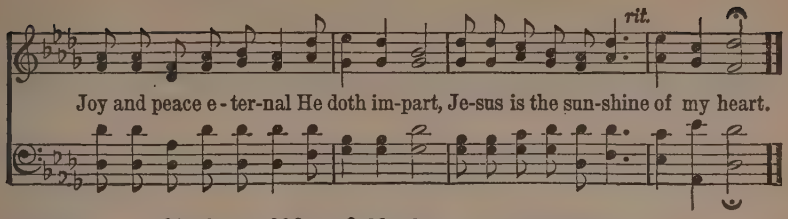
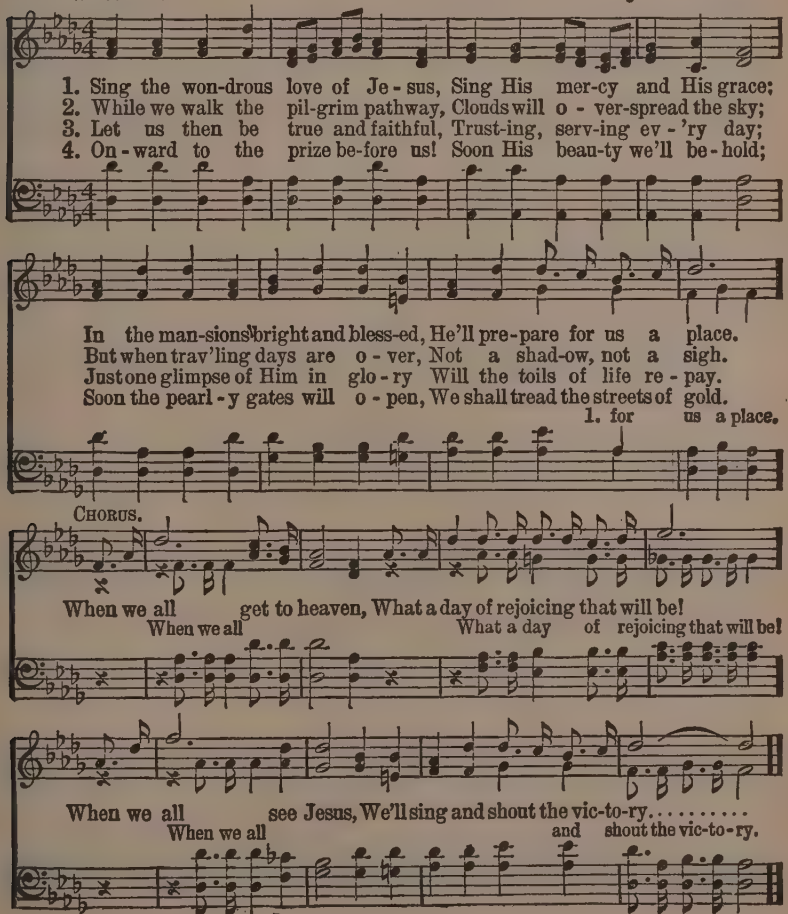


The Sunshine of My Heart.



237 When We All Get to Heaven.

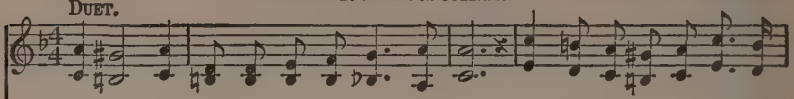
E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.


1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;
In the man-sions bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
1. for us a place.
Chorus.
When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.....
When we all and shout the vic-to-ry.

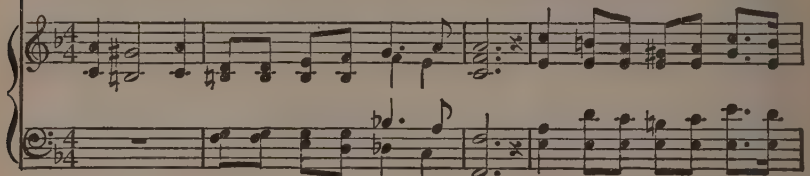
238 Sometime!

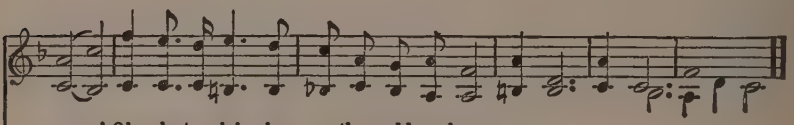
R. H. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROB'T H. COLEMAN & ROBERT HARKNESS. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN Robert Harkness.

DUET.



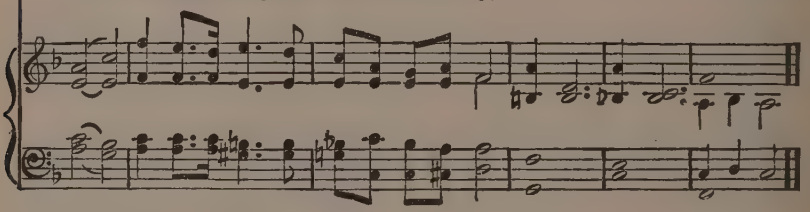
1. Some-time all sor-rows shall be o'er, Some-time! All earth-ly care be known no
2. Some-time our loved ones we shall greet, Some-time! When in the Father's house we
3. Some-time when sets at last life's sun, Some-time! Our jour-ney end-ed, la-bor
4. Some-time, I know not when 'twill be, Some-time! My Lord will come a-gain for





more! Oh, what re-joic-ing on the golden shore,
meet, On-ly to sit for-ev-er at His feet, Some-time, some-time soon!
done, Oh, what a crown for ev-'ry vic-t'ry won,
me, Then I shall reign with Him e-ter-nal-ly,

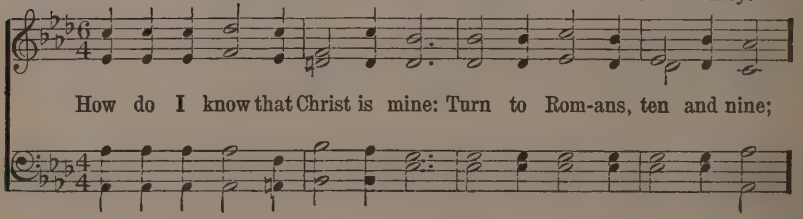
some-time soon!



239 How Do I Know?

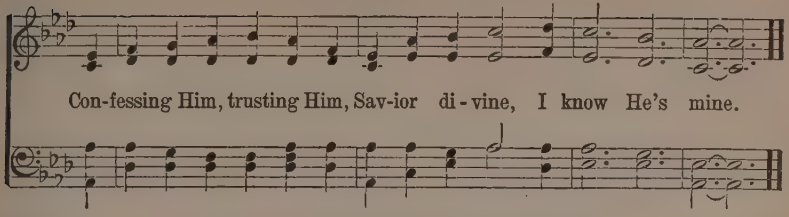
ROMANS 10: 9.

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. B. B. McKinney.



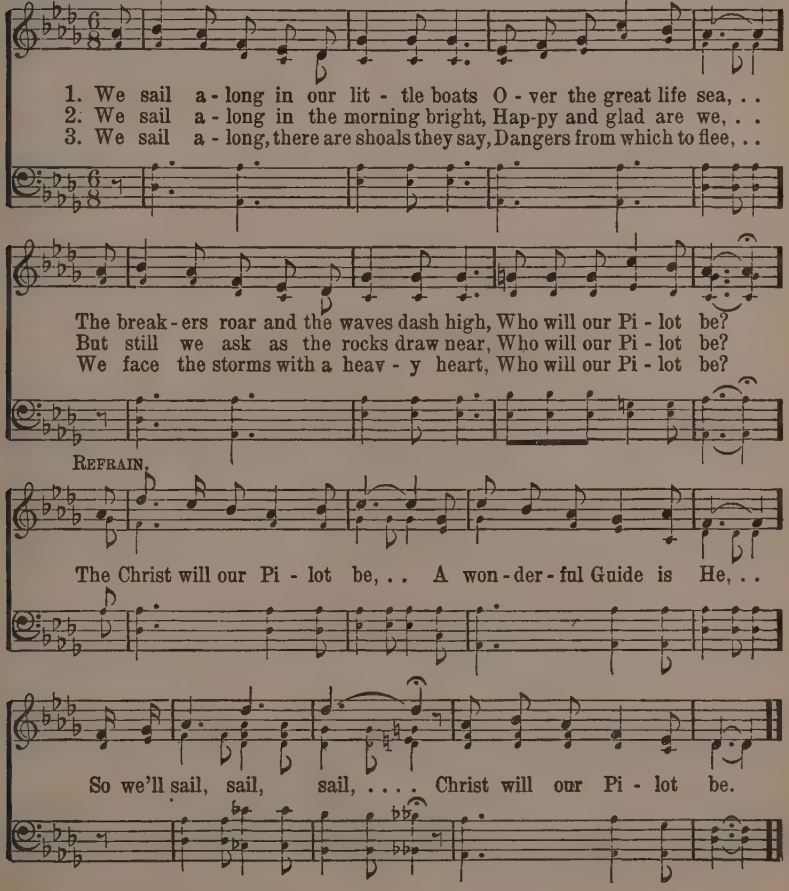
How do I know that Christ is mine: Turn to Rom-ans, ten and nine;

How Do I Know?



240 Christ Will Our Pilot Be.

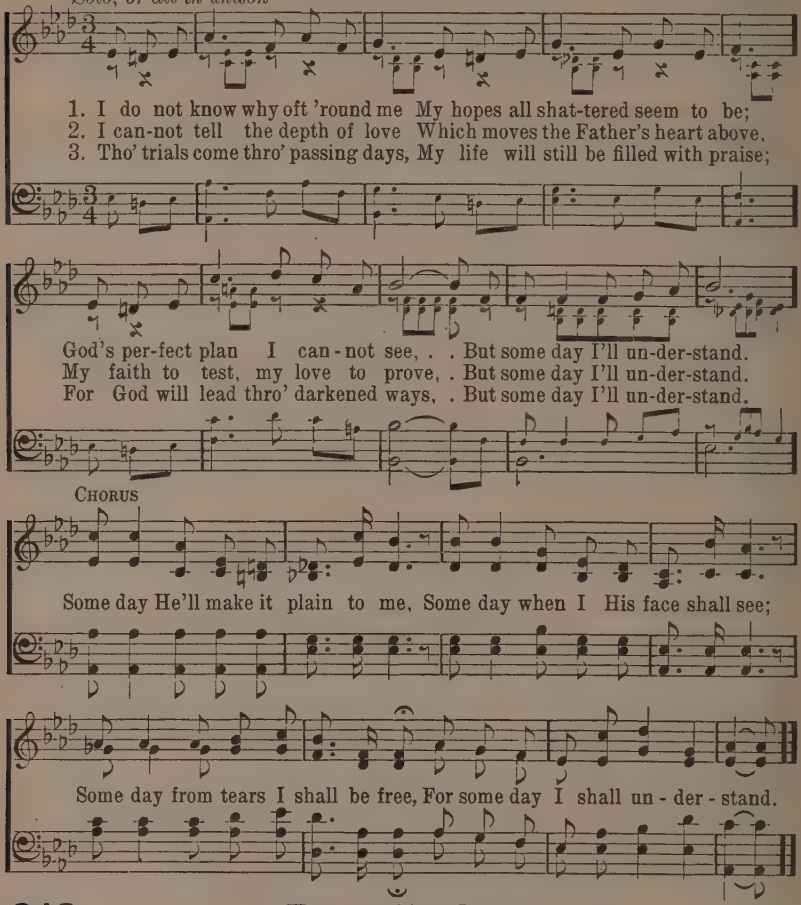
Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY THE LORENZ PUBLISHING CO. Ira B. Wilson.


1. We sail a-long in our lit-tle boats O-ver the great life sea, . .
2. We sail a-long in the morning bright, Hap-py and glad are we, . .
3. We sail a-long, there are shoals they say, Dangers from which to flee, . .
The break-ers roar and the waves dash high, Who will our Pi-lot be?
But still we ask as the rocks draw near, Who will our Pi-lot be?
We face the storms with a heav-y heart, Who will our Pi-lot be?
REFRAIN.
The Christ will our Pi-lot be, . . A won-der-ful Guide is He, . .
So we'll sail, sail, sail, ... Christ will our Pi-lot be.

241 Some Day He'll Make It Plain.

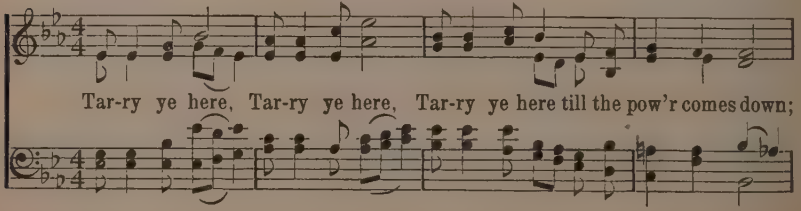
Lida Shivers Leech. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ADAM GEIBEL MUSIC CO. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Adam Geibel.

Solo, or all in unison

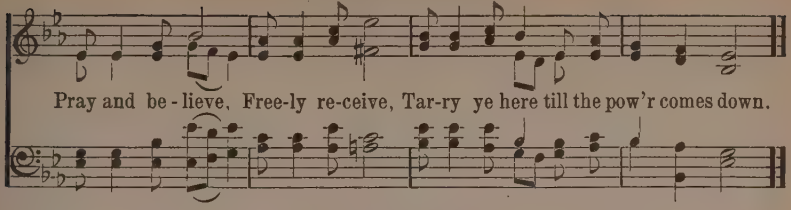

1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shat-tered seem to be;
2. I can-not tell the depth of love Which moves the Father's heart above.
3. Tho' trials come thro' passing days, My life will still be filled with praise;
God's per-fect plan I can-not see, . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.
My faith to test, my love to prove, . But some day I'll un-der-stand.
For God will lead thro' darkened ways, . But some day I'll un-der-stand.
CHORUS
Some day He'll make it plain to me, Some day when I His face shall see;
Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un - der - stand.

242 Tarry Ye Here.

B. B. McK. COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. B. B. McKinney.

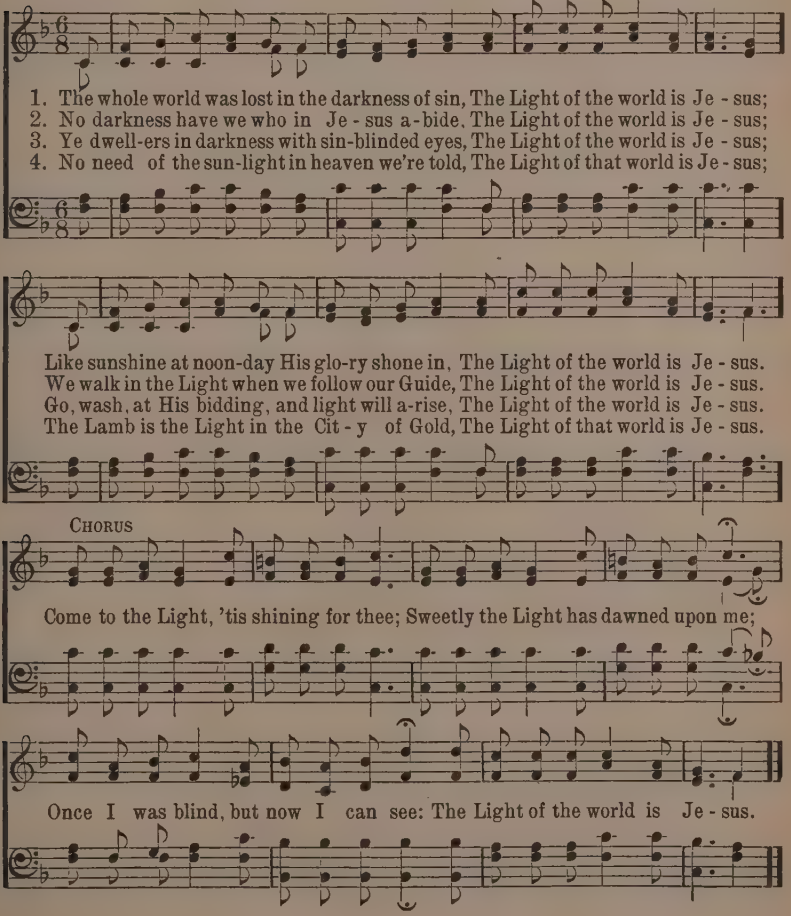


Tarry Ye Here.



243 The Light of the World Is Jesus.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. RENEWAL. P. P. Bliss.


1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
2. No darkness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
3. Ye dwell-ers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
4. No need of the sun-light in heaven we're told, The Light of that world is Je - sus;
Like sunshine at noon-day His glo-ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Go, wash, at His bidding, and light will a-rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
The Lamb is the Light in the Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.
CHORUS
Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me;
Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

244 Call Unto Me.

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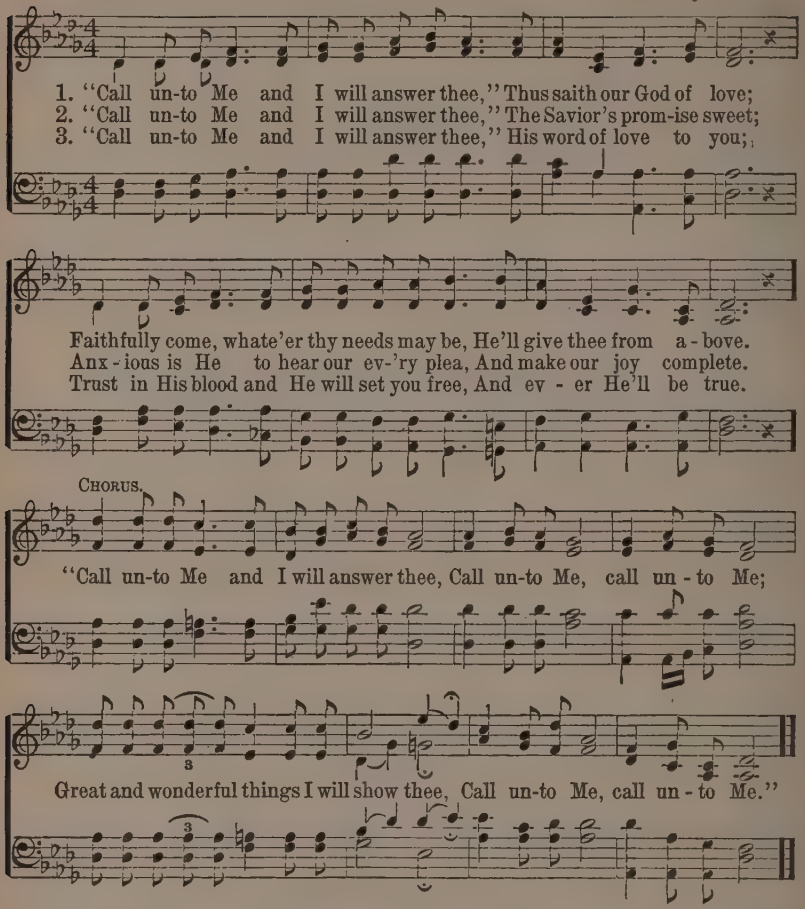
I. E. R. I. E. Reynolds.


1. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," Thus saith our God of love;
2. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," The Savior's prom-ise sweet;
3. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," His word of love to you;
Faithfully come, whate'er thy needs may be, He'll give thee from a - bove.
Anx - ious is He to hear our ev-'ry plea, And make our joy complete.
Trust in His blood and He will set you free, And ev - er He'll be true.
CHORUS.
"Call un-to Me and I will answer thee, Call un-to Me, call un - to Me;
Great and wonderful things I will show thee, Call un-to Me, call un - to Me."

245 Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

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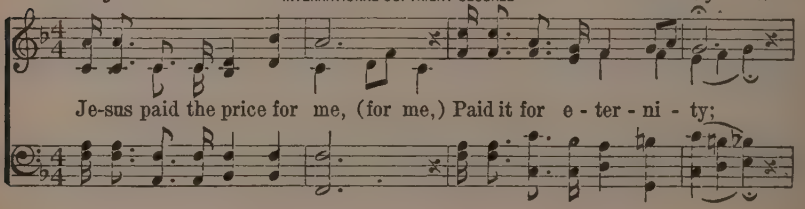
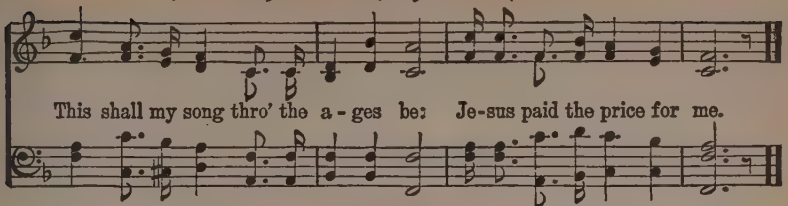
M. B. J. Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.



Jesus Paid the Price for Me.



246 Bearing His Cross For Me.

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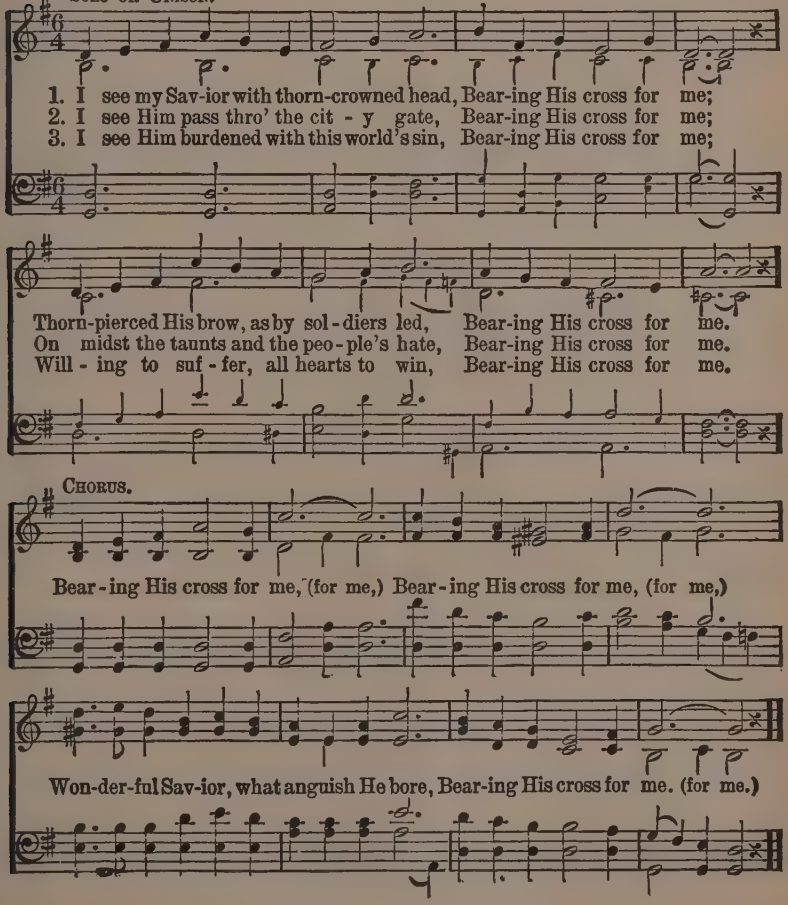
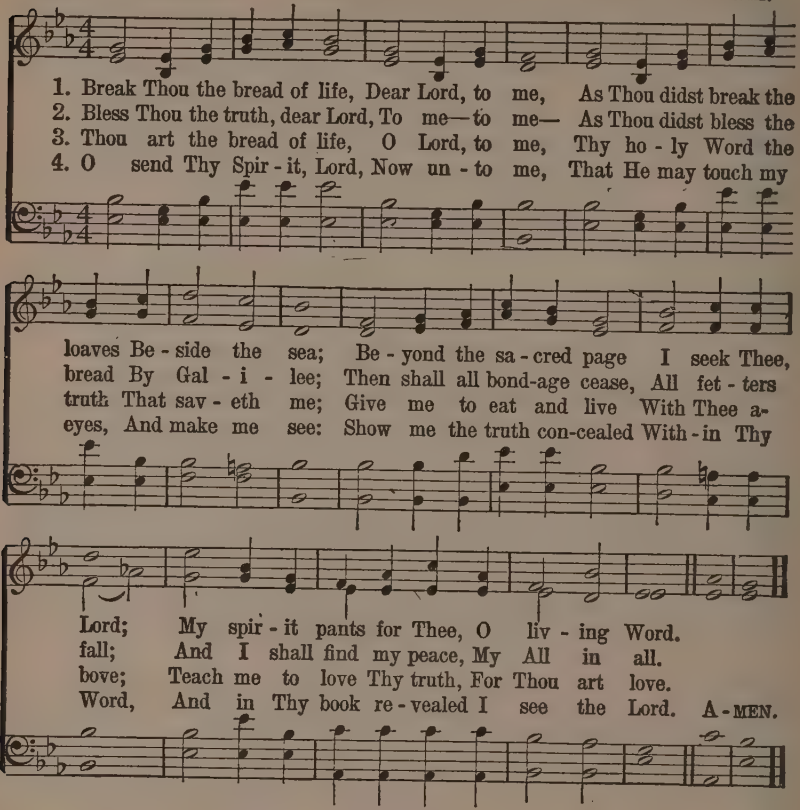
R. H. Robert Harkness.

Solo or Unison.


1. I see my Sav-ior with thorn-crowned head, Bear-ing His cross for me;
2. I see Him pass thro' the cit - y gate, Bear-ing His cross for me;
3. I see Him burdened with this world's sin, Bear-ing His cross for me;
Thorn-pierced His brow, as by sol - diers led, Bear-ing His cross for me.
On midst the taunts and the peo - ple's hate, Bear-ing His cross for me.
Will - ing to suf - fer, all hearts to win, Bear-ing His cross for me.
Chorus.
Bear - ing His cross for me, (for me,) Bear - ing His cross for me, (for me,)
Won-der-ful Sav-ior, what anguish He bore, Bear-ing His cross for me. (for me.)

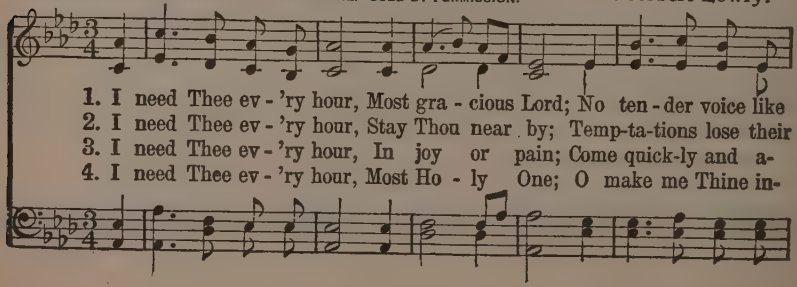
247 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. *Bread of Life. 6. 4. D.* William F. Sherwin.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may touch my
loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,
bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters
truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a-
eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed With - in Thy
Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
Word, And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord. A - MEN.

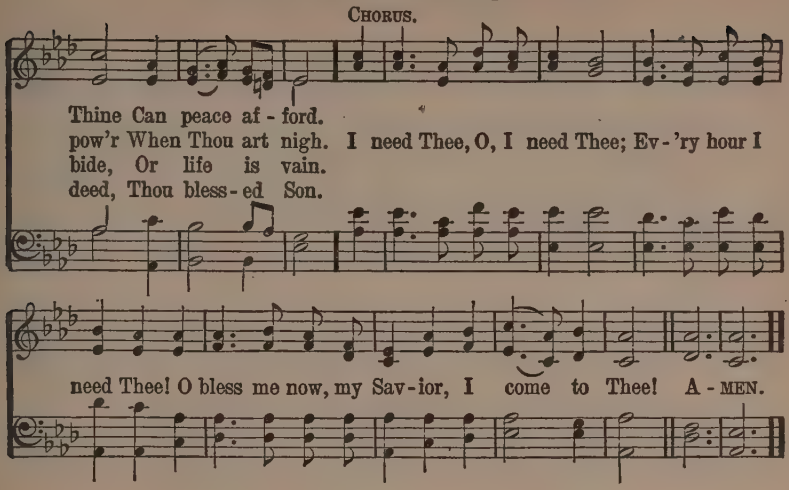
248 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

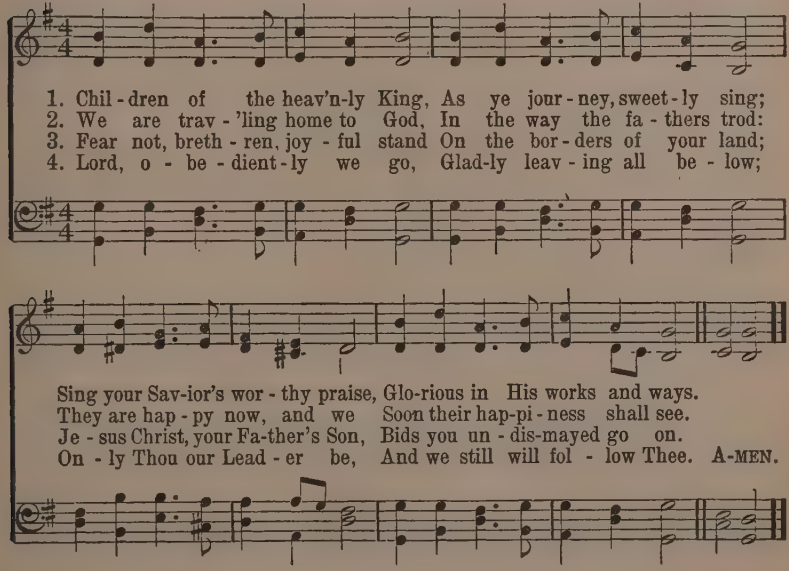
I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.


Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee! A - MEN.

249 Children of the Heavenly King.

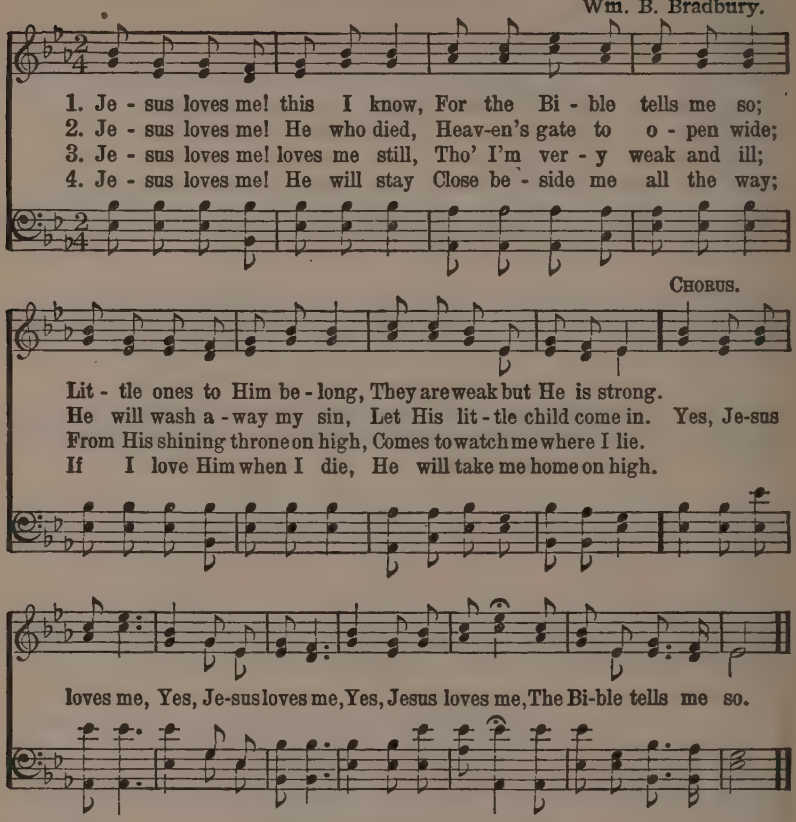
Rev. John Cennick. *Pleyel's Hymn.* 7s. Arr. from Ignace Pleyel.


1. Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod:
3. Fear not, breth - ren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;
4. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we go, Glad-ly leav - ing all be - low;
Sing your Sav-ior's wor - thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap-pi - ness shall see.
Je - sus Christ, your Fa-ther's Son, Bids you un - dis-mayed go on.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee. A-MEN.

250 Jesus Loves Me.

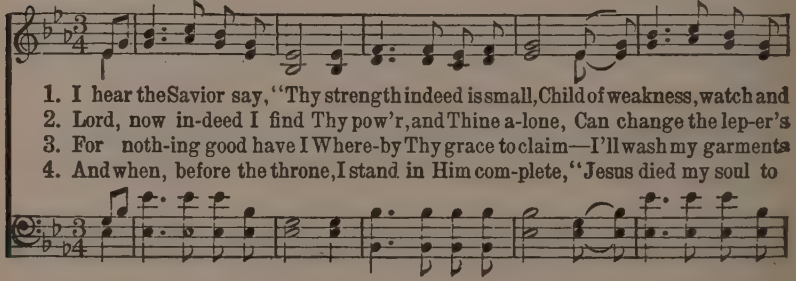
(The favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;
Chorus.
Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus
From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.
loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.

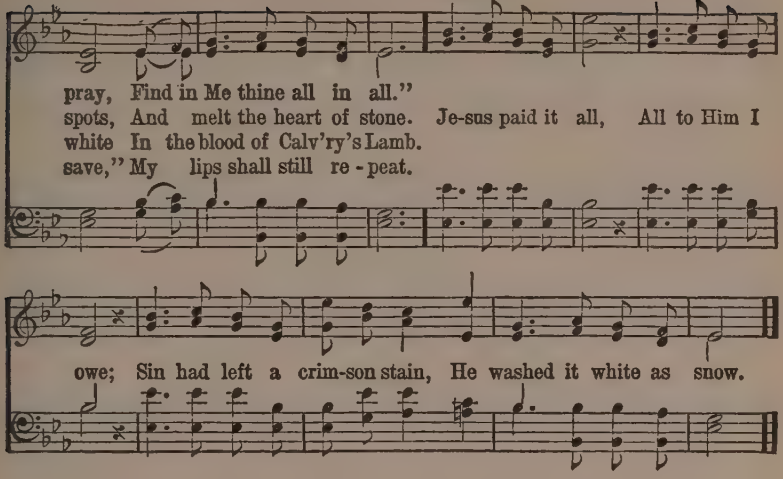
251 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the lep-er's
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my garments
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Jesus died my soul to

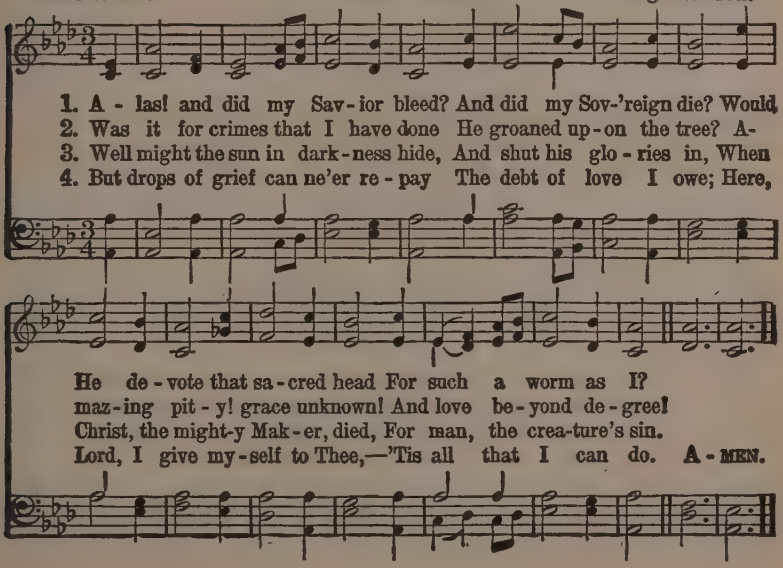
Jesus Paid It All.

CHORUS.


pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I
white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
save," My lips shall still re-peat.
owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

252 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. *Avon. C. M.* Hugh Wilson.


1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree? A-
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here,
He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
maz-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
Christ, the might-y Mak-er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Lord, I give my-self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do. A-MEN.

253 A Friend of Mine.

B. B. McK.

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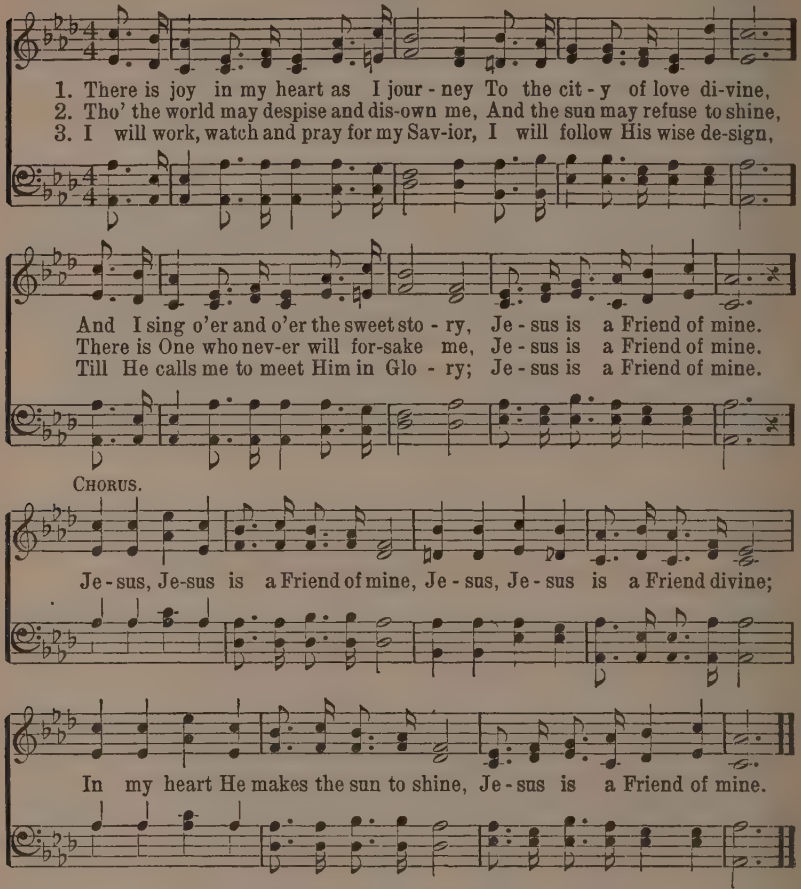
B. B. McKinney.


1. There is joy in my heart as I jour - ney To the cit - y of love di-vine,
2. Tho' the world may despise and dis-own me, And the sun may refuse to shine,
3. I will work, watch and pray for my Sav-ior, I will follow His wise de-sign,
And I sing o'er and o'er the sweet sto - ry, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.
There is One who nev-er will for-sake me, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.
Till He calls me to meet Him in Glo - ry; Je - sus is a Friend of mine.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je-sus is a Friend of mine, Je - sus, Je - sus is a Friend divine;
In my heart He makes the sun to shine, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

254 Are We Down-Hearted?

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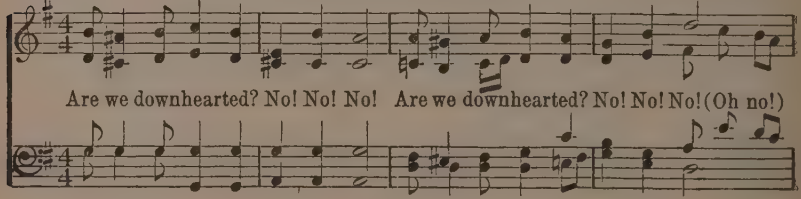
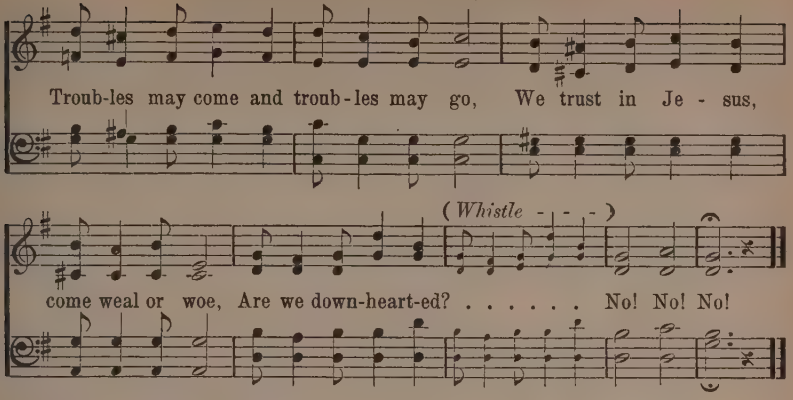
R. H.

Robert Harkness.



Are We Down-Hearted?



255 Faith Will Remove the Mountain.

A. H. A.

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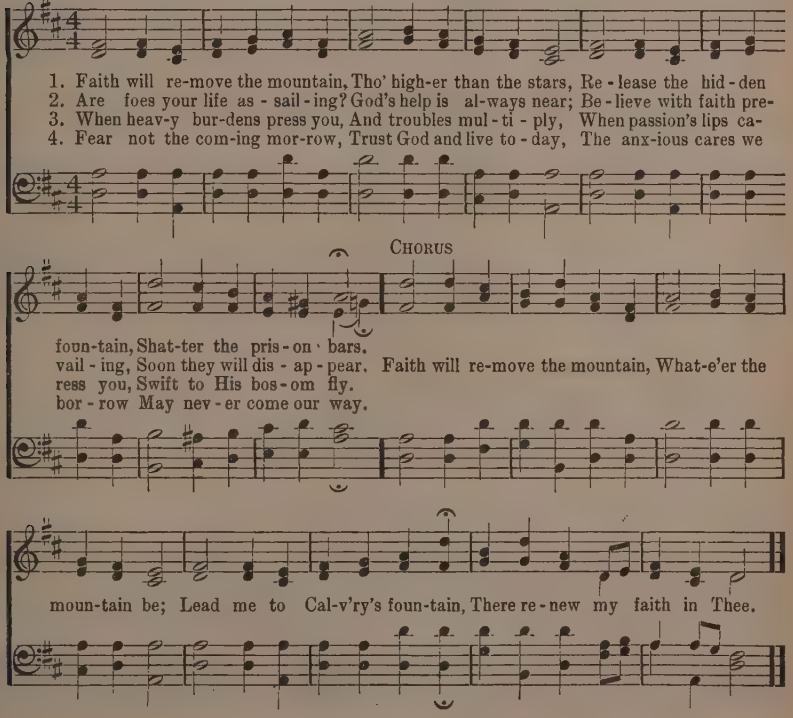
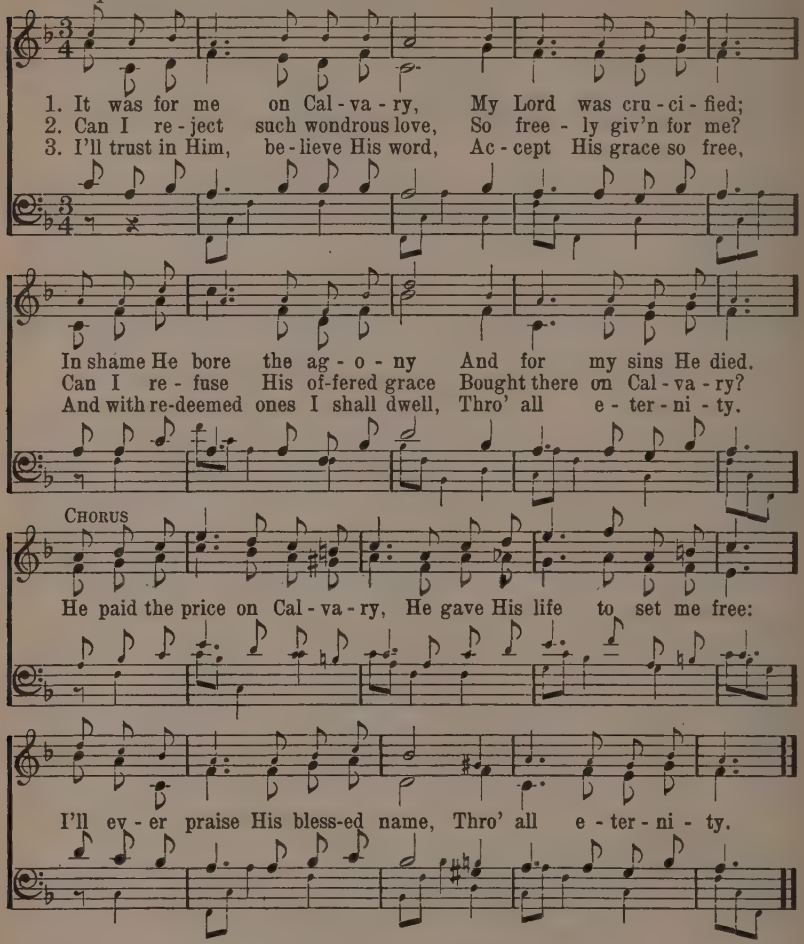
A. H. Ackley.


1. Faith will re-move the mountain, Tho' high-er than the stars, Re - lease the hid - den
2. Are foes your life as - sail - ing? God's help is al-ways near; Be - lieve with faith pre-
3. When heav-y bur-dens press you, And troubles mul - ti - ply, When passion's lips ca-
4. Fear not the com-ing mor-row, Trust God and live to - day, The anx-ious cares we
CHORUS
foun-tain, Shat-ter the pris-on bars.
vail - ing, Soon they will dis - ap - pear. Faith will re-move the mountain, What-e'er the
ress you, Swift to His bos-om fly.
bor - row May nev - er come our way.
moun-tain be; Lead me to Cal-v'ry's foun-tain, There re - new my faith in Thee.

256 He Paid the Price On Calvary.

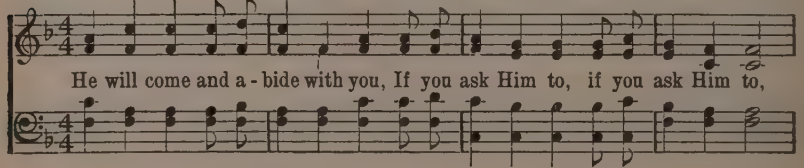
Mrs. H. C. COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Mrs. Hulon Coffman.

Soprano or Tenor and Alto Duet

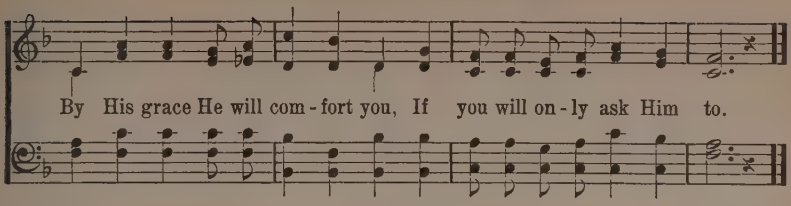

1. It was for me on Cal - va - ry, My Lord was cru - ci - fied;
2. Can I re - ject such wondrous love, So free - ly giv'n for me?
3. I'll trust in Him, be - lieve His word, Ac - cept His grace so free,
In shame He bore the ag - o - ny And for my sins He died.
Can I re - fuse His of-fered grace Bought there on Cal - va - ry?
And with re-deemed ones I shall dwell, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS
He paid the price on Cal - va - ry, He gave His life to set me free:
I'll ev - er praise His bless-ed name, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

257 If You Ask Him To.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

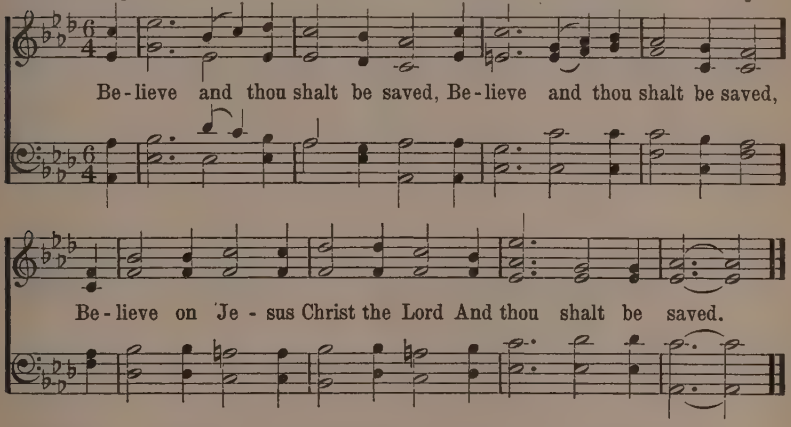


If You Ask Him To.



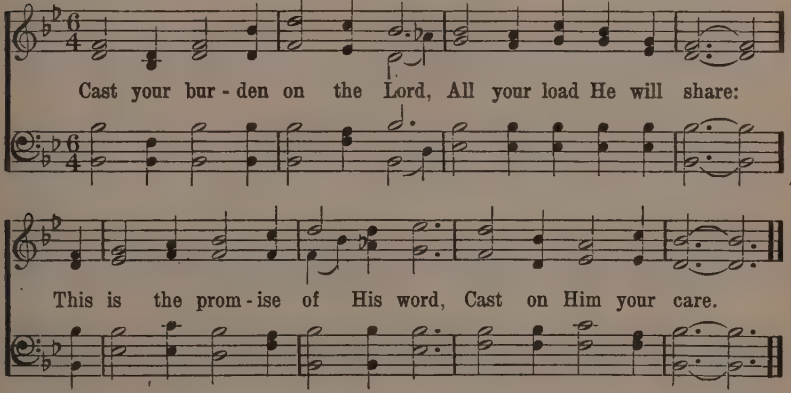
258 Believe.

Acts 16: 31. COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

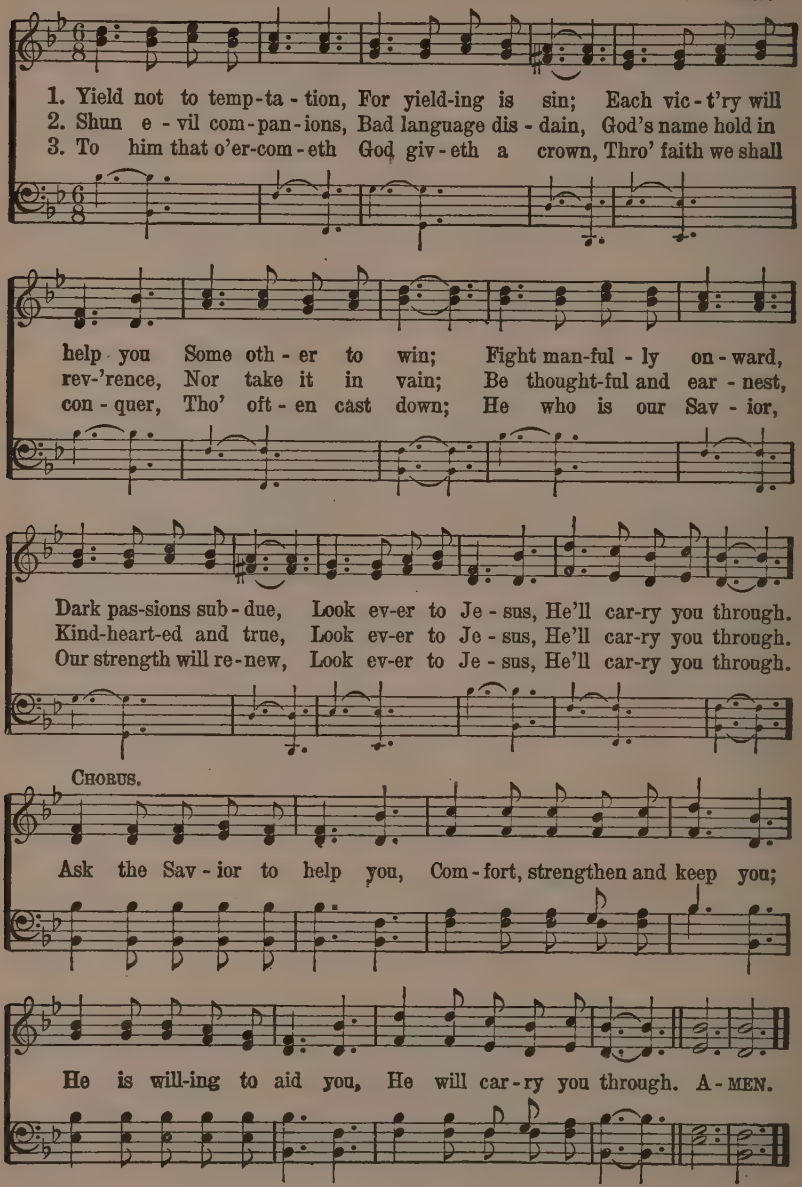


259 Cast Your Burden On the Lord.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Rev. A. H. Ackley.



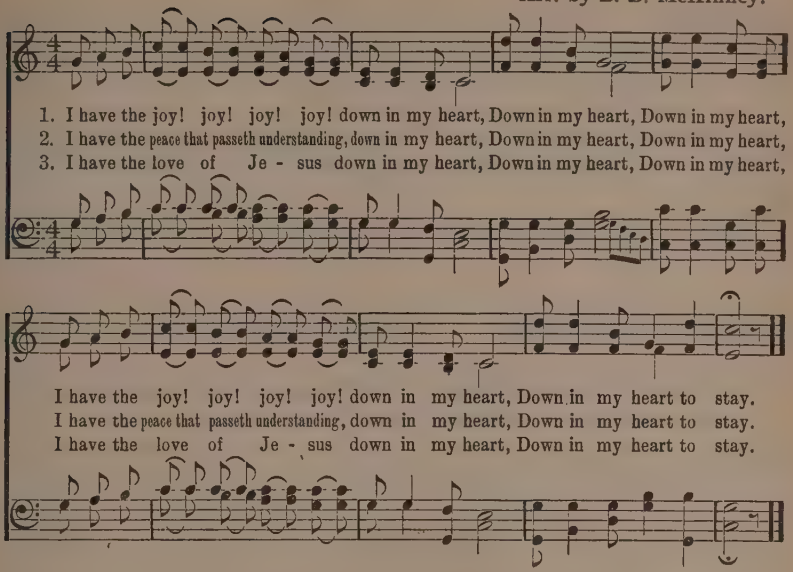
260 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. R. PALMER. RENEWAL. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,
Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A-MEN.

261 Joy In My Heart.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

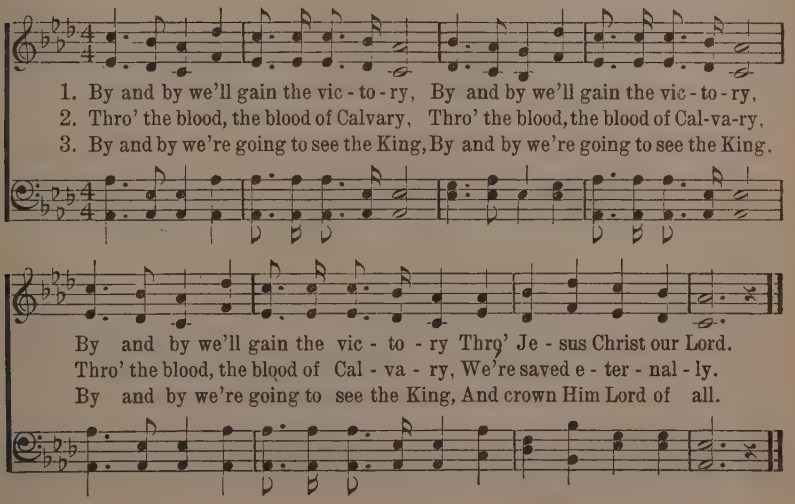

1. I have the joy! joy! joy! joy! down in my heart, Down in my heart, Down in my heart,
2. I have the peace that passeth understanding, down in my heart, Down in my heart, Down in my heart,
3. I have the love of Je - sus down in my heart, Down in my heart, Down in my heart,
I have the joy! joy! joy! joy! down in my heart, Down in my heart to stay.
I have the peace that passeth understanding, down in my heart, Down in my heart to stay.
I have the love of Je - sus down in my heart, Down in my heart to stay.

262 Going to See the King.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Words arr.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

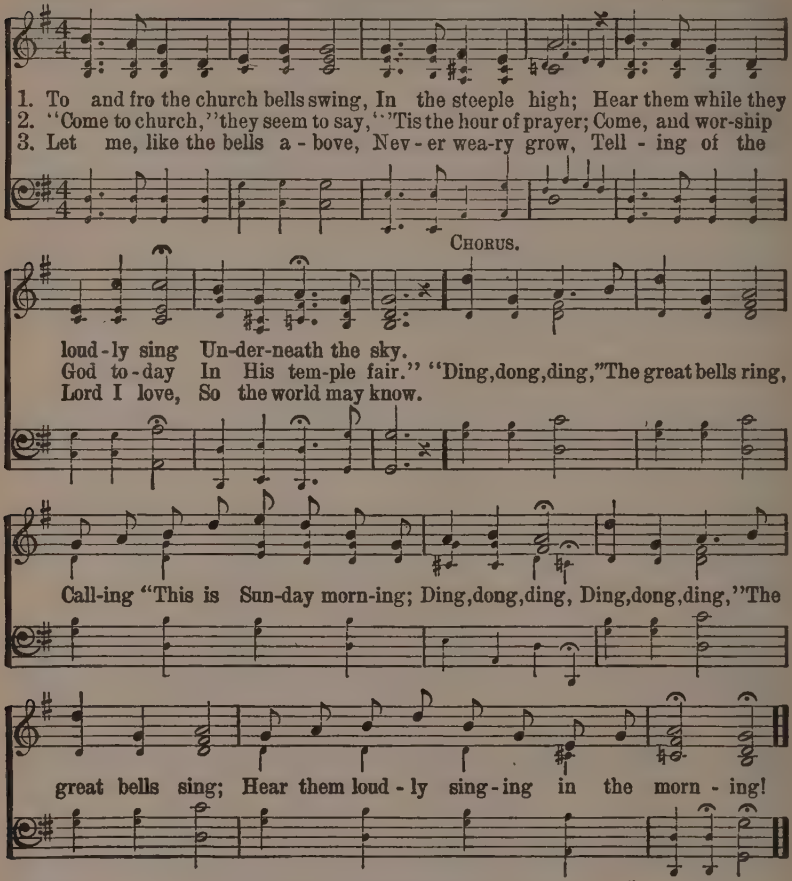

1. By and by we'll gain the vic - to - ry, By and by we'll gain the vic - to - ry,
2. Thro' the blood, the blood of Calvary, Thro' the blood, the blood of Cal-va-ry,
3. By and by we're going to see the King, By and by we're going to see the King,
By and by we'll gain the vic - to - ry Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.
Thro' the blood, the blood of Cal - va - ry, We're saved e - ter - nal - ly.
By and by we're going to see the King, And crown Him Lord of all.

263 Church Bells.

(A SONG FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.)

Copyright, 1904, by Wm. E. Howard
Owned by Robert H. Coleman

W. E. H. W. E. Howard.

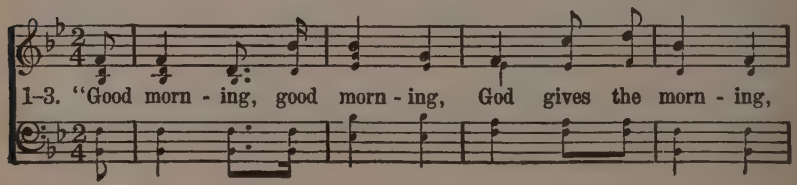

1. To and fro the church bells swing, In the steeple high; Hear them while they
2. "Come to church," they seem to say, "'Tis the hour of prayer; Come, and wor-ship
3. Let me, like the bells a - bove, Nev - er wea-ry grow, Tell - ing of the
Chorus.
loud - ly sing Un-der-neath the sky.
God to - day In His tem-ple fair." "Ding, dong, ding," The great bells ring,
Lord I love, So the world may know.
Call-ing "This is Sun-day morn-ing; Ding, dong, ding, Ding, dong, ding," The
great bells sing; Hear them loud - ly sing - ing in the morn - ing!

264 Good Morning Song.

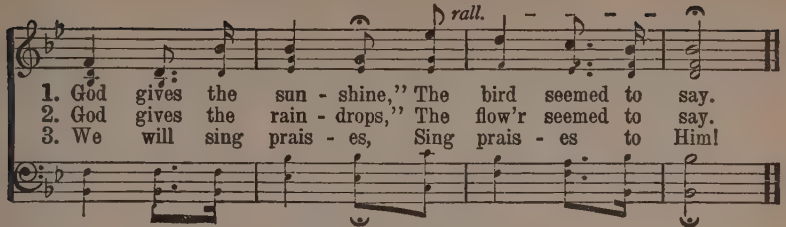
(PRIMARY.)

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY WM. E. HOWARD.

W. E. H. Wm. E. Howard.



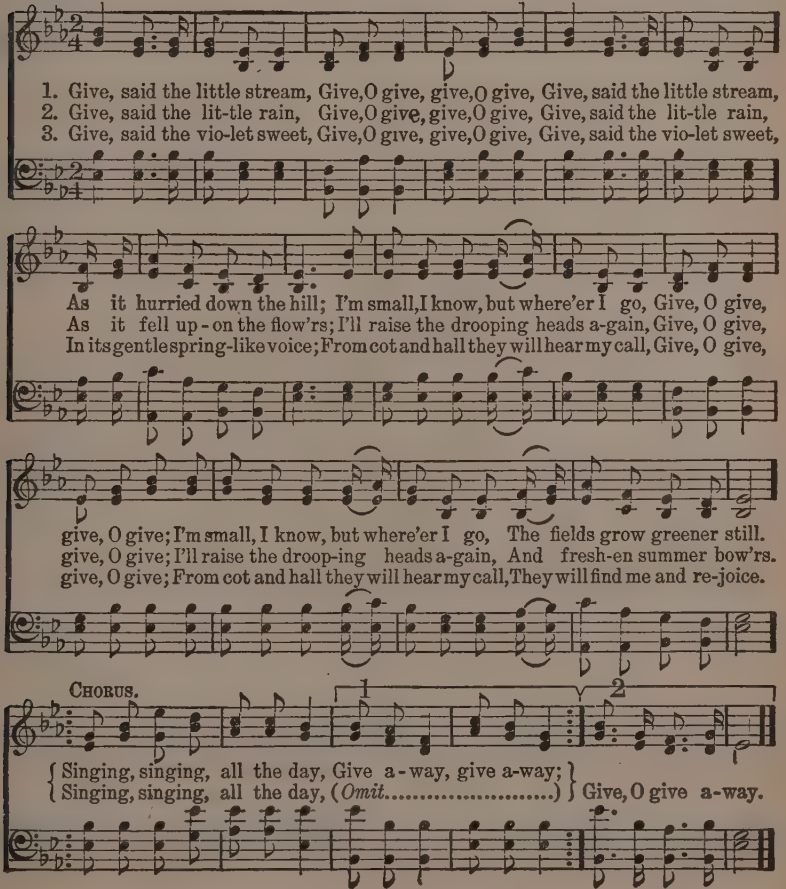
Good Morning Song.


rall.
1. God gives the sun - shine," The bird seemed to say.
2. God gives the rain - drops," The flow'r seemed to say.
3. We will sing prais - es, Sing prais - es to Him!

265 Give, O Give!

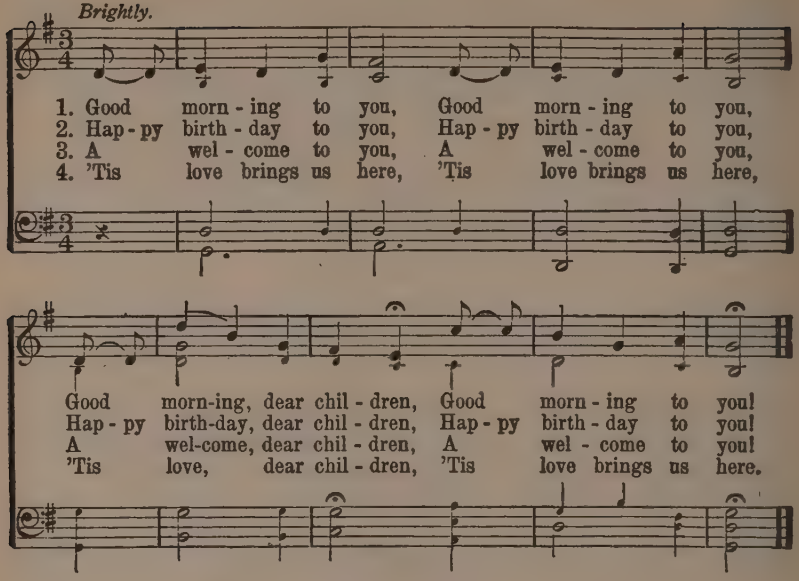
(PRIMARY.)

Anon. Wm. B. Bradbury.

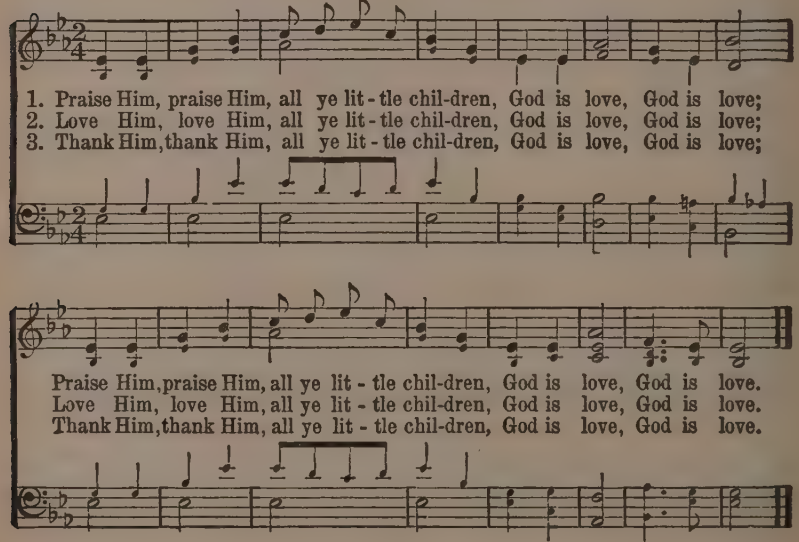

1. Give, said the little stream, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the little stream,
2. Give, said the lit-tle rain, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the lit-tle rain,
3. Give, said the vio-let sweet, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the vio-let sweet,
As it hurried down the hill; I'm small, I know, but where'er I go, Give, O give,
As it fell up - on the flow'rs; I'll raise the drooping heads a-gain, Give, O give,
In its gentle spring-like voice; From cot and hall they will hear my call, Give, O give,
give, O give; I'm small, I know, but where'er I go, The fields grow greener still.
give, O give; I'll raise the droop-ing heads a-gain, And fresh-en summer bow'rs.
give, O give; From cot and hall they will hear my call, They will find me and re-joice.
CHORUS.
1
2
{ Singing, singing, all the day, Give a - way, give a-way;
{ Singing, singing, all the day, (Omit.....)
} Give, O give a-way.

266 Good Morning to You!

Brightly.

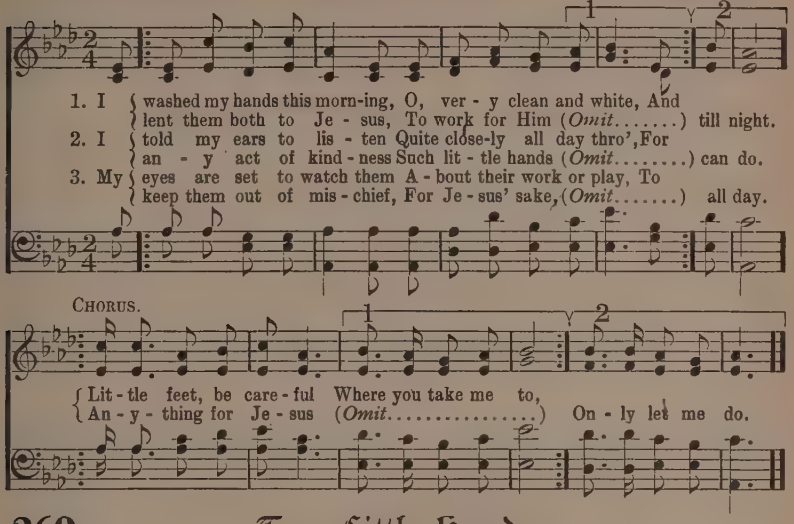

1. Good morn - ing to you, Good morn - ing to you,
2. Hap - py birth - day to you, Hap - py birth - day to you,
3. A wel - come to you, A wel - come to you,
4. 'Tis love brings us here, 'Tis love brings us here,
Good morn-ing, dear chil - dren, Good morn - ing to you!
Hap - py birth-day, dear chil - dren, Hap - py birth - day to you!
A wel-come, dear chil - dren, A wel - come to you!
'Tis love, dear chil - dren, 'Tis love brings us here.

267 Praise Him, Praise Him!


1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;
2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;
3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;
Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.
Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.

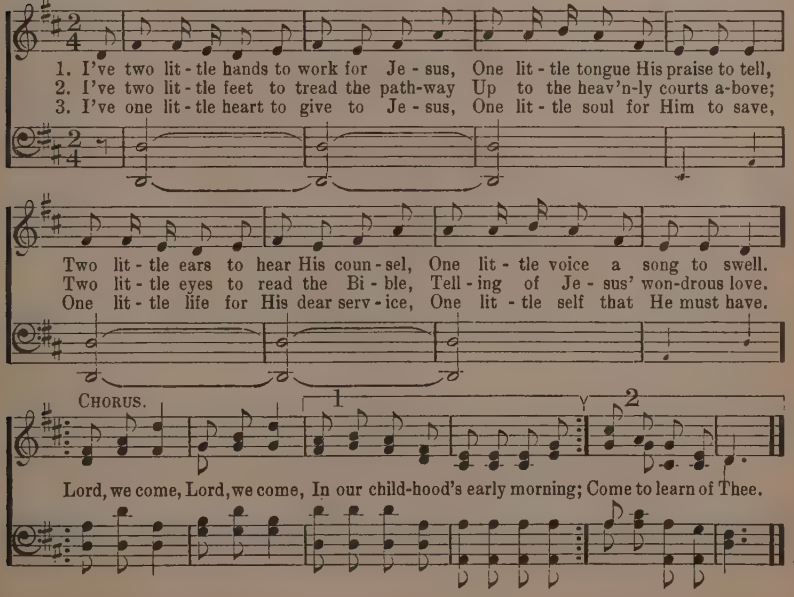
268 Little Feet, Be Careful.

Mrs. L. M. Bateman. COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY FILLMORE BROS. J. H. Rosecrans.


1. I washed my hands this morn-ing, O, ver - y clean and white, And
lent them both to Je - sus, To work for Him (Omit.....) till night.
2. I told my ears to lis - ten Quite close-ly all day thro', For
an - y act of kind - ness Such lit - tle hands (Omit.....) can do.
3. My eyes are set to watch them A - bout their work or play, To
keep them out of mis - chief, For Je - sus' sake, (Omit.....) all day.
CHORUS.
Lit - tle feet, be care - ful Where you take me to,
An - y - thing for Je - sus (Omit.....) On - ly let me do.

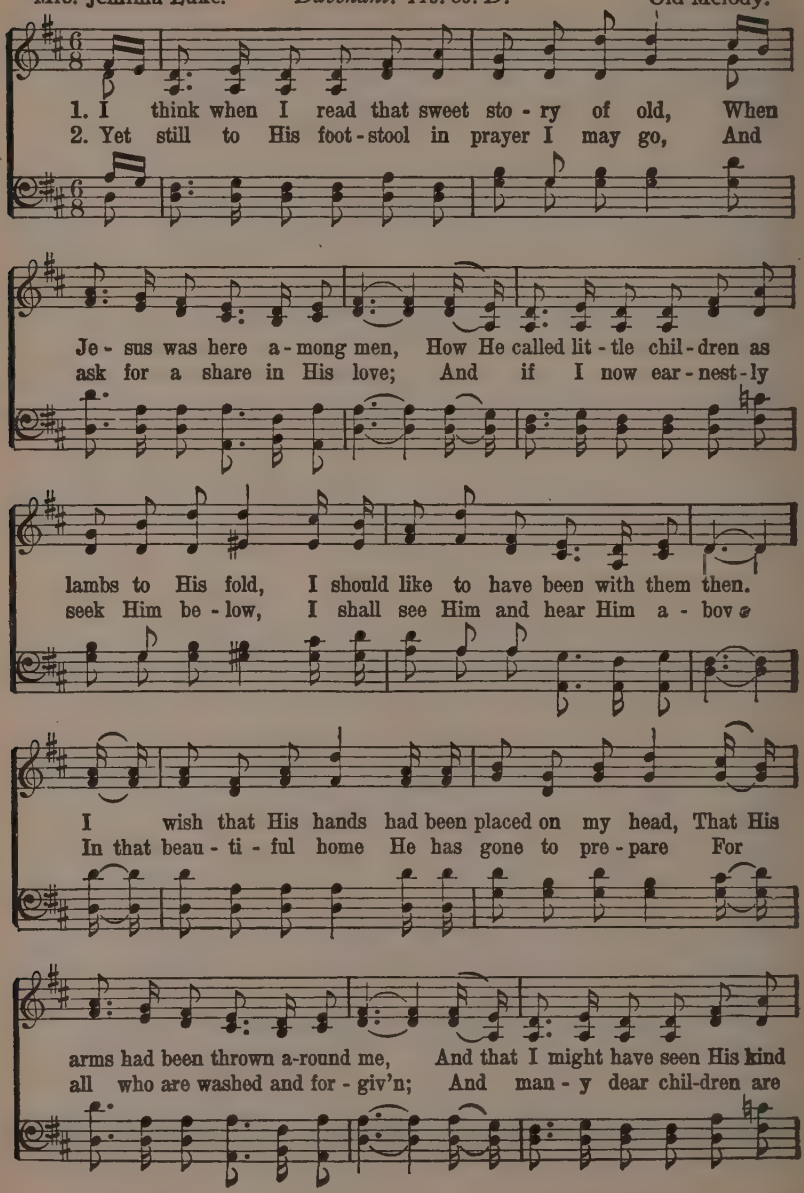
269 Two Little Hands.

W. A. O. PROPERTY OF DAVID C. COOK. W. A. Ogden.

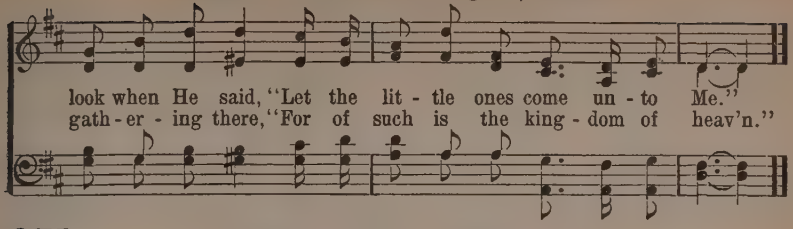

1. I've two lit - tle hands to work for Je - sus, One lit - tle tongue His praise to tell,
2. I've two lit - tle feet to tread the path-way Up to the heav'n-ly courts a-bove;
3. I've one lit - tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - tle soul for Him to save,
Two lit - tle ears to hear His coun - sel, One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
Two lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Tell - ing of Je - sus' won-drous love.
One lit - tle life for His dear serv - ice, One lit - tle self that He must have.
CHORUS.
Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our child-hood's early morning; Come to learn of Thee.

270 That Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. *Davenant. 11s. 8s. D.* Old Melody.


1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
2. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove
In that beau - ti - ful home He has gone to pre - pare For
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil-dren are

That Sweet Story of Old.



271 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B.

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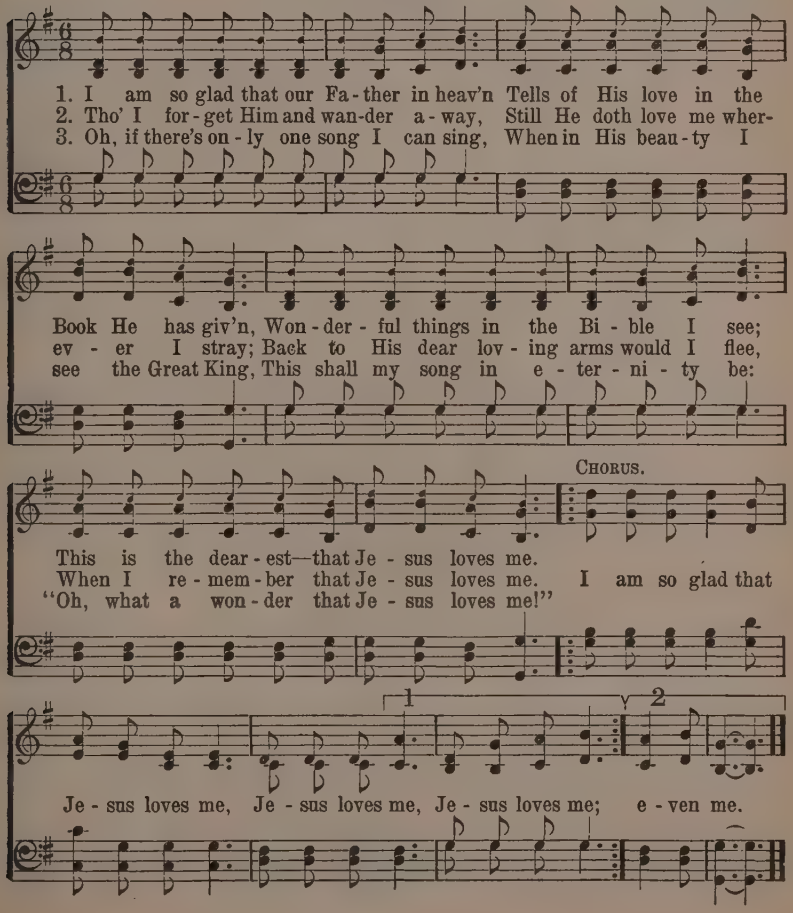
P. P. Bliss.


1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher -
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I
Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:
Chorus.
This is the dear - est—that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"
1
2
Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

272 What if it Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M.

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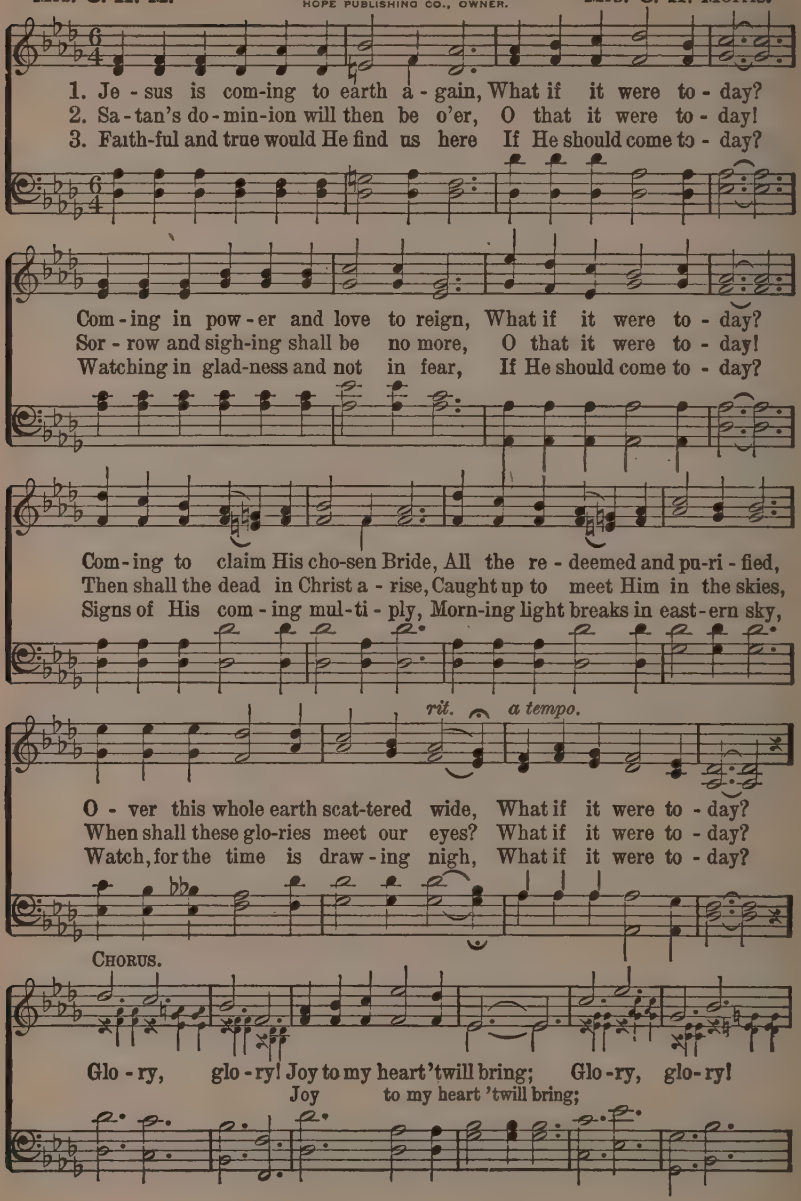
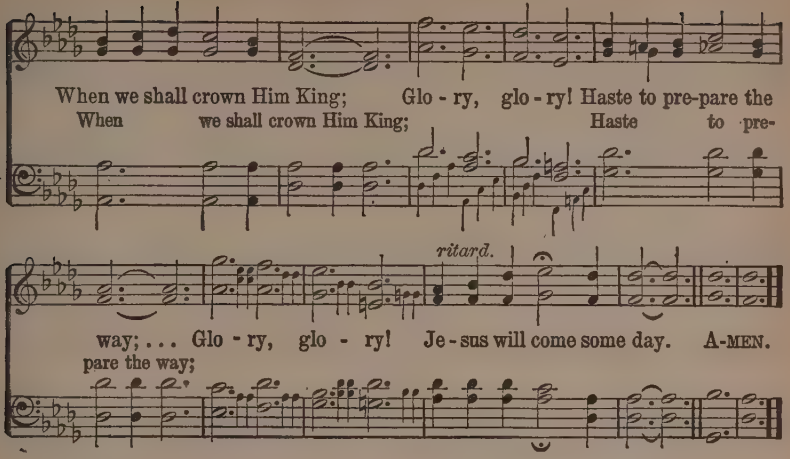
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

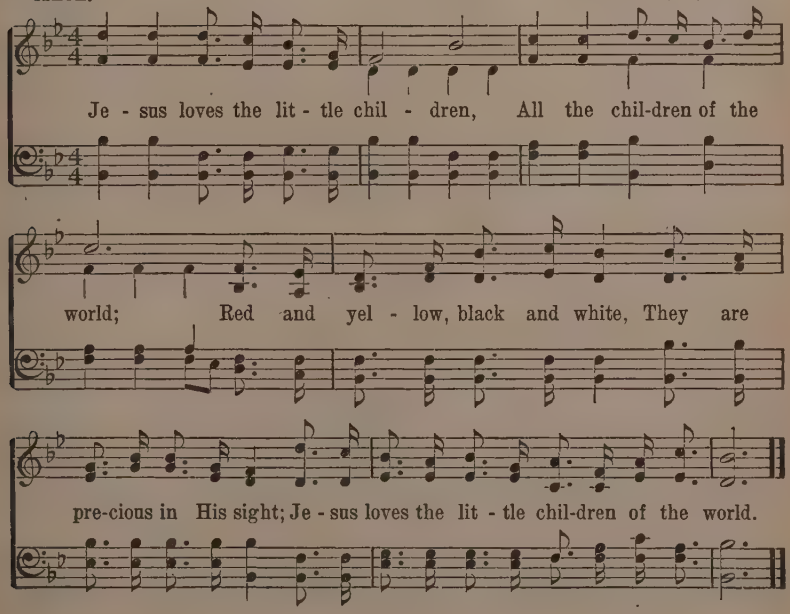

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faith-ful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?
Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?
Com - ing to claim His cho-sen Bride, All the re - deemed and pu-ri - fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
Signs of His com - ing mul-ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in east-ern sky,
rit.
a tempo.
O - ver this whole earth scat-tered wide, What if it were to - day?
When shall these glo-ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry!
Joy to my heart 'twill bring;

What if it Were To-day?


When we shall crown Him King; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
When we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre-
ritard.
way; . . . Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day. A-MEN.
pare the way;

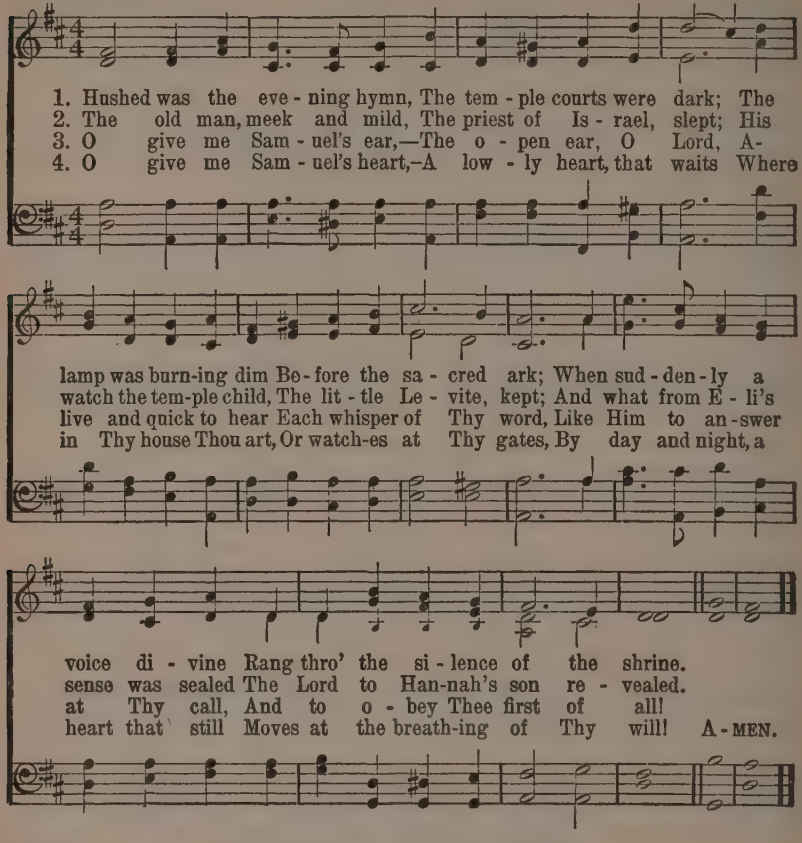
273 Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Anon. Geo. F. Root.


Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren, All the chil-dren of the
world; Red and yel - low, black and white, They are
pre-cious in His sight; Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil-dren of the world.

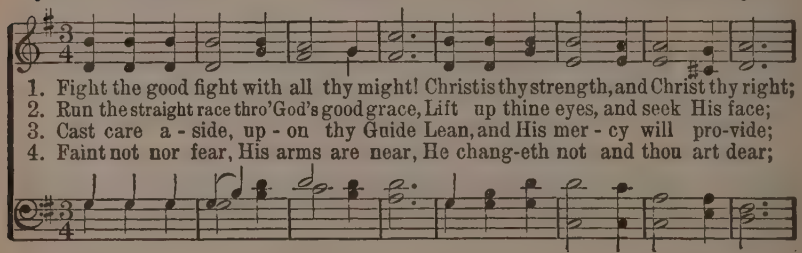
274 Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

James D. Burns. *Samuel.* Arthur S. Sullivan.

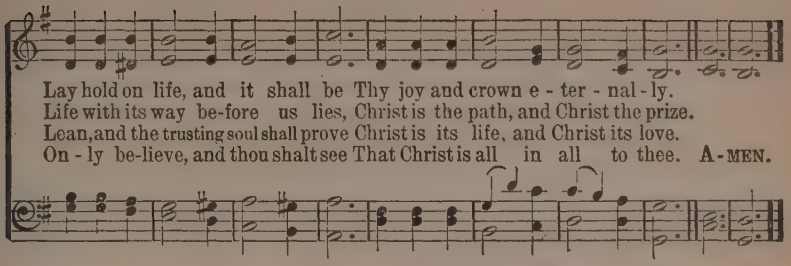

1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The
lamp was burn-ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den - ly a
2. The old man, meek and mild, The priest of Is - rael, slept; His
watch the tem-ple child, The lit - tle Le - vite, kept; And what from E - li's
3. O give me Sam - uel's ear,—The o - pen ear, O Lord, A-
live and quick to hear Each whisper of Thy word, Like Him to an-swer
4. O give me Sam - uel's heart,–A low - ly heart, that waits Where
in Thy house Thou art, Or watch-es at Thy gates, By day and night, a
voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.
sense was sealed The Lord to Han-nah's son re - vealed.
at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all!
heart that still Moves at the breath-ing of Thy will! A - MEN.

275 Fight the Good Fight.

John S. B. Monsell. *Pentecost. L. M.* William Boyd.

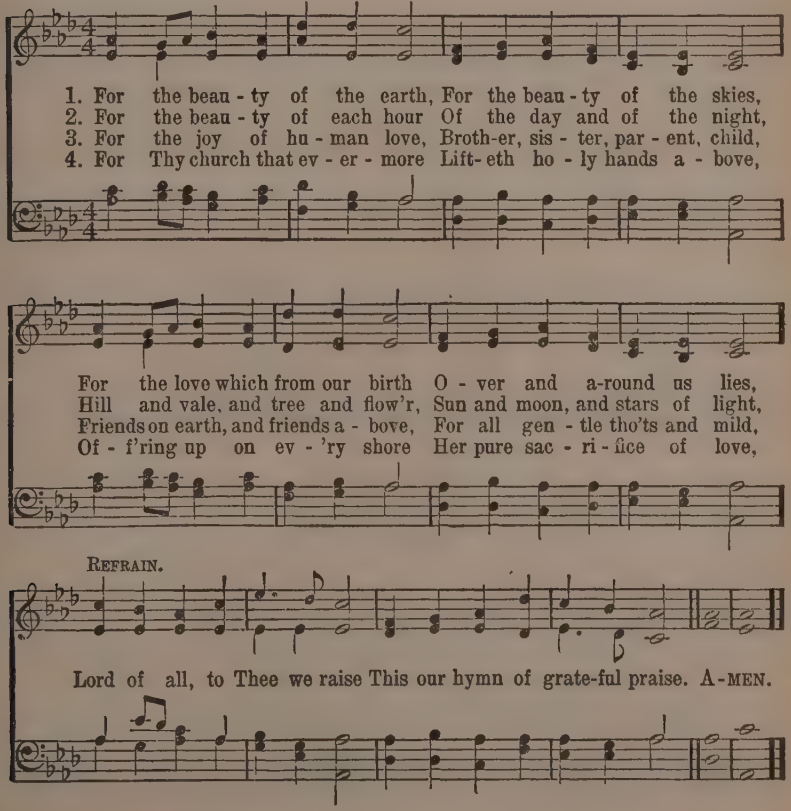

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, up - on thy Guide Lean, and His mer - cy will pro-vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang-eth not and thou art dear;

Fight the Good Fight.


Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be-fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
On - ly be-lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A - MEN.

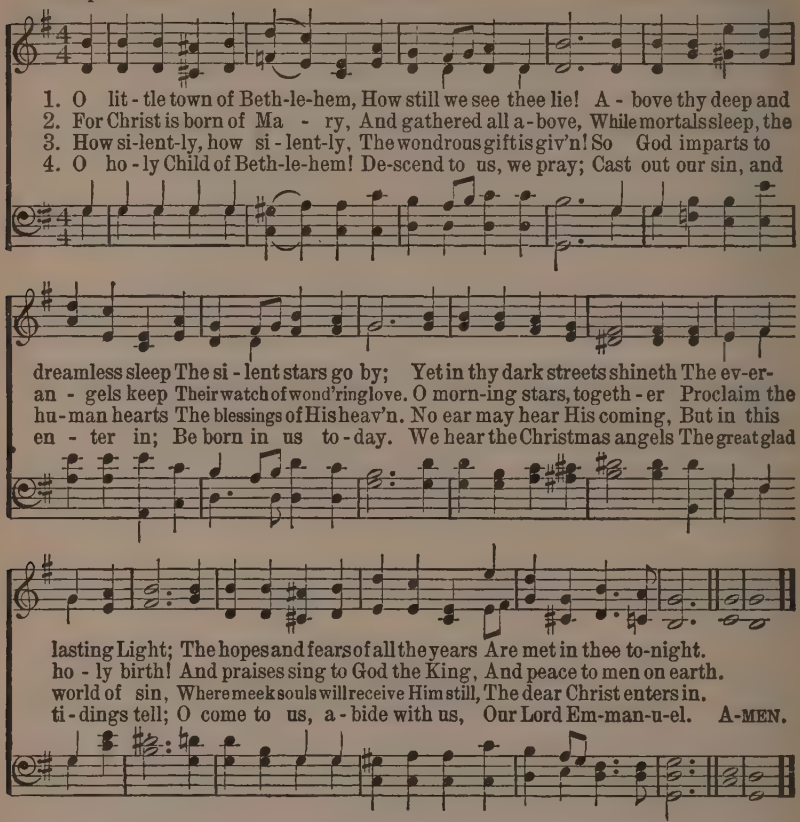
276 For the Beauty of the Earth.

Folliott S. Pierpoint. *Dix.* Arranged from Conrad Kocher.


1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,
2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth-er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
4. For Thy church that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a-round us lies,
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Friends on earth, and friends a - bove, For all gen - tle tho'ts and mild,
Of - f'ring up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,
REFRAIN.
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A - MEN.

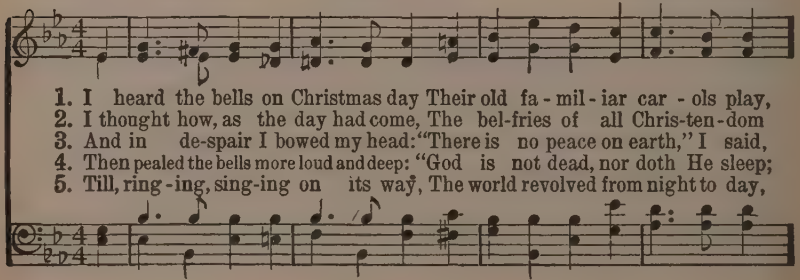
277 O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks. *St. Louis.* Lewis H. Redner.

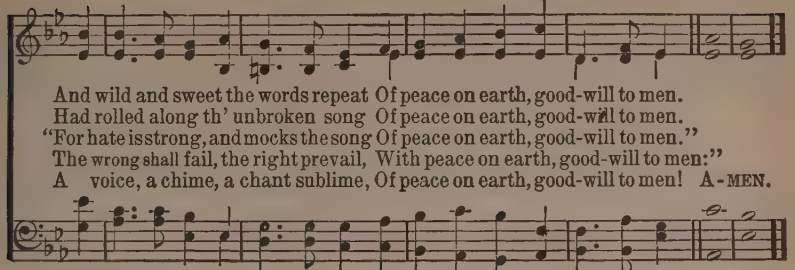

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gathered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si-lent-ly, how si - lent-ly, The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God imparts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem! De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and
dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev-er-
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, togeth - er Proclaim the
hu-man hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His coming, But in this
en - ter in; Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad
lasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
ho - ly birth! And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
ti - dings tell; O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el. A-MEN.

278 I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.

Henry W. Longfellow. *Waltham. L. M.* J. Baptiste Calkin.

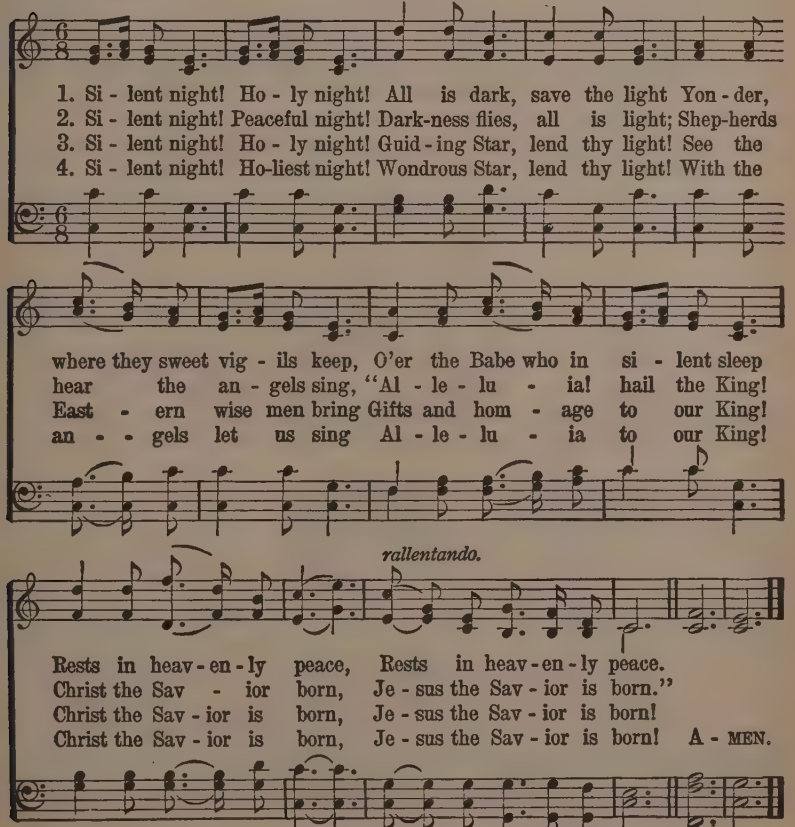

1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel-fries of all Chris-ten-dom
3. And in de-spair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
5. Till, ring - ing, sing-ing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.


And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
Had rolled along th' unbroken song Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men."
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men:"
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime, Of peace on earth, good-will to men! A-MEN.

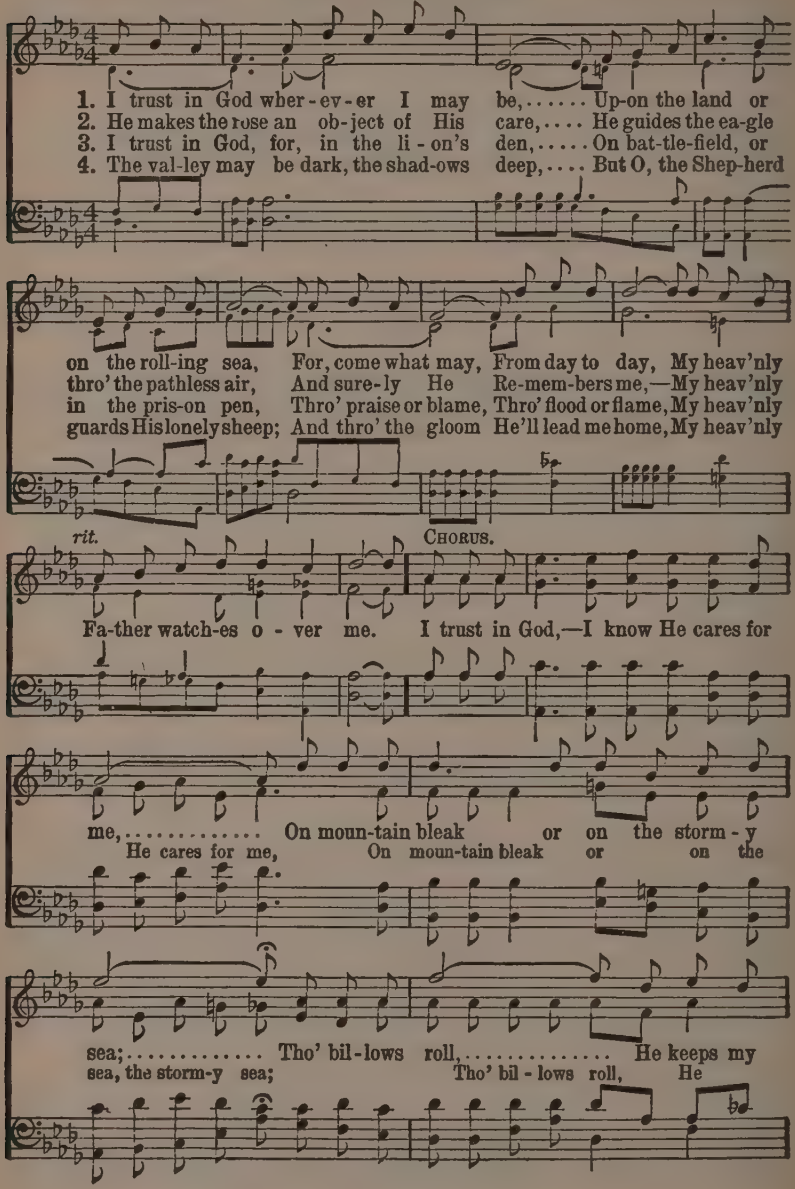
279 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr. *Christmas Carol.* Franz Gruber.

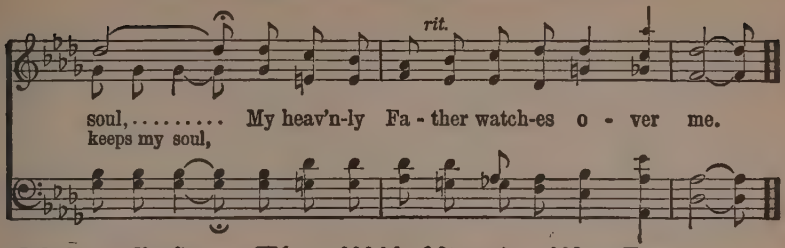

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der,
2. Si - lent night! Peaceful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light! See the
4. Si - lent night! Ho-liest night! Wondrous Star, lend thy light! With the
where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
an - - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!
rallentando.
Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born! A - MEN.

280 My Father Watches Over Me.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

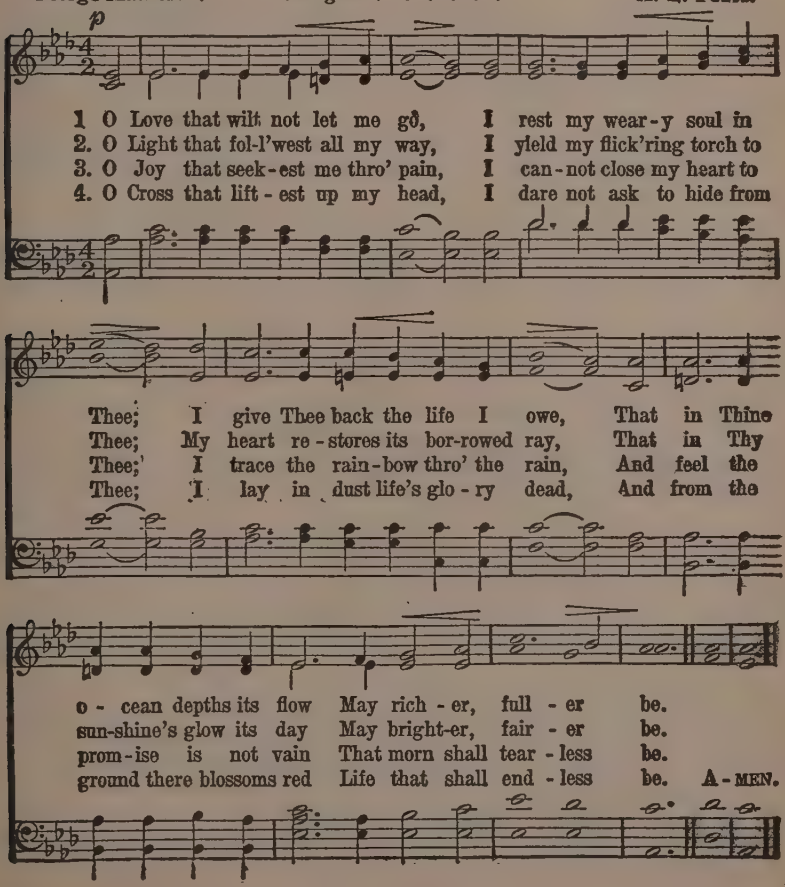

1. I trust in God wher-ev-er I may be,..... Up-on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care,.... He guides the ea-gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li-on's den,..... On bat-tle-field, or
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shad-ows deep,.... But O, the Shep-herd
on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, And sure-ly He Re-mem-bers me,—My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly
rit.
CHORUS.
Fa-ther watch-es o-ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for
me,..... On moun-tain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On moun-tain bleak or on the
sea;..... Tho' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my
sea, the storm-y sea; Tho' bil-lows roll, He

My Father Watches Over Me.



281 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. *Margaret. 8.8.8.8.6.* A. L. Peace.


p
1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in
2. O Light that fol-l'west all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from
Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine
Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy
Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the
Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the
o - cean depths its flow May rich-er, full - er be.
sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - MEN.

Wonderful Love.

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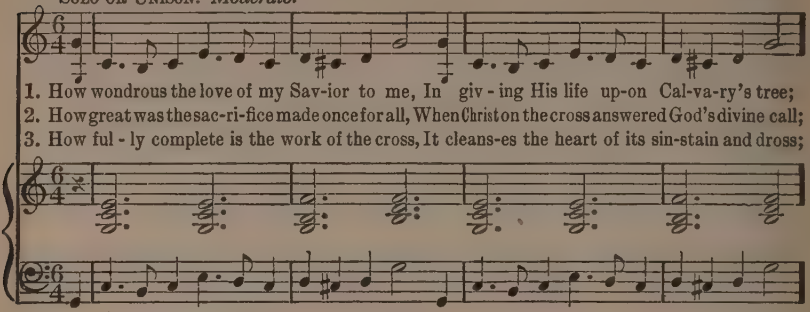
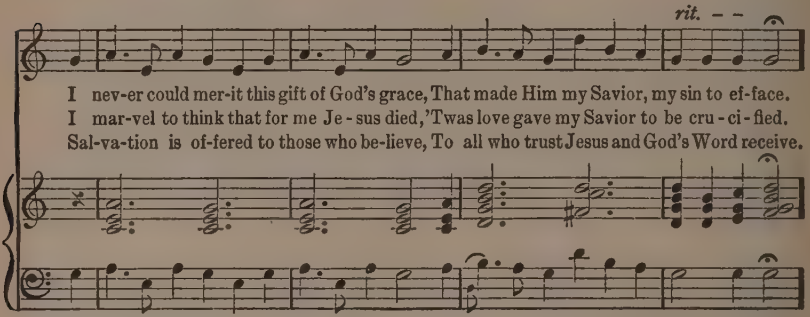
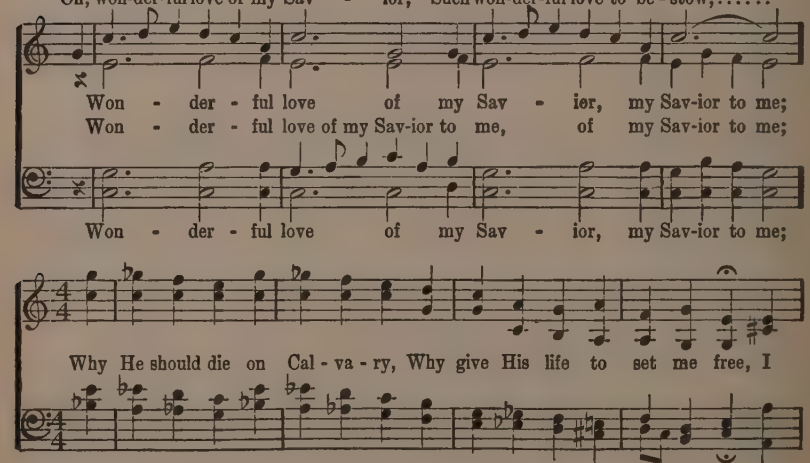
R. H. Robert Harkness.

SOLO OR UNISON. *Moderato.*

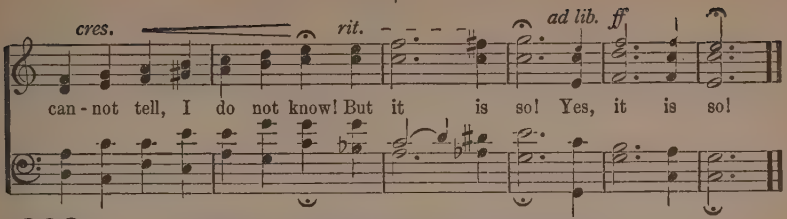

1. How wondrous the love of my Sav-ior to me, In giv - ing His life up-on Cal-va-ry's tree;
2. How great was the sac-ri-fice made once for all, When Christ on the cross answered God's divine call;
3. How ful - ly complete is the work of the cross, It cleans-es the heart of its sin-stain and dross;


rit.
I nev-er could mer-it this gift of God's grace, That made Him my Savior, my sin to ef-face.
I mar-vel to think that for me Je - sus died, 'Twas love gave my Savior to be cru - ci - fied.
Sal-va-tion is of-fered to those who be-lieve, To all who trust Jesus and God's Word receive.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

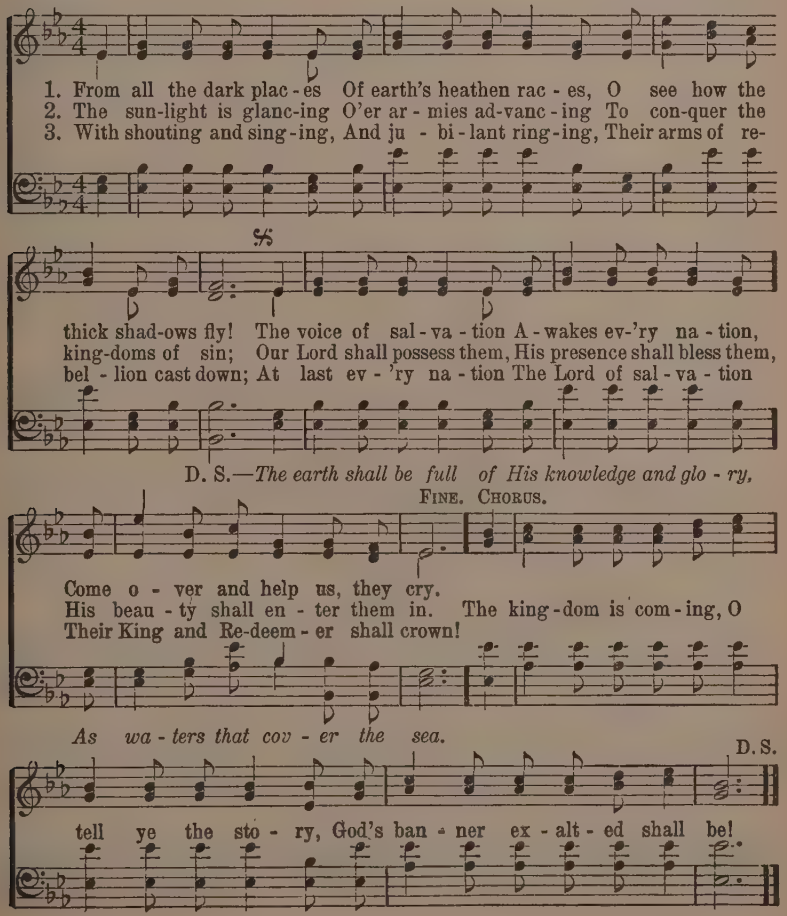

Oh, won-der-ful love of my Sav - ior, Such won-der-ful love to be - stow;.....
Won - der - ful love of my Sav - ior, my Sav-ior to me;
Won - der - ful love of my Sav-ior to me, of my Sav-ior to me;
Won - der - ful love of my Sav - ior, my Sav-ior to me;
Why He should die on Cal - va - ry, Why give His life to set me free, I

Wonderful Love.



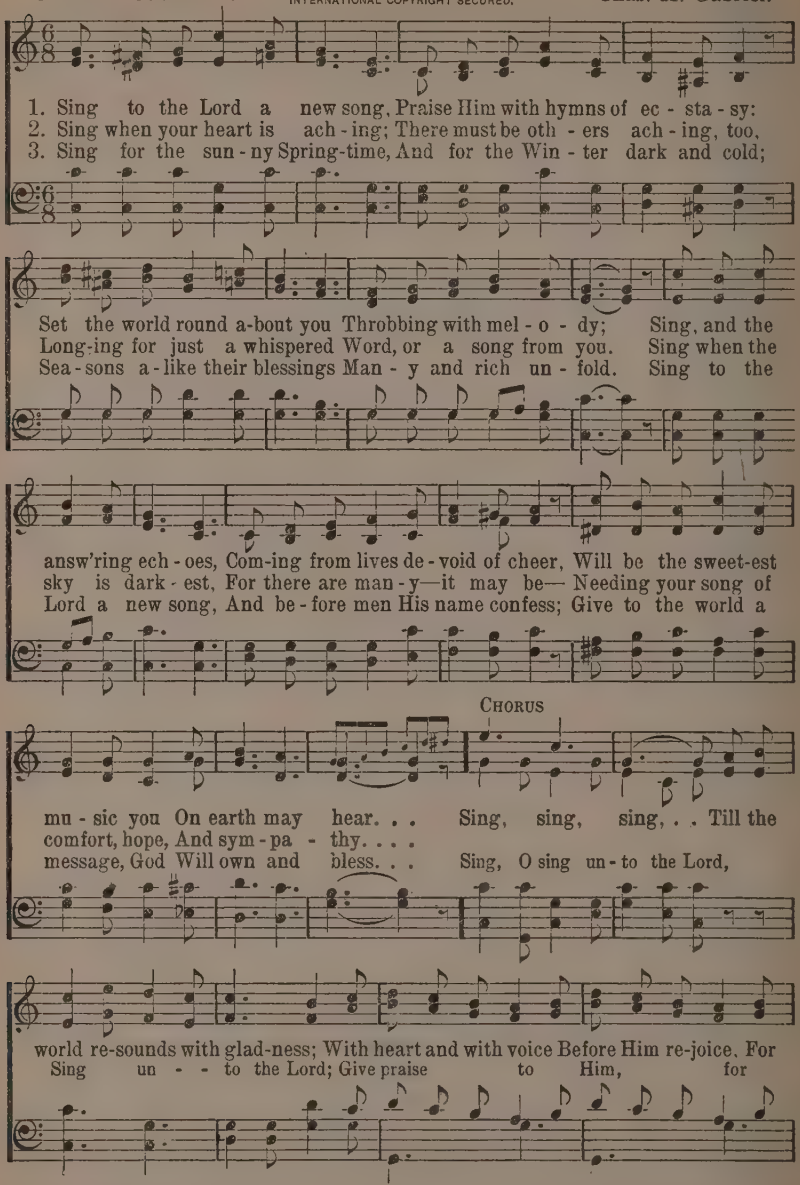
283 The Kingdom is Coming.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

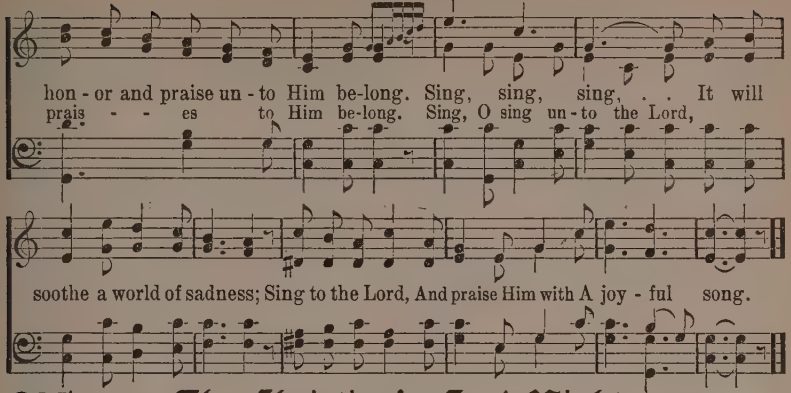

1. From all the dark plac - es Of earth's heathen rac - es, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar - mies ad-vanc - ing To con-quer the
3. With shouting and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their arms of re-
thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev-'ry na - tion,
king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,
bel - lion cast down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion
D. S.—The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glo - ry,
FINE. CHORUS.
Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
His beau - ty shall en - ter them in. The king - dom is com - ing, O
Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown!
As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.
D. S.
tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be!

284 Sing to the Lord a New Song.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Sing to the Lord a new song, Praise Him with hymns of ec - sta - sy:
2. Sing when your heart is ach - ing; There must be oth - ers ach - ing, too,
3. Sing for the sun - ny Spring-time, And for the Win - ter dark and cold;
Set the world round a-bout you Throbbing with mel - o - dy; Sing, and the
Long-ing for just a whispered Word, or a song from you. Sing when the
Sea - sons a - like their blessings Man - y and rich un - fold. Sing to the
answ'ring ech - oes, Com-ing from lives de - void of cheer, Will be the sweet-est
sky is dark - est, For there are man - y—it may be— Needing your song of
Lord a new song, And be - fore men His name confess; Give to the world a
Chorus
mu - sic you On earth may hear. . . Sing, sing, sing, . . Till the
comfort, hope, And sym - pa - thy. . . .
message, God Will own and bless. . . Sing, O sing un - to the Lord,
world re-sounds with glad-ness; With heart and with voice Before Him re-joice. For
Sing un - - to the Lord; Give praise to Him, for

Sing to the Lord a New Song.


hon - or and praise un - to Him be-long. Sing, sing, sing, . . It will
prais - - es to Him be-long. Sing, O sing un - to the Lord,
soothe a world of sadness; Sing to the Lord, And praise Him with A joy - ful song.

285 The Christian's Good-Night.

Sarah Doudney.

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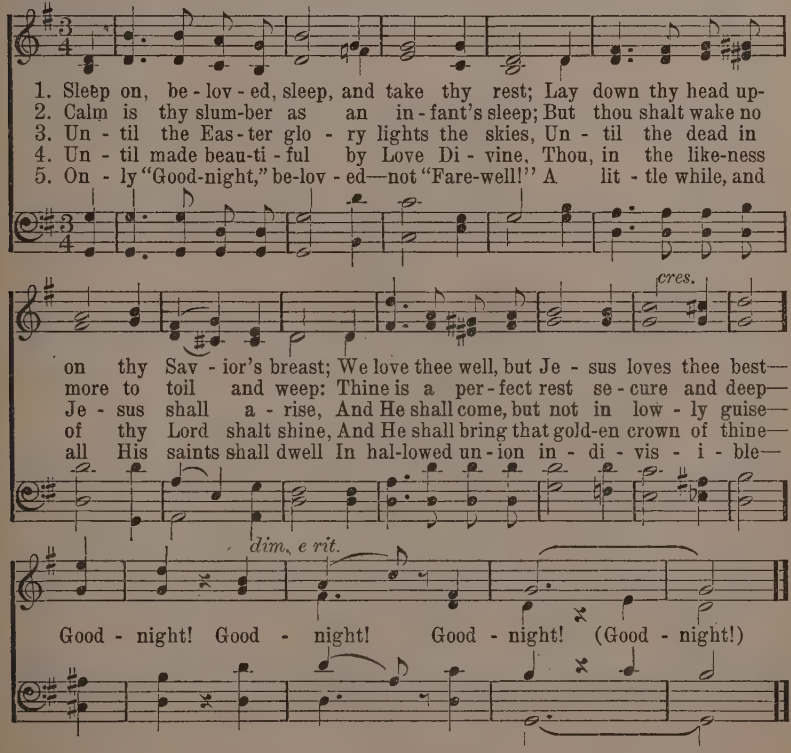
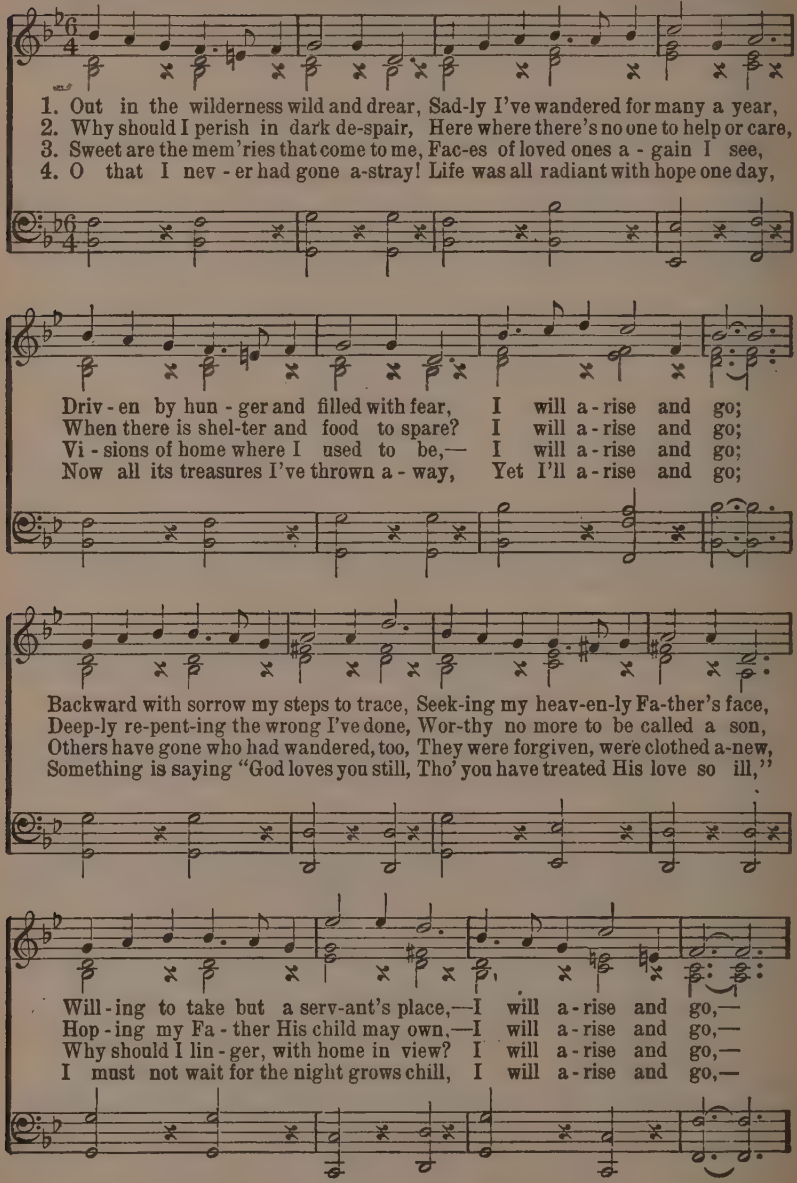
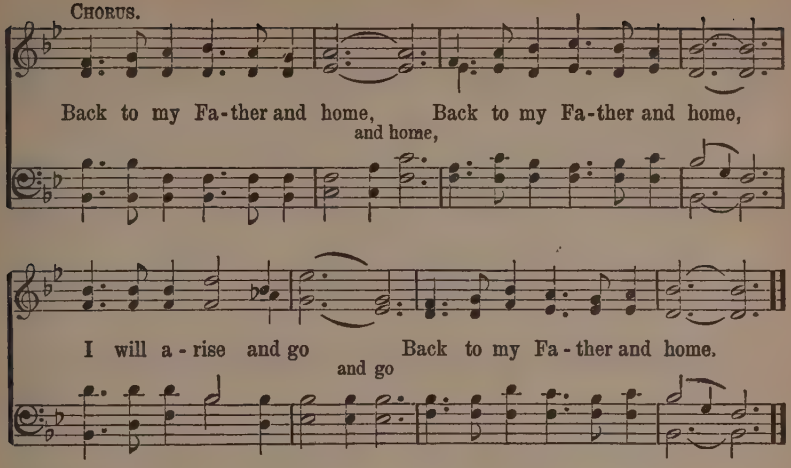

1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy head up-
2. Calm is thy slum-ber as an in - fant's sleep; But thou shalt wake no
3. Un - til the Eas - ter glo - ry lights the skies, Un - til the dead in
4. Un - til made beau-ti - ful by Love Di - vine, Thou, in the like-ness
5. On - ly "Good-night," be-lov - ed—not "Fare-well!" A lit - tle while, and
cres.
on thy Sav - ior's breast; We love thee well, but Je - sus loves thee best—
more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect rest se - cure and deep—
Je - sus shall a - rise, And He shall come, but not in low - ly guise—
of thy Lord shalt shine, And He shall bring that gold-en crown of thine—
all His saints shall dwell In hal-lowed un - ion in - di - vis - i - ble—
dim. e rit.
Good - night! Good - night! Good - night! (Good - night!)

286 The Prodigal Son.

T. O. Chisholm. Copyright 1915. Hope Publishing Company, owner. Used by permission. Geo. C. Stebbins.

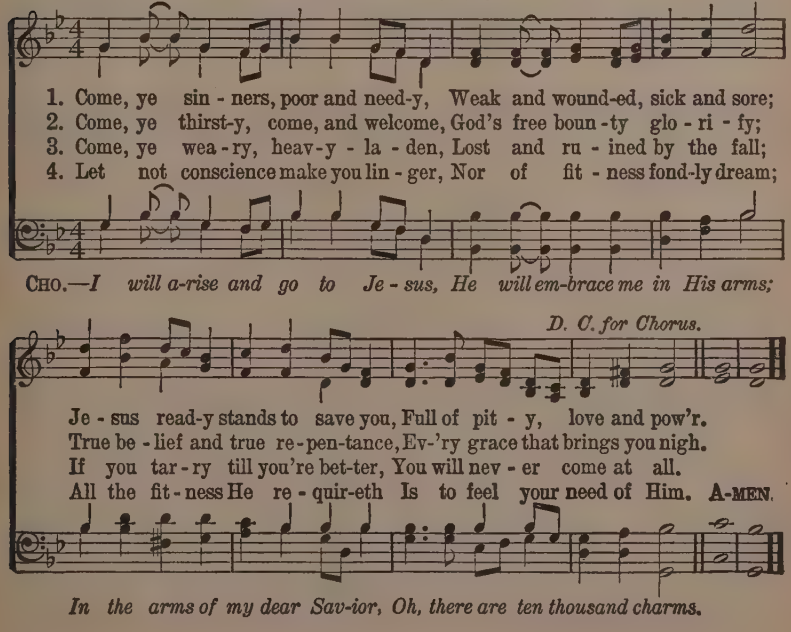

1. Out in the wilderness wild and drear, Sad-ly I've wandered for many a year,
2. Why should I perish in dark de-spair, Here where there's no one to help or care,
3. Sweet are the mem'ries that come to me, Fac-es of loved ones a - gain I see,
4. O that I nev - er had gone a-stray! Life was all radiant with hope one day,
Driv - en by hun - ger and filled with fear, I will a - rise and go;
When there is shel-ter and food to spare? I will a - rise and go;
Vi - sions of home where I used to be,— I will a - rise and go;
Now all its treasures I've thrown a - way, Yet I'll a - rise and go;
Backward with sorrow my steps to trace, Seek-ing my heav-en-ly Fa-ther's face,
Deep-ly re-pent-ing the wrong I've done, Wor-thy no more to be called a son,
Others have gone who had wandered, too, They were forgiven, were clothed a-new,
Something is saying "God loves you still, Tho' you have treated His love so ill,"
Will - ing to take but a serv-ant's place,—I will a - rise and go,—
Hop - ing my Fa - ther His child may own,—I will a - rise and go,—
Why should I lin - ger, with home in view? I will a - rise and go,—
I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a - rise and go,—

The Prodigal Son.



287. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart. *Arise. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Arr.


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Lost and ru-ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
Cho.—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;
D. C. for Chorus.
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
True be-lief and true re-pen-tance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. A-men.
In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

288 Let Me Linger Near the Savior.

B. B. McK.

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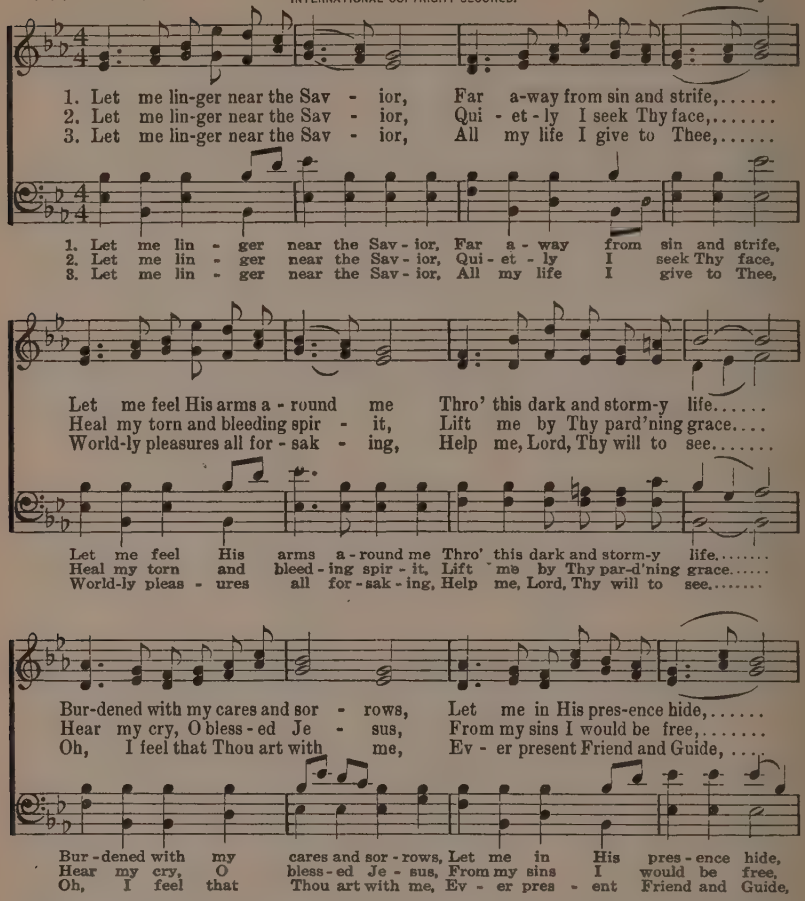
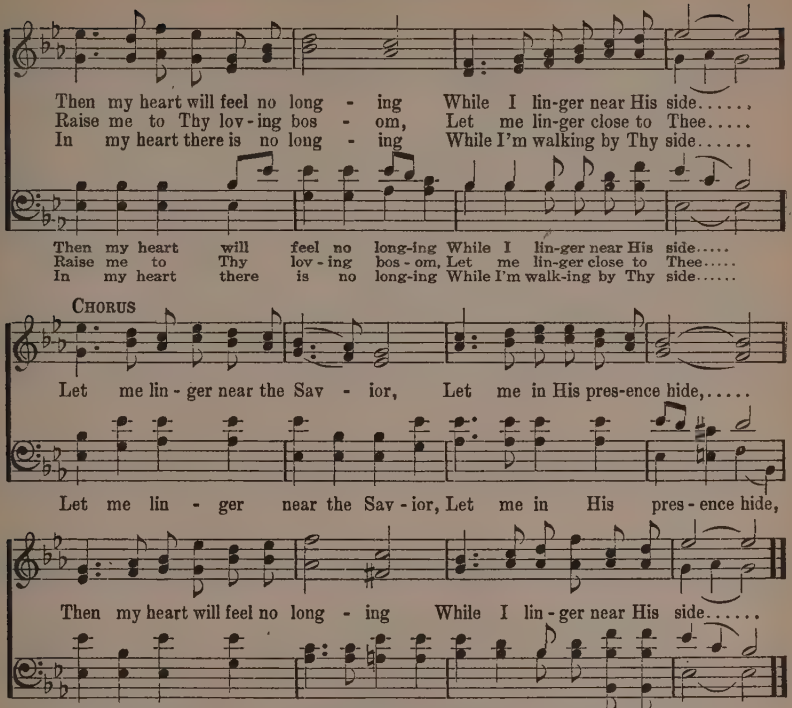
B. B. McKinney.

1. Let me lin-ger near the Sav - ior, Far a-way from sin and strife,.....
2. Let me lin-ger near the Sav - ior, Qui - et - ly I seek Thy face,.....
3. Let me lin-ger near the Sav - ior, All my life I give to Thee,.....
1. Let me lin - ger near the Sav - ior, Far a - way from sin and strife,
2. Let me lin - ger near the Sav - ior, Qui - et - ly I seek Thy face,
3. Let me lin - ger near the Sav - ior, All my life I give to Thee,
Let me feel His arms a - round me Thro' this dark and storm-y life.....
Heal my torn and bleeding spir - it, Lift me by Thy pard'ning grace....
World-ly pleasures all for - sak - ing, Help me, Lord, Thy will to see.....
Let me feel His arms a - round me Thro' this dark and storm-y life.....
Heal my torn and bleed - ing spir - it, Lift me by Thy par-d'ning grace.....
World-ly pleas - ures all for - sak - ing, Help me, Lord, Thy will to see.....
Bur-dened with my cares and sor - rows, Let me in His pres-ence hide,.....
Hear my cry, O bless - ed Je - sus, From my sins I would be free,.....
Oh, I feel that Thou art with me, Ev - er present Friend and Guide, ...
Bur - dened with my cares and sor - rows, Let me in His pres - ence hide,
Hear my cry, O bless - ed Je - sus, From my sins I would be free,
Oh, I feel that Thou art with me, Ev - er pres - ent Friend and Guide,
Then my heart will feel no long - ing While I lin-ger near His side; ....
Raise me to Thy lov-ing bos - - om, Let me lin-ger close to Thee; ...
In my heart there is no long - ing While I'm walking by Thy side; ....
Then my heart will feel no long-ing While I lin - ger near His side;
Raise me to Thy lov - ing bos - om, Let me lin - ger close to Thee;
In my heart there is no long-ing While I'm walk - ing by Thy side;

Let Me Linger Near the Savior.

Then my heart will feel no long - ing While I lin-ger near His side.....
Raise me to Thy lov-ing bos - om, Let me lin-ger close to Thee.....
In my heart there is no long - ing While I'm walking by Thy side.....
Then my heart will feel no long-ing While I lin-ger near His side.....
Raise me to Thy lov-ing bos-om, Let me lin-ger close to Thee.....
In my heart there is no long-ing While I'm walk-ing by Thy side.....
CHORUS
Let me lin-ger near the Sav - ior, Let me in His pres-ence hide,.....
Let me lin - ger near the Sav-ior, Let me in His pres - ence hide,
Then my heart will feel no long - ing While I lin-ger near His side.....
Then my heart will know no long-ing While I lin-ger near His side.....

289 Only Believe.

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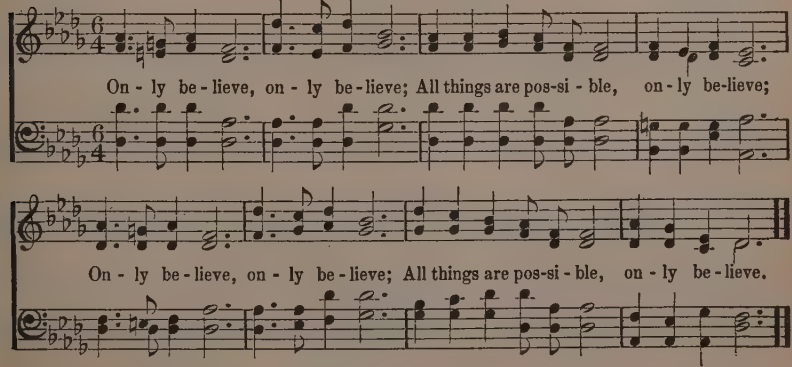
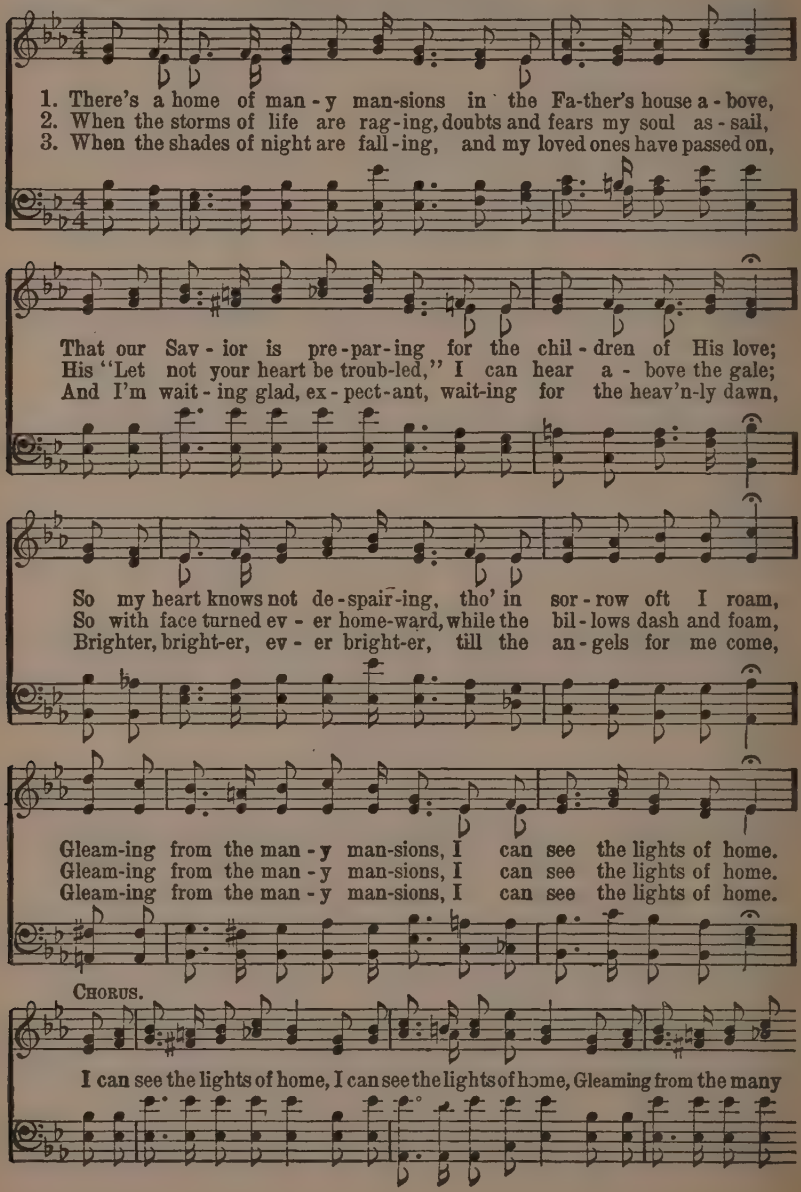
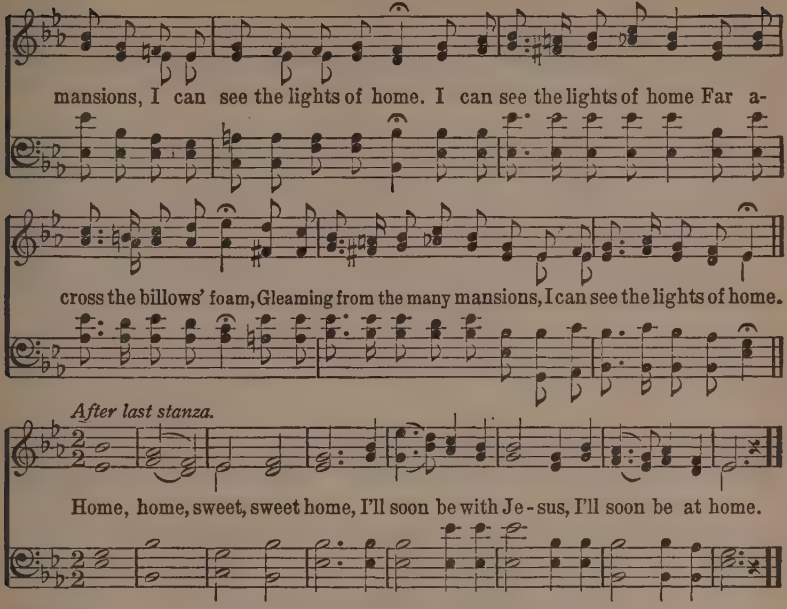

On - ly be-lieve, on - ly be-lieve; All things are pos-si - ble, on-ly be-lieve;
On - ly be-lieve, on - ly be-lieve; All things are pos-si - ble, on - ly be-lieve.

290 I Can See the Lights of Home.

Miss Calia Altstaetter. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. B. B. McKinney.

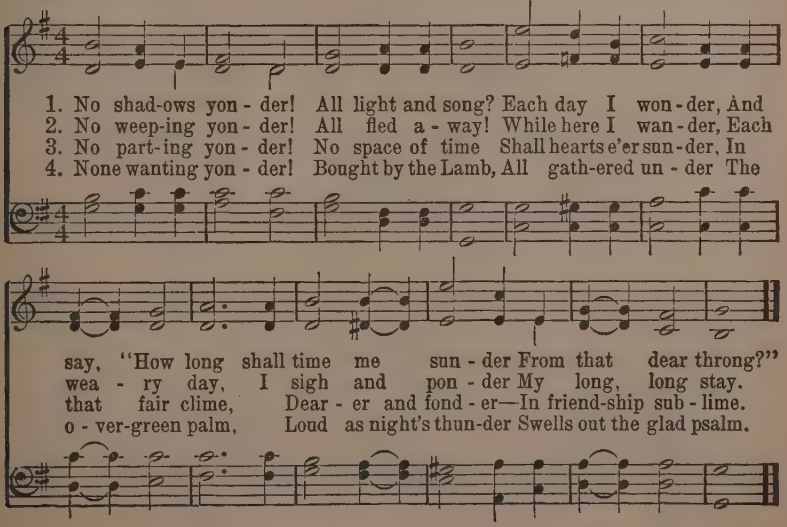

1. There's a home of man - y man-sions in the Fa-ther's house a - bove,
2. When the storms of life are rag-ing, doubts and fears my soul as - sail,
3. When the shades of night are fall - ing, and my loved ones have passed on,
That our Sav - ior is pre-par-ing for the chil - dren of His love;
His "Let not your heart be troub-led," I can hear a - bove the gale;
And I'm wait - ing glad, ex - pect-ant, wait-ing for the heav'n-ly dawn,
So my heart knows not de-spair-ing, tho' in sor - row oft I roam,
So with face turned ev - er home-ward, while the bil - lows dash and foam,
Brighter, bright-er, ev - er bright-er, till the an-gels for me come,
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.
CHORUS.
I can see the lights of home, I can see the lights of home, Gleaming from the many

I Can See the Lights of Home.


mansions, I can see the lights of home. I can see the lights of home Far a-
cross the billows' foam, Gleaming from the many mansions, I can see the lights of home.
After last stanza.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, I'll soon be with Je - sus, I'll soon be at home.

291 No Shadows Yonder.

Horatius Bonar. From Alfred R. Gaul.


1. No shad-ows yon - der! All light and song? Each day I won - der, And
2. No weep-ing yon - der! All fled a - way! While here I wan - der, Each
3. No part-ing yon - der! No space of time Shall hearts e'er sun - der, In
4. None wanting yon - der! Bought by the Lamb, All gath-ered un - der The
say, "How long shall time me sun - der From that dear throng?"
wea - ry day, I sigh and pon - der My long, long stay.
that fair clime, Dear - er and fond - er—In friend-ship sub - lime.
o - ver-green palm, Loud as night's thun-der Swells out the glad psalm.

292 The King Most High.

B. B. McK.

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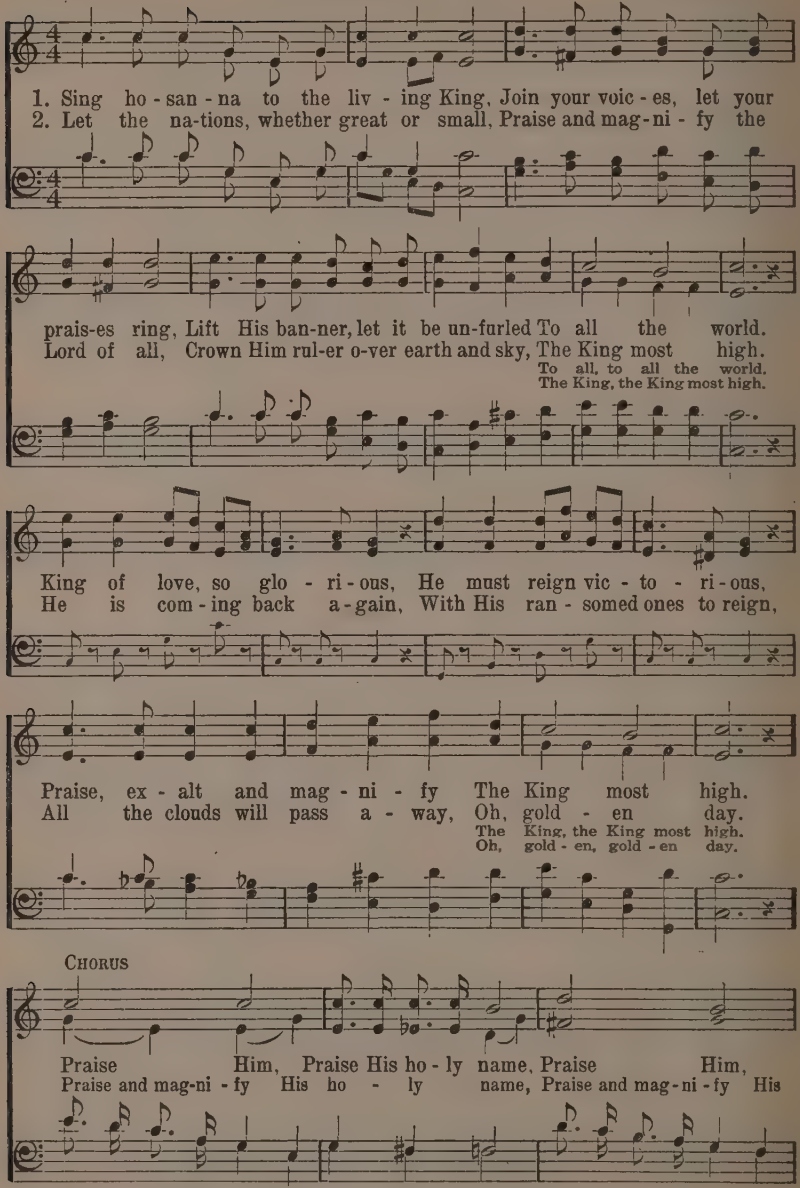
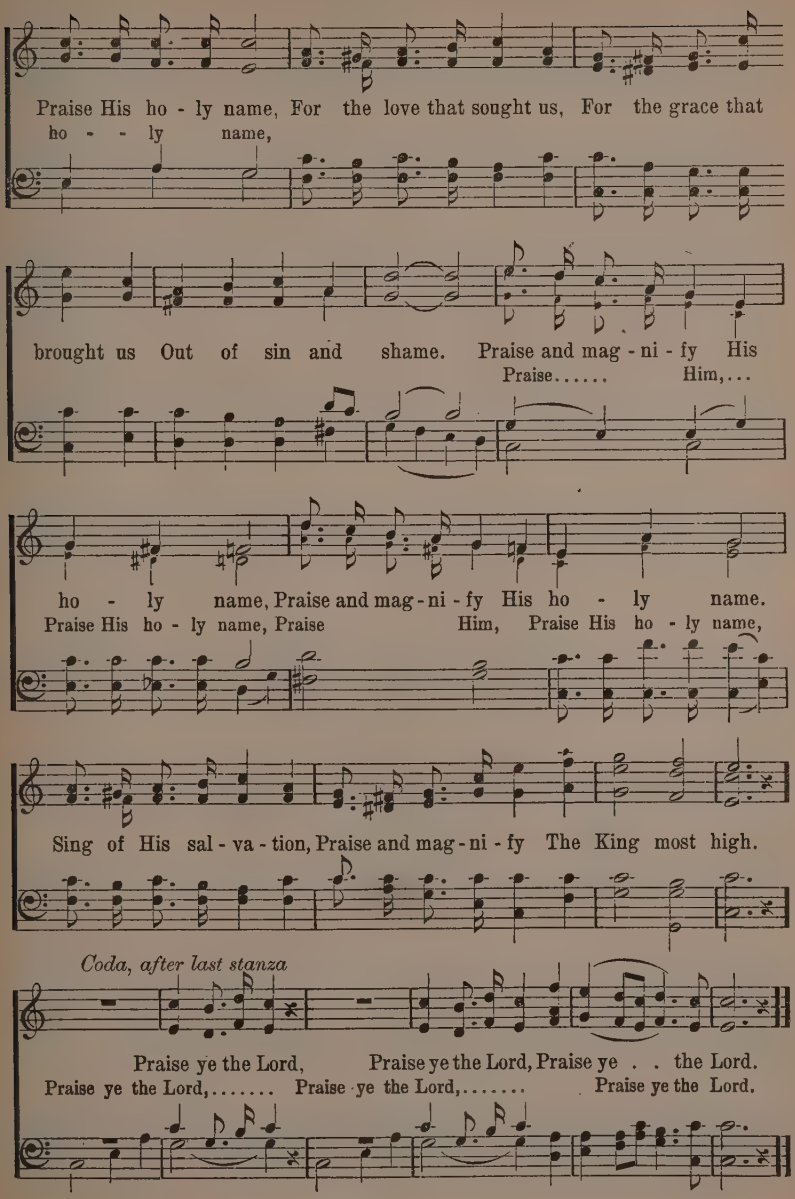
B. B. McKinney.

1. Sing ho - san - na to the liv - ing King, Join your voic - es, let your
2. Let the na-tions, whether great or small, Praise and mag - ni - fy the
prais-es ring, Lift His ban-ner, let it be un-furled To all the world.
Lord of all, Crown Him rul-er o-ver earth and sky, The King most high.
To all, to all the world.
The King, the King most high.
King of love, so glo - ri - ous, He must reign vic - to - ri - ous,
He is com - ing back a - gain, With His ran - somed ones to reign,
Praise, ex - alt and mag - ni - fy The King most high.
All the clouds will pass a - way, Oh, gold - en day.
The King, the King most high.
Oh, gold - en, gold - en day.
Chorus
Praise Him, Praise His ho - ly name, Praise Him,
Praise and mag-ni - fy His ho - ly name, Praise and mag - ni - fy His

The King Most High.


Praise His ho - ly name, For the love that sought us, For the grace that
ho - - ly name,
brought us Out of sin and shame. Praise and mag - ni - fy His
Praise..... Him,...
ho - ly name, Praise and mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name.
Praise His ho - ly name, Praise Him, Praise His ho - ly name,
Sing of His sal - va - tion, Praise and mag - ni - fy The King most high.
Coda, after last stanza
Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye . . the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord,..... Praise ye the Lord,..... Praise ye the Lord.

293 Master, the Tempest Is Raging.

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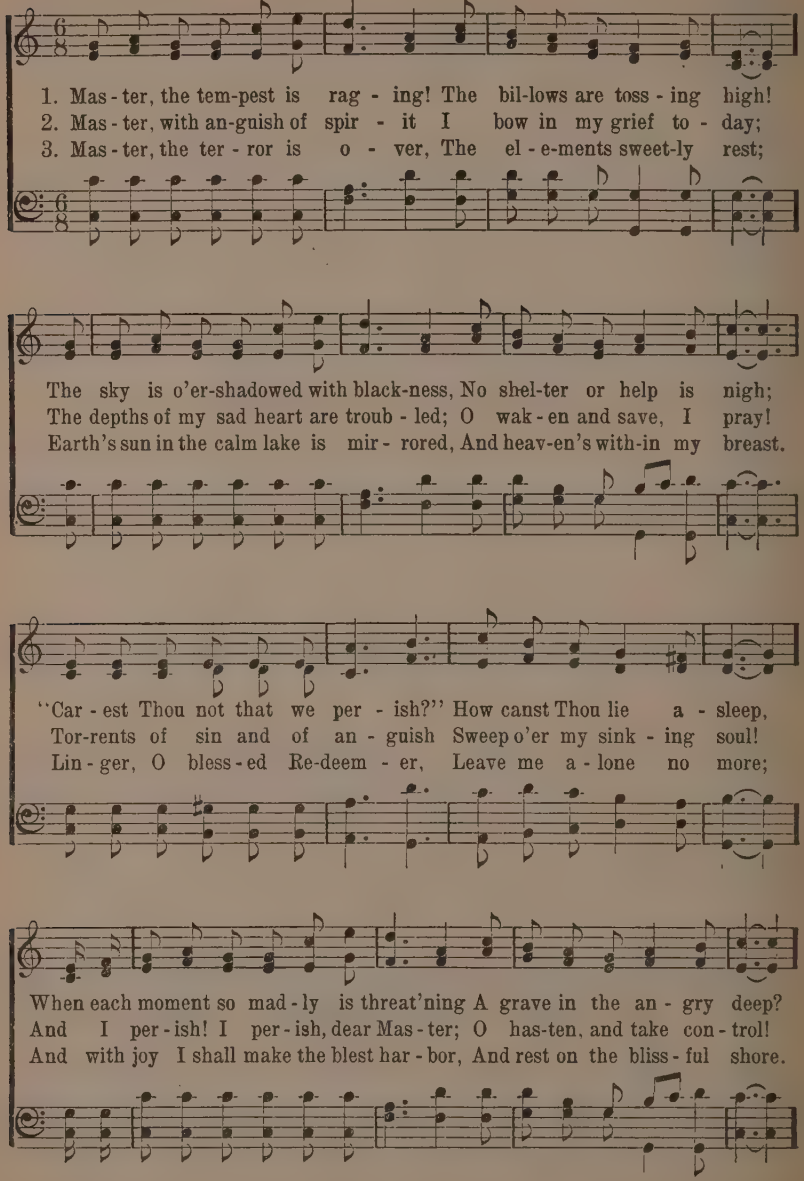
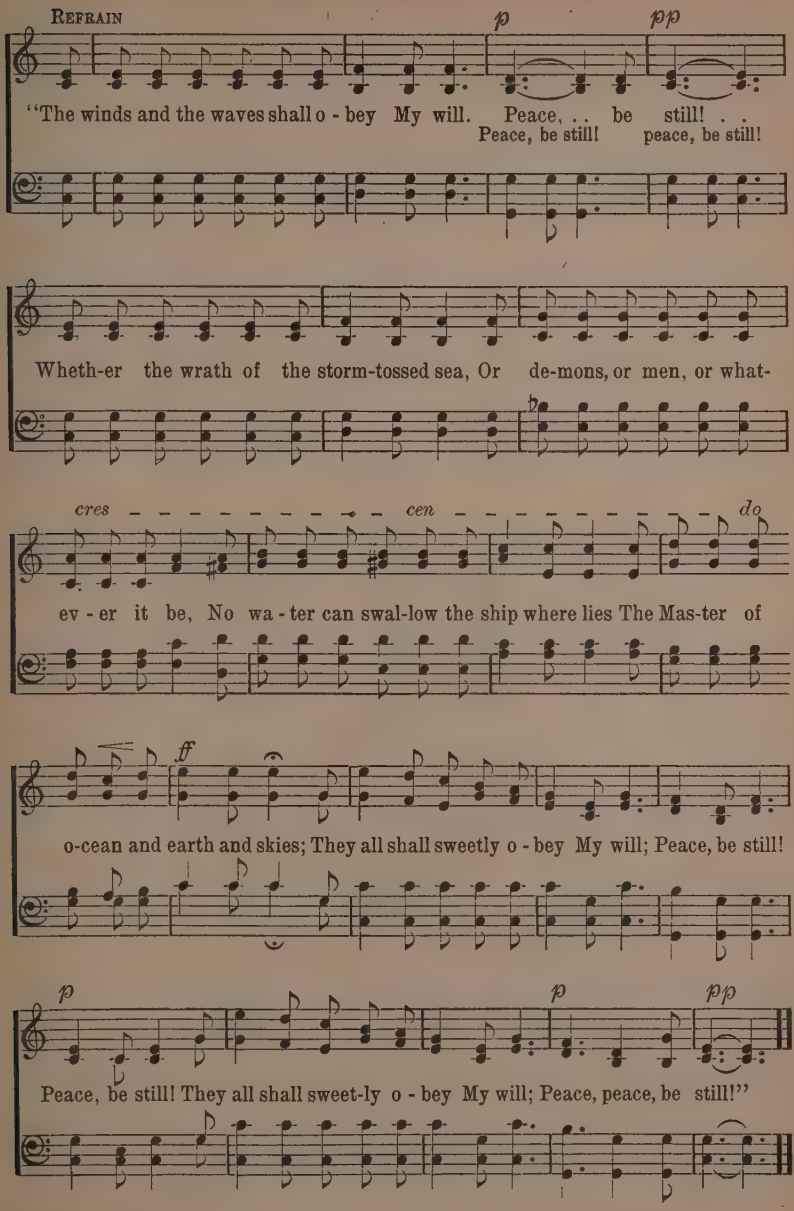
Mary A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas - ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas - ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub - led; O wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast.
"Car - est Thou not that we per - ish?" How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul!
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re-deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more;
When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per - ish, dear Mas - ter; O has-ten, and take con - trol!
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

Master, the Tempest Is Raging.


Refrain
p
pp
"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will. Peace, . . be still! . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-
cres
cen
do
ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of
ff
o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!
p
p
pp
Peace, be still! They all shall sweet-ly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

294 Reapers Are Needed.

C. H. G.

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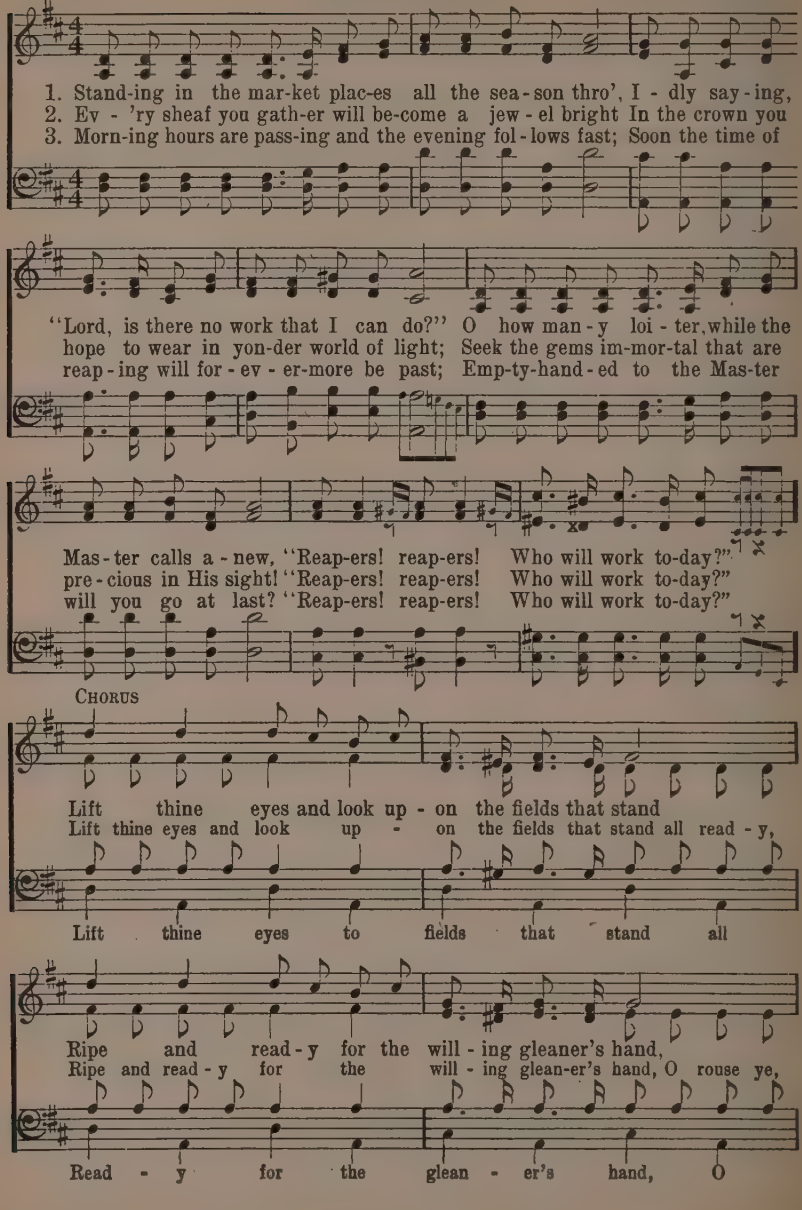
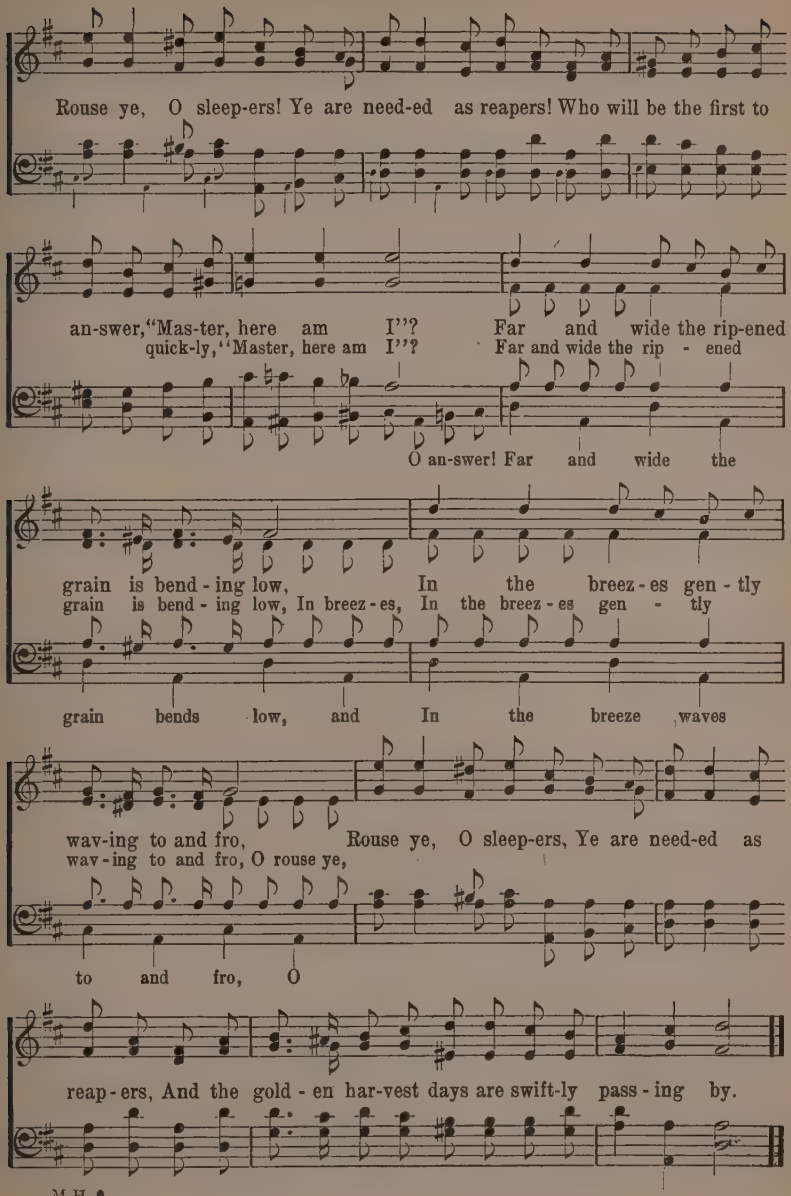
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Stand-ing in the mar-ket plac-es all the sea-son thro', I - dly say-ing,
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing and the evening fol-lows fast; Soon the time of
"Lord, is there no work that I can do?" O how man-y loi-ter, while the
hope to wear in yon-der world of light; Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are
reap-ing will for-ev-er-more be past; Emp-ty-hand-ed to the Mas-ter
Mas-ter calls a-new, "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in His sight! "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
CHORUS
Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read-y,
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand,
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing glean-er's hand, O rouse ye,
Read-y for the glean-er's hand, O

Reapers Are Needed.


Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as reapers! Who will be the first to
an-swer, "Mas-ter, here am I"? Far and wide the rip-ened
quick-ly, "Master, here am I"? Far and wide the rip - ened
O an-swer! Far and wide the
grain is bend - ing low, In the breez - es gen - tly
grain is bend - ing low, In breez - es, In the breez - es gen - tly
grain bends low, and In the breeze waves
wav-ing to and fro, Rouse ye, O sleep-ers, Ye are need-ed as
wav-ing to and fro, O rouse ye,
to and fro, O
reap - ers, And the gold - en har-vest days are swift-ly pass - ing by.

295 The Coming of Jesus Draweth Nigh.

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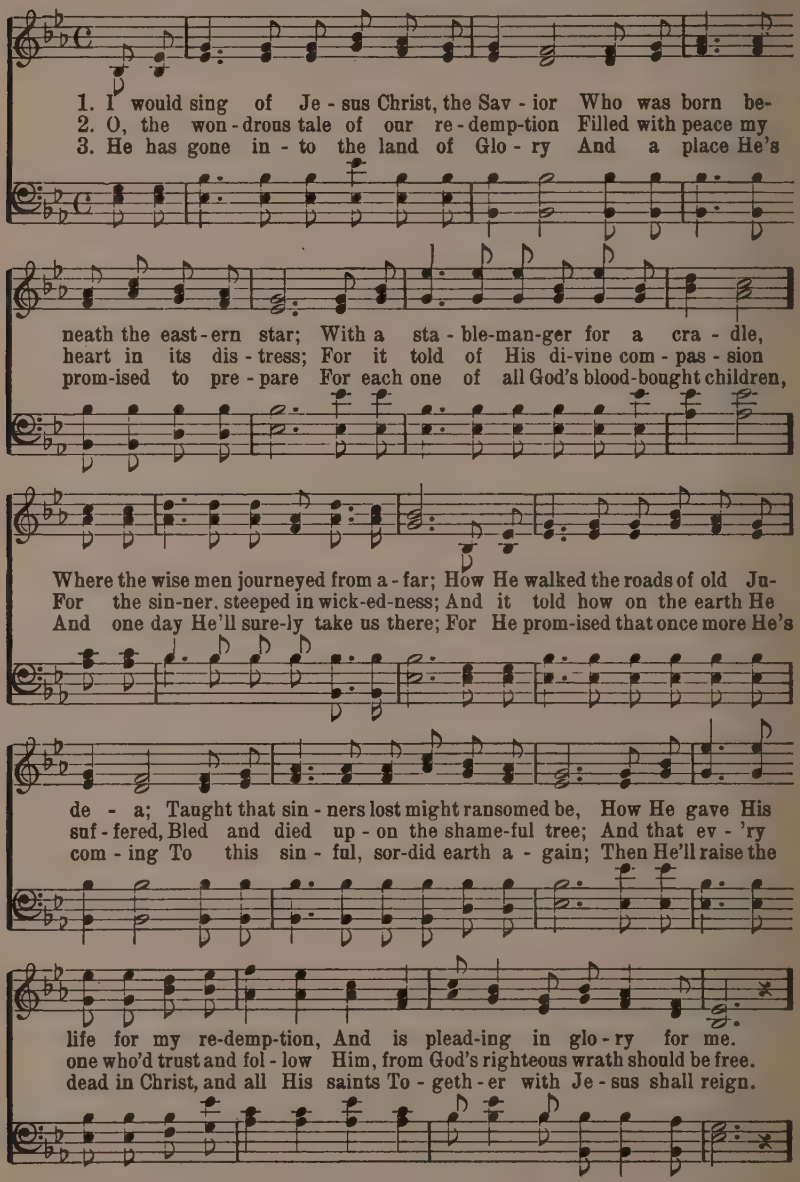
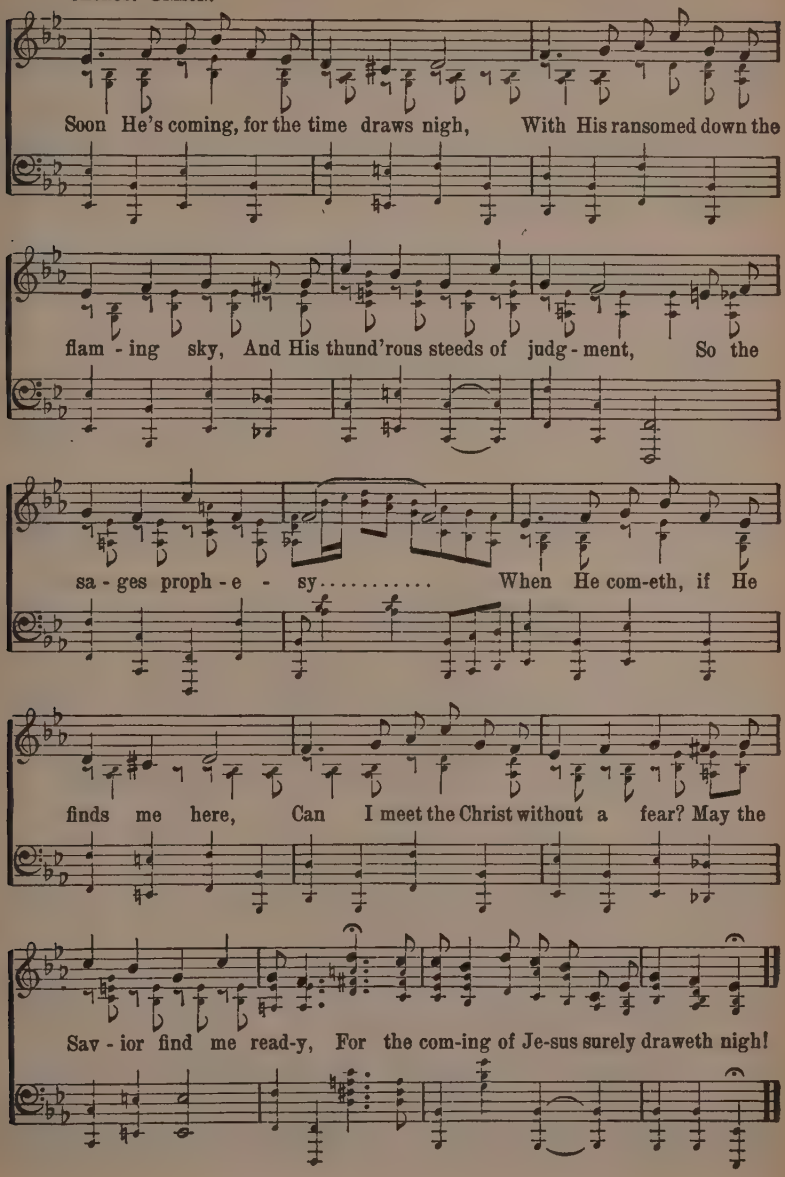
A. B. and O. B. Albert and Olive Beddoe.


1. I would sing of Je - sus Christ, the Sav - ior Who was born be-
neath the east - ern star; With a sta - ble-man-ger for a cra - dle,
2. O, the won - drous tale of our re - demp-tion Filled with peace my
heart in its dis - tress; For it told of His di-vine com - pas - sion
3. He has gone in - to the land of Glo - ry And a place He's
prom-ised to pre - pare For each one of all God's blood-bought children,
Where the wise men journeyed from a - far; How He walked the roads of old Ju-
de - a; Taught that sin - ners lost might ransomed be, How He gave His
For the sin-ner, steeped in wick-ed-ness; And it told how on the earth He
suf - fered, Bled and died up - on the shame-ful tree; And that ev - 'ry
And one day He'll sure-ly take us there; For He prom-ised that once more He's
com - ing To this sin - ful, sor-did earth a - gain; Then He'll raise the
life for my re-demp-tion, And is plead-ing in glo - ry for me.
one who'd trust and fol - low Him, from God's righteous wrath should be free.
dead in Christ, and all His saints To - geth - er with Je - sus shall reign.

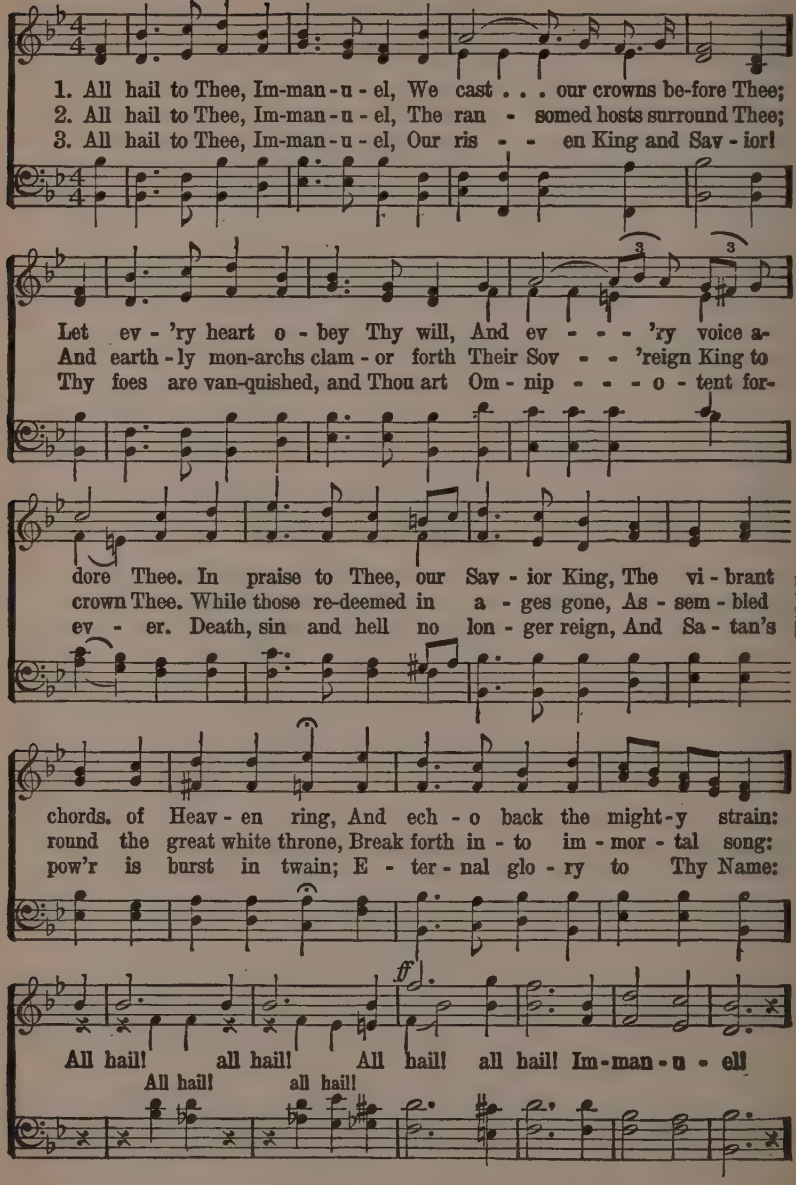
The Coming of Jesus Draweth Nigh

CHORUS. UNISON.

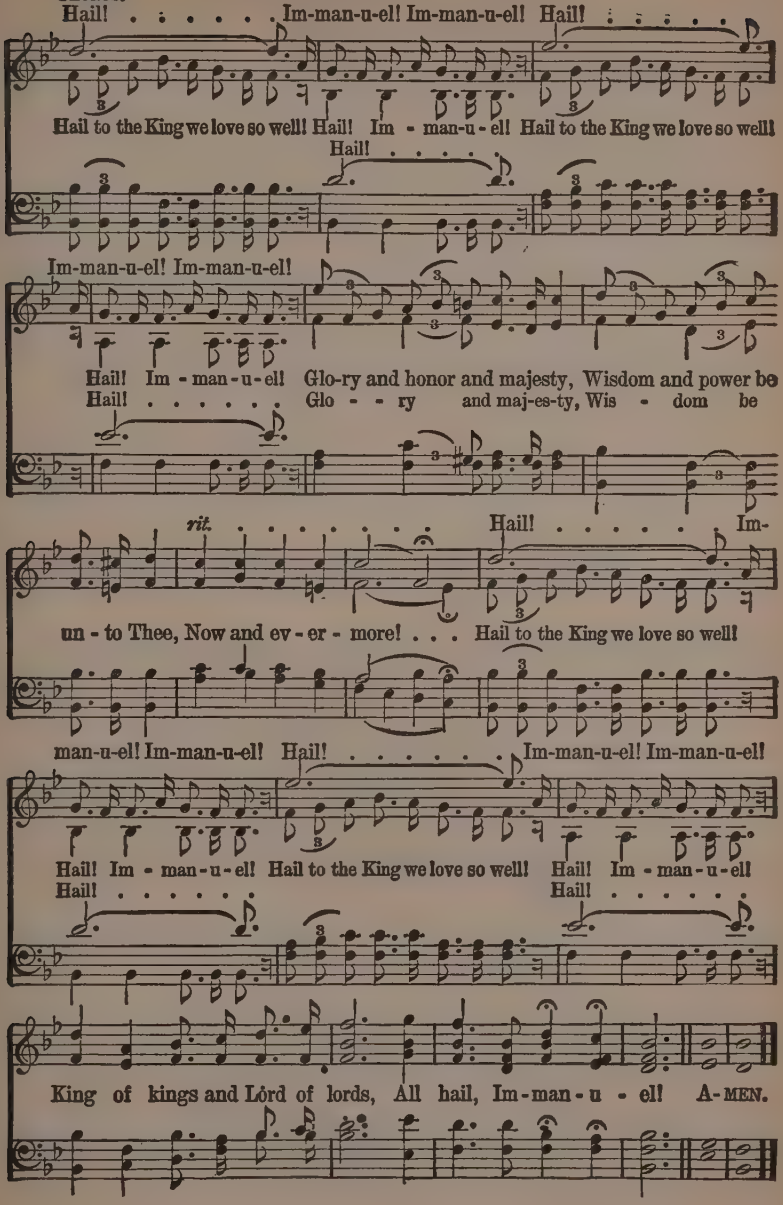

Soon He's coming, for the time draws nigh, With His ransomed down the
flam - ing sky, And His thund'rous steeds of judg - ment, So the
sa - ges proph - e - sy..... When He com-eth, if He
finds me here, Can I meet the Christ without a fear? May the
Sav - ior find me read-y, For the com-ing of Je-sus surely draweth nigh!

296 All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

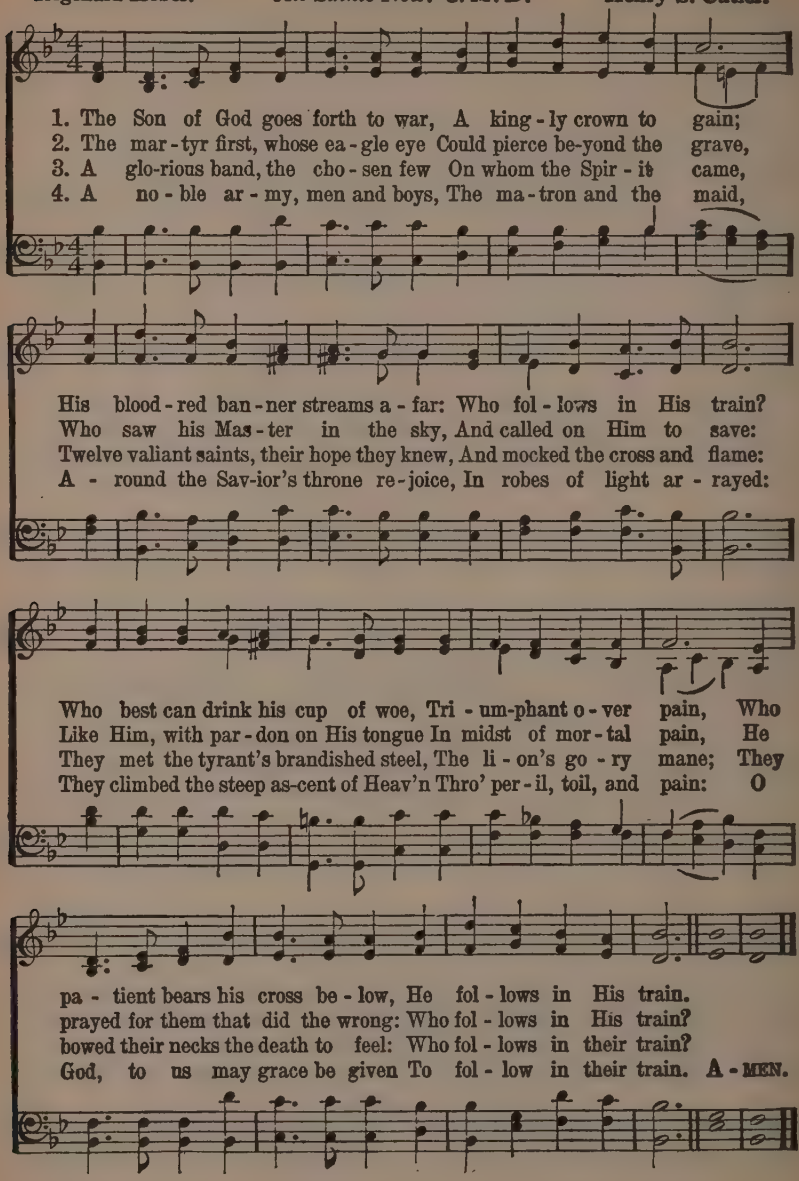

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - en King and Sav-ior!
Let ev-'ry heart o-bey Thy will, And ev - - - 'ry voice a-
And earth-ly mon-archs clam-or forth Their Sov - - 'reign King to
Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om-nip - - - o-tent for-
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-ior King, The vi-brant
crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As-sem-bled
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Sa-tan's
chords of Heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in-to im-mor-tal song:
pow'r is burst in twain; E-ter-nal glo-ry to Thy Name:
ff
All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man-u-el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!


Chorus.
Hail! Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail!
Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!
Hail!
Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!
Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail! Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be
rit.
Hail! Im-
un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!
man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!
Hail! Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man - u - el!
Hail! Hail!
King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u - el! A-men.

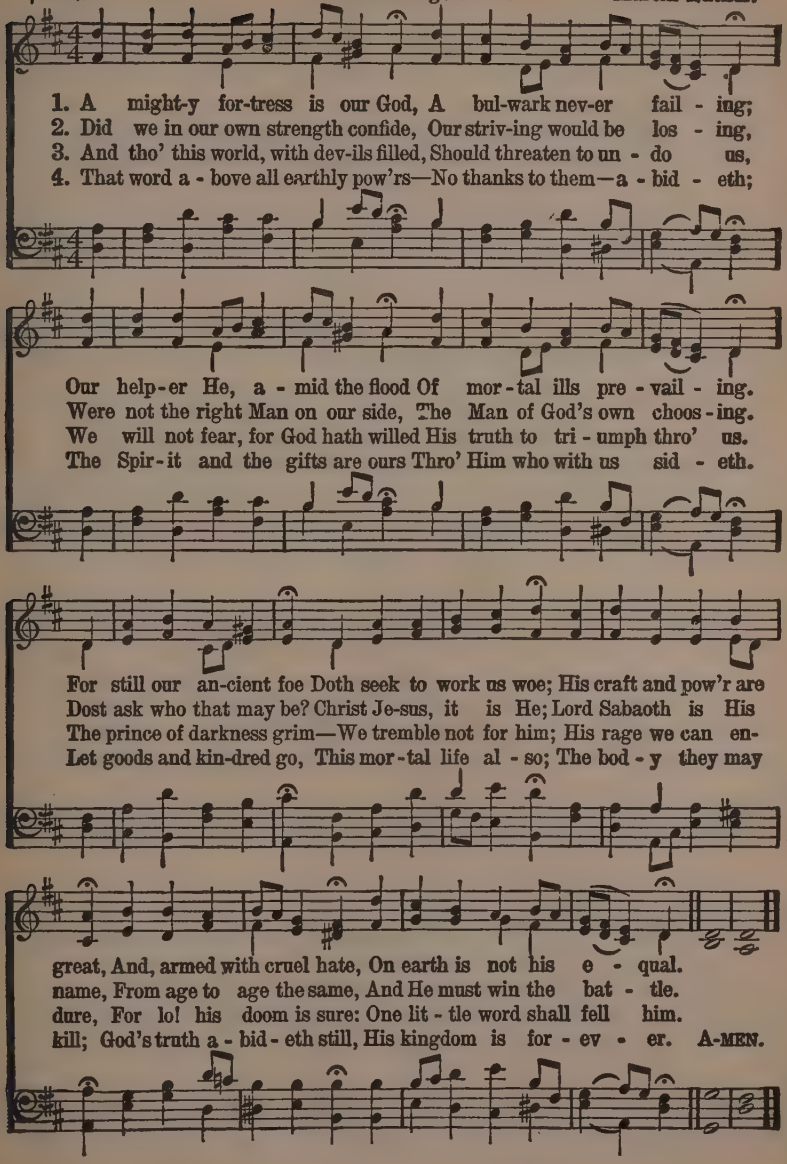
297 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber. *All Saints New. C. M. D.* Henry S. Cutler.

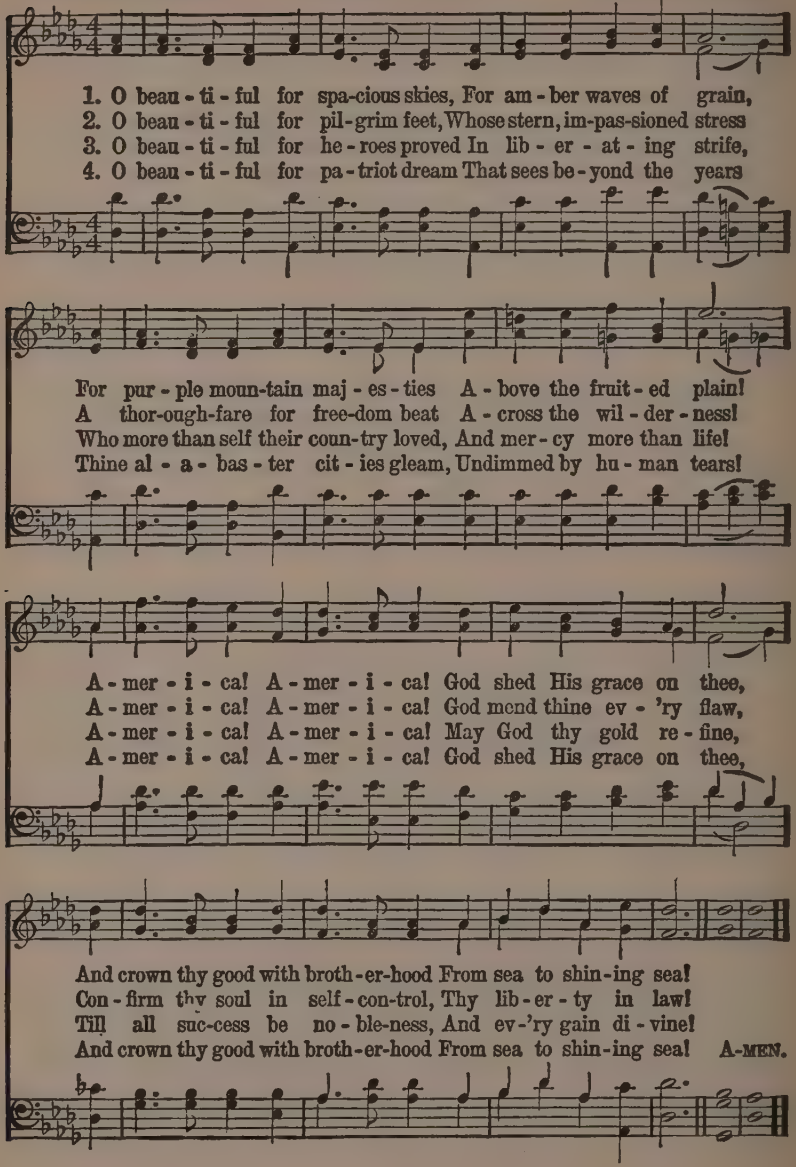

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A-round the Sav-ior's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain, Who
Like Him, with par-don on His tongue In midst of mor-tal pain, He
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane; They
They climbed the steep as-cent of Heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain: O
pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train. A-MEN.

A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. *Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.* Martin Luther.

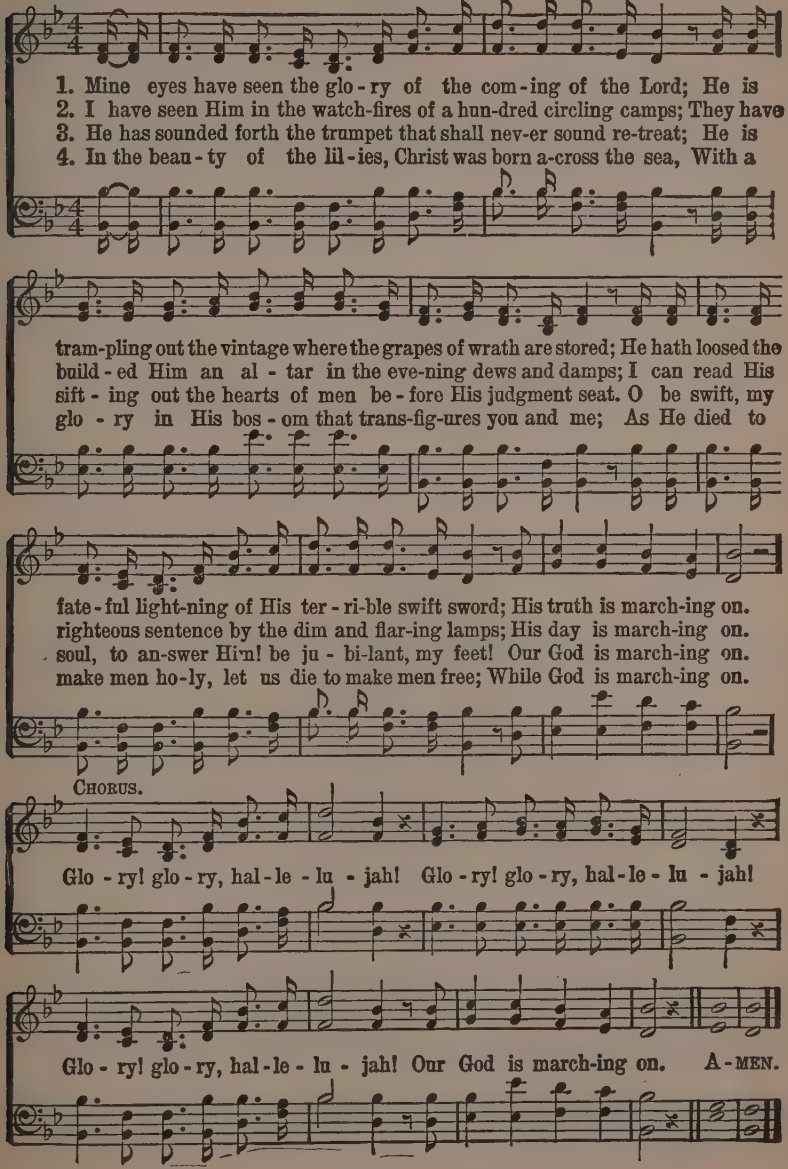

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;
Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.
For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may
great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.

299 America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea! A-MEN.

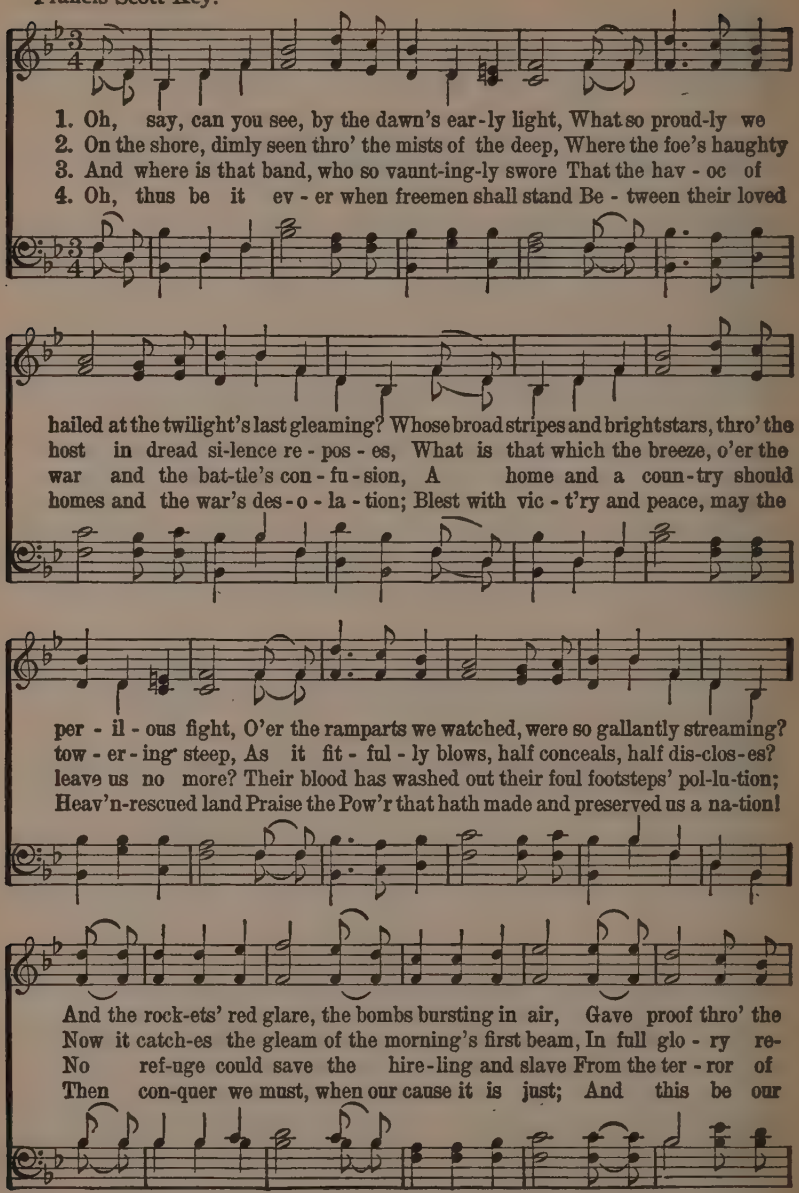
300 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

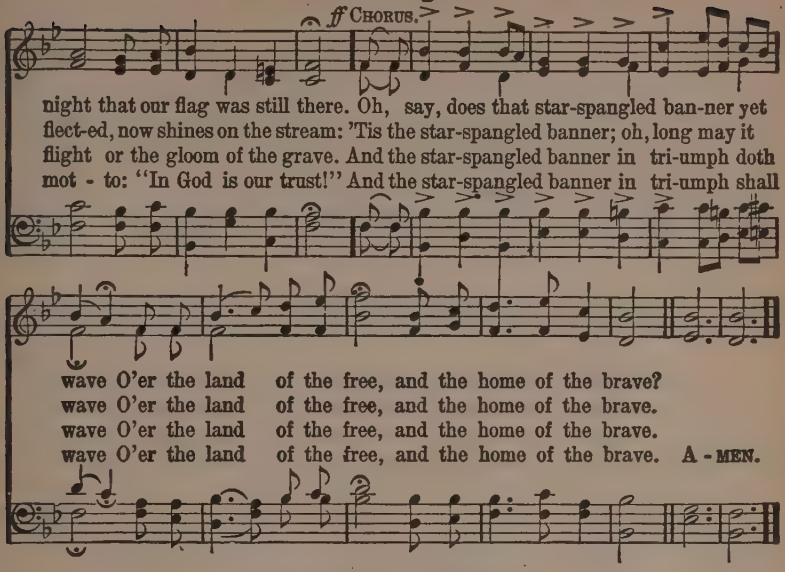
Julia Ward Howe. *Glory, Hallelujah.* Plantation Melody.


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march-ing on. A - MEN.

301 The Star-Spangled Banner.

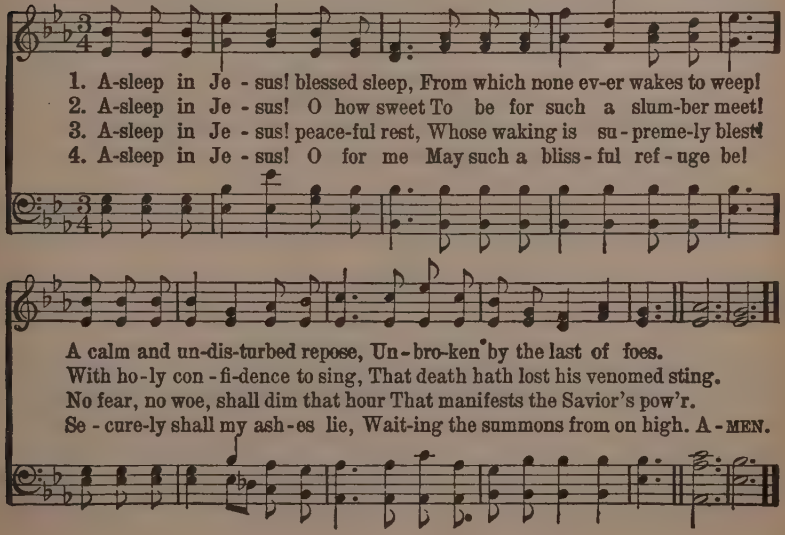
Francis Scott Key.


1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav-oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Be-tween their loved
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con-fu-sion, A home and a coun-try should
homes and the war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the
per-il-ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion!
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter-ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our

The Star-Spangled Banner.

ff CHORUS.
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.

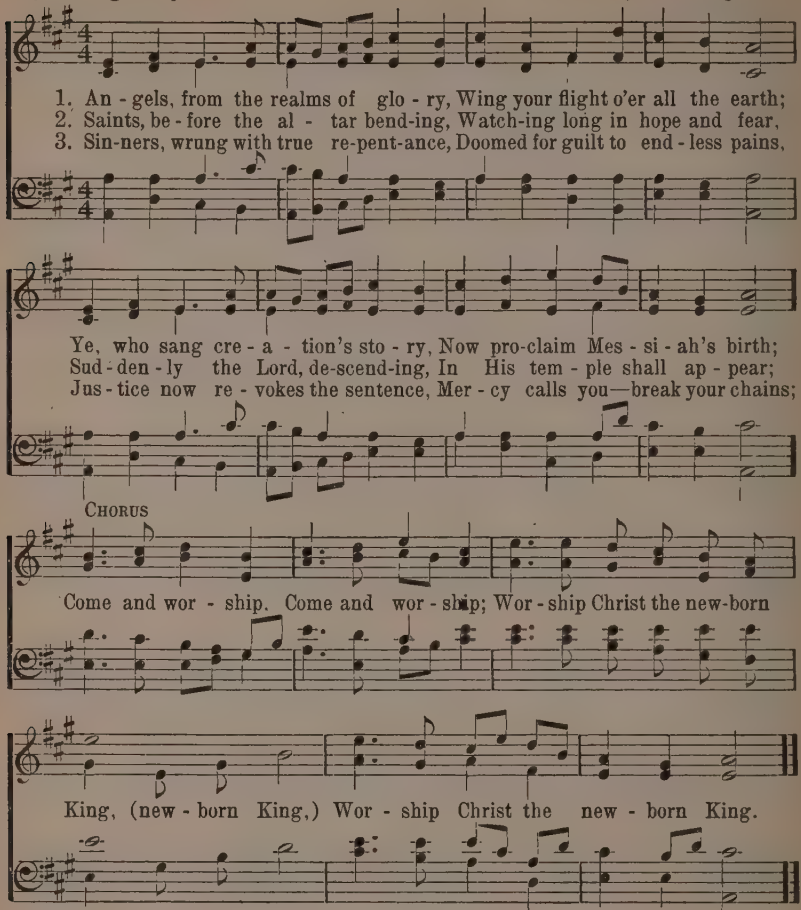
302 Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. *Rest. L. M.* Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su - preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
A calm and un-dis-turbed repose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi-dence to sing, That death hath lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Savior's pow'r.
Se - cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high. A - MEN.

303 Come and Worship.

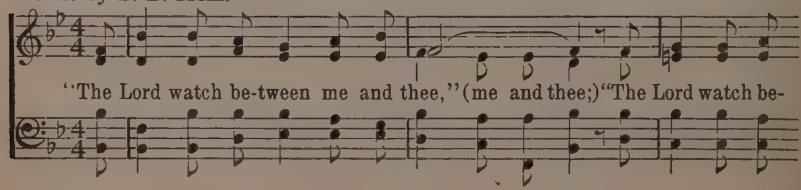
J. Montgomery. James Hughes.


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend-ing, Watch-ing long in hope and fear,
3. Sin-ners, wrung with true re-pent-ance, Doomed for guilt to end - less pains,
Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth;
Sud - den - ly the Lord, de-scend-ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear;
Jus - tice now re - vokes the sentence, Mer - cy calls you—break your chains;
CHORUS
Come and wor - ship. Come and wor - ship; Wor - ship Christ the new-born
King, (new - born King,) Wor - ship Christ the new - born King.

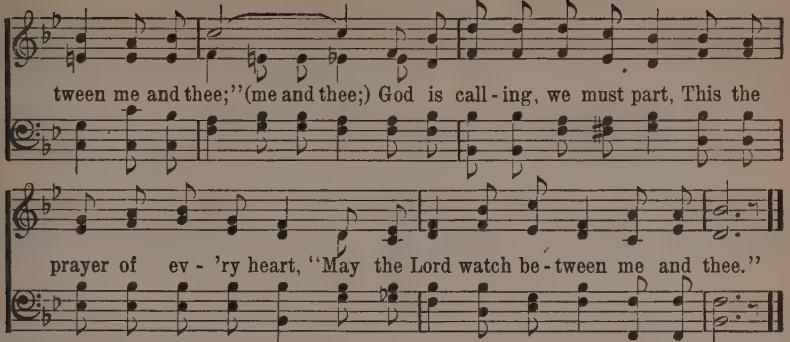
304 Mizpah.

Gen. 31: 49. COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. B. B. McKinney.

Arr. by B. B. McK.

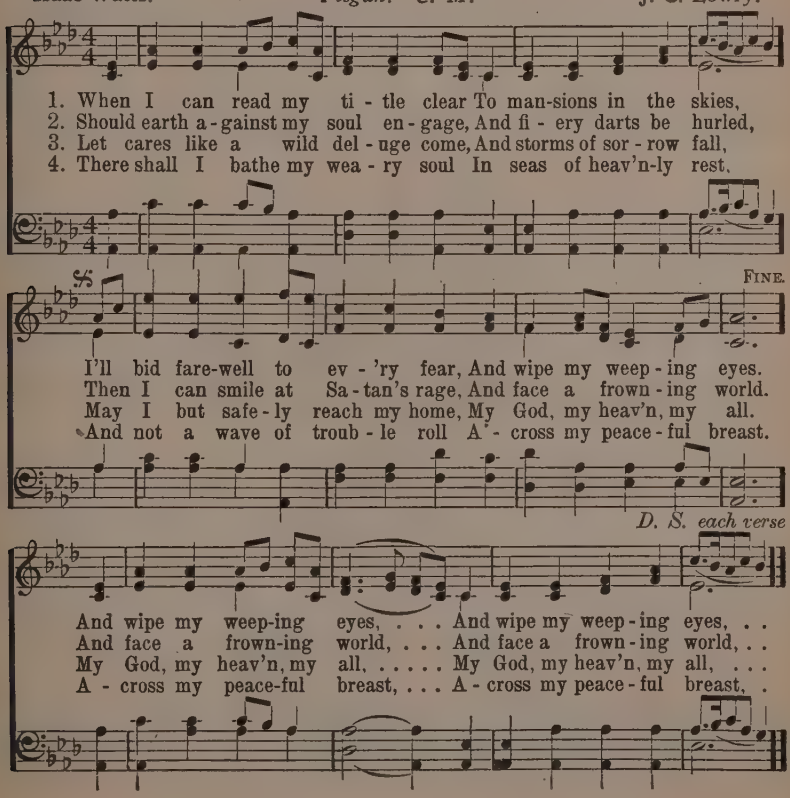


Mizpah.


tween me and thee;"(me and thee;) God is call-ing, we must part, This the
prayer of ev-'ry heart, "May the Lord watch be-tween me and thee."

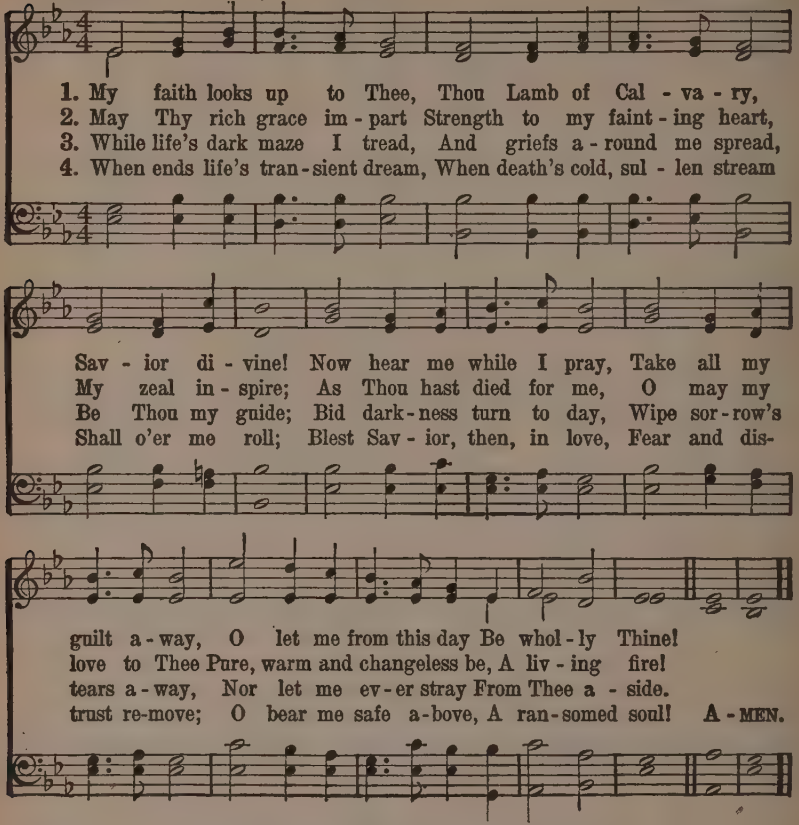
305 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. *Pisgah. C. M.* J. C. Lowry.


1. When I can read my ti-tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fi-ery darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sor-row fall,
4. There shall I bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest,
I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.
FINE.
D. S. each verse
And wipe my weep-ing eyes, . . . And wipe my weep-ing eyes, . .
And face a frown-ing world, . . . And face a frown-ing world, . .
My God, my heav'n, my all, ... My God, my heav'n, my all, . . .
A-cross my peace-ful breast, . . . A-cross my peace-ful breast, .

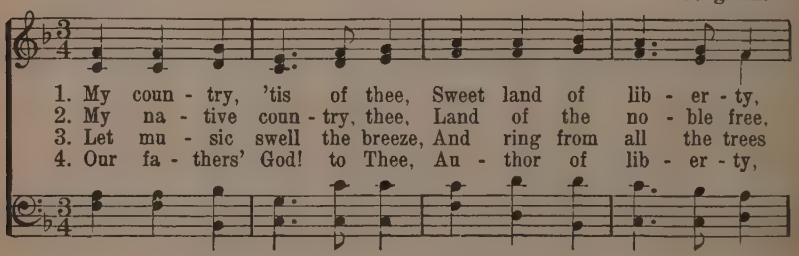
306 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. *Olivet. 6. 4.* Lowell Mason.

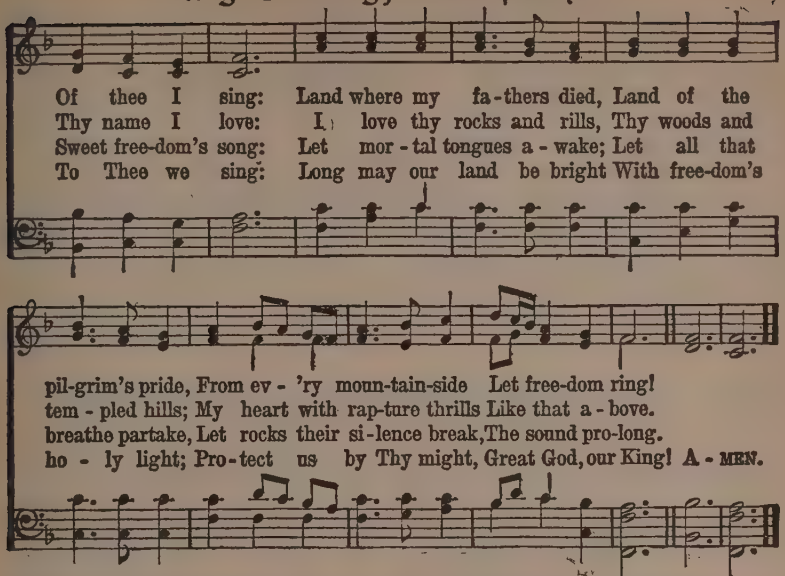

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ran-somed soul! A - MEN.

307 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. *America.* English.

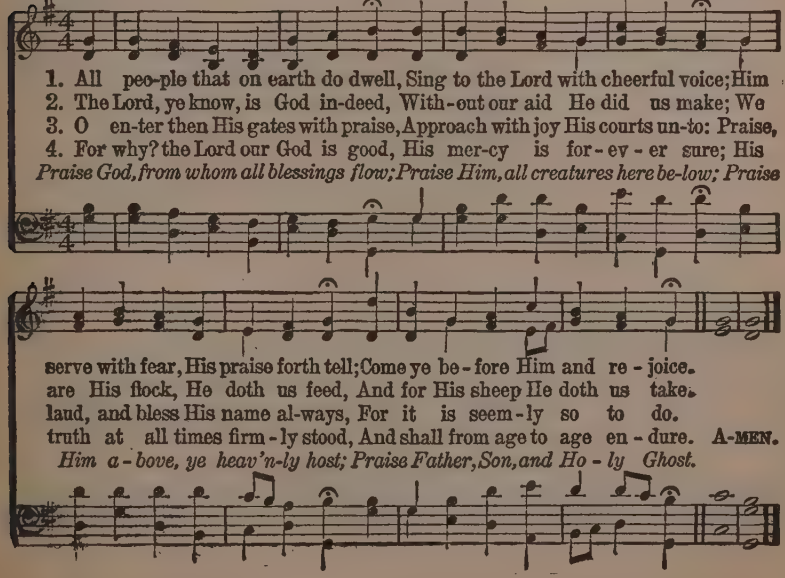

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.


Of thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A-MEN.

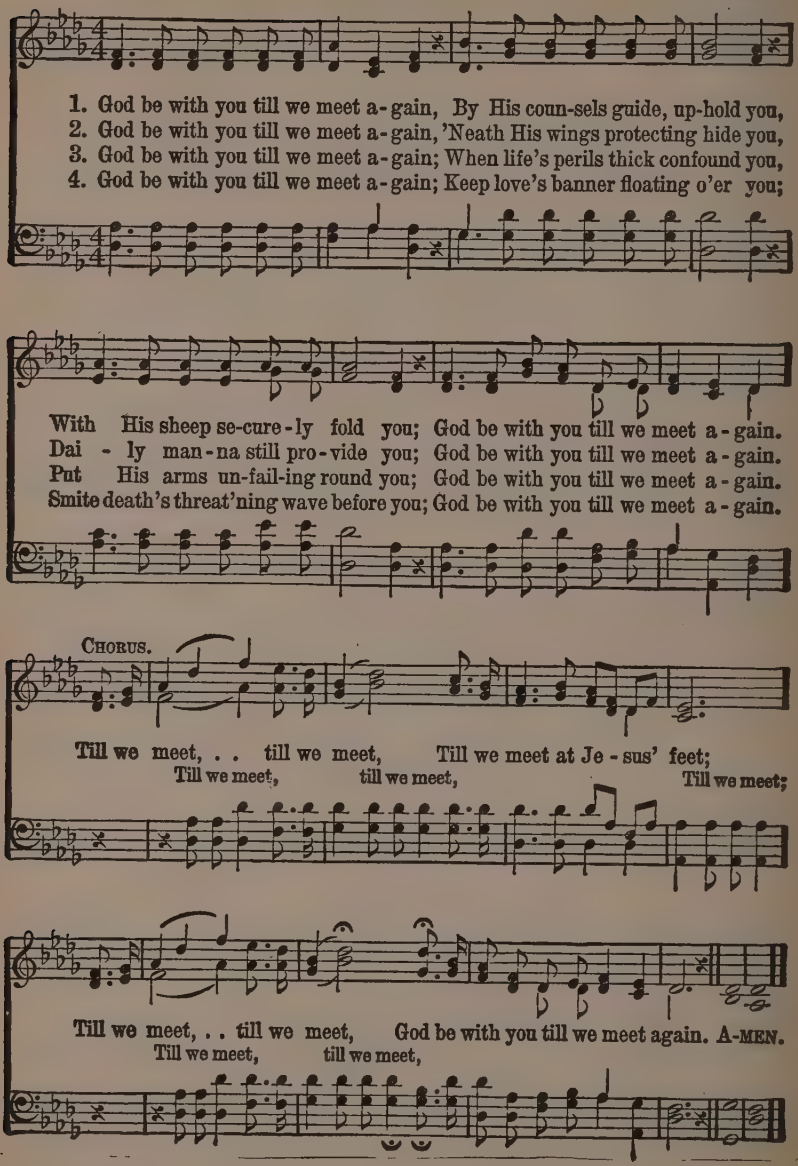
308 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

William Kethe. *The Hundredth Psalm.* Genevan Psalter.


1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make; We
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to: Praise,
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure; His
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise
serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-MEN.
Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

309 God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. *Endeavor. P. M.* W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
CHORUS.
Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet;
Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. A-MEN.
Till we meet, till we meet,

Responsive Readings

310 Matthew 5

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

---

311 John 1

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.

4 In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

5 And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

6 There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

7 The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

8 He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

9 That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

10 He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

11 He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

12 But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name;

13 Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

14 And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.

---

312 John 3

1 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

2 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

3 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

4 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

5 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

6 And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

7 For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

8 But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.

9 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

---

313 John 10

1 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

7 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

8 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

9 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have *it* more abundantly.

10 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

11 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:

12 And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

13 My Father, which gave *them* me, is greater than all; and no *man* is able to pluck *them* out of my Father's hand.

14 I and my Father are one.

---

314 John 14

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7 If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

8 Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

9 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayeth thou *then,* Shew us the Father?

10 Believeth thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

11 Believe me that I *am* in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

12 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I shall do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my father.

13 And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

14 If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

---

315 Philippians 2

1 Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

2 Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

3 But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

4 And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

5 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

6 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

7 And *that* every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ *is* Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

---

316 Romans 8

1 There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

6 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

7 The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

8 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

9 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be

compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

10 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

11 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

12 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

13 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

14 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

317 Romans 10

1 The word is nigh thee, *even* in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

2 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

3 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

4 For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

5 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

6 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

7 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

8 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

9 But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

10 So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

318 Romans 12

1 I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

2 And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

3 For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

4 For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

5 So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

6 Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

7 Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering: or he that teacheth, on teaching;

8 Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

9 Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10 Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;

11 Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer.

13 Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

14 Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

15 Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

16 Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

17 Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

18 If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

19 Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

20 Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

319 1 Corinthians 13

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the *poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these *is* charity.

320 Isaiah 53

1 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

2 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

5 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

7 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

8 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

9 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

10 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

11 For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

12 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

13 Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 He hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors;

16 And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

321 Psalm 23

1 The Lord *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

322 Psalm 100

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he *is* God: *it is* he *that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the Lord *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations.

323 Psalm 103

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things; so that* thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He wil lnot always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, *so* great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth *his* children, *so* the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 *As for* man, his days *are* as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

324 Nativity

(Luke 2:8-20)

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

2 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

3 And thé angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

4 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

5 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

6 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

7 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

8 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

9 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

10 And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

11 And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

12 But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

13 And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

325 Resurrection

(Matthew 28:1-10; 16-20)

1 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

3 His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

4 And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

5 And the angel answered and said unto the women, fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.

7 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

9 And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

10 Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

11 Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

12 And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted.

13 And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

14 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

15 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

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326 Service

(Matthew 25:34-46)

1 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

2 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

3 Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

4 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

5 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

6 Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

7 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

8 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

9 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

10 I was a stranger, and ye took

me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

11 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

12 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.

13 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

327 Giving

1 Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

2 Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

3 Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

4 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

5 Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

6 Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

7 It is more blessed to give than to receive.

8 Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

9 He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

10 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

328 The Word

(Psalm 119:9-16; 18; 32; 44-48; 54-56)

1 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

2 With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

3 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

4 Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

5 With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

6 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

7 I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

8 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

9 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

10 I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

11 So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

12 And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

13 I will speak of thy testimonies also before Kings, and will not be ashamed.

14 And I will delight myself in

thy commandments, which I have loved.

15 My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

16 Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

17 I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night, and have kept thy law.

18 This I had, because I kept thy precepts.

329 The Ten Commandments

(Exodus 20:3-17)

I Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within the gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.

V Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI Thou shalt not kill.

VII Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII Thou shalt not steal.

IX Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbors.

330 Psalm 1

1 Blessed *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

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